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THE
WORKS

OF

Mr. THOMSON.

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING,

LIBERTY, a POEM, in Five Parts:

SOPHONISBA, a TRAGEDY.



LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, at *Buchanan's* Head, over-against
St. *Clement's* Church in the *Strand*.

M DCC XXXVI.

8

THE

W O R K S

TO

JOHN H. M. S. O. N.

VOLUME the 2nd of 4





LIBERTY.

A

POEM.



ANTIENT and MODERN

ITALY

COMPARED

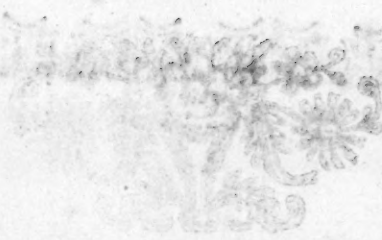
Being the FIRST PART of

LIBERTY

POPE

POPE

By Mr. J. H. ...



LONDON

Printed for A. MILLAR, over against St. John's Church in the Strand.
MDCCLXXIII

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The CONTENTS of PART I.

THE following Poem is thrown into the Form of a Poetical Vision. It's Scene the Ruins of Antient Rome. The GODDESS of LIBERTY, who is supposed to speak thro' the Whole, appears, Characterized as BRITISH LIBERTY; to Ver. 44. Gives a View of Antient Italy, and particularly of Republican Rome, in all her Magnificence and Glory; to Ver. 112. This contrasted by Modern Italy; it's Vallies, Mountains, Culture, Cities, People: the Difference appearing strongest in the Capital City Rome; to Ver. 234. The Ruins of the great Works of LIBERTY more magnificent than the borrowed Pomp of OPPRESSION; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; to Ver. 256. The old Romans apostrophized, with regard to the several melancholy Changes in Italy: HORACE, TULLY, and VIRGIL, with regard to their Tiber, Tusculum, and Naples; to Ver. 287. That once finest and most ornamented Part of Italy, all along the Coast of Baia, how changed; to Ver. 321. This Desolation of Italy applied to Britain; to Ver. 344. Address to the GODDESS of LIBERTY, that she would deduce, from the first Ages, her chief Establishments, the Description of which constitutes the Subject of the following Parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain; whose Happiness, arising from Freedom, and a limited Monarchy, she marks; to Ver. 391. An immediate VISION attends, and paints her Words. Invocation.



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK,

PRINCE of WALES.

S I R,



HEN I reflect upon that ready Condescension, that preventing Generosity, with which YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS received the following Poem under your Protection; I can alone ascribe it to the Recommendation, and Influence of the Subject. In you the Cause and Concerns of Liberty have so

B

zealous

zealous a Patron, as entitles whatever may have the least Tendency to promote them, to the Distinction of your Favour. And who can entertain this delightful Reflection, without feeling a Pleasure far superior to that of the fondest Author; and of which all true Lovers of their Country must participate? To behold the noblest Dispositions of the Prince, and of the Patriot, united: an overflowing Benevolence, Generosity, and Candour of Heart, joined to an enlightened Zeal for Liberty, an intimate Persuasion that on it depends the Happiness and Glory both of Kings and People: to see these shining out in Public Virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the Social Lights and Private Accomplishments of Life, is a Prospect that cannot but inspire a general Sentiment of Satisfaction and Gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

IF the following Attempt to trace Liberty, from the first Ages down to her excellent Establishment in GREAT BRITAIN, can at all merit your Appro-

probation, and prove an Entertainment to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS; if it can in any Degree answer the Dignity of the Subject, and of the Name under which I presume to shelter it; I have my best Reward: particularly, as it affords me an Opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest Zeal and Respect,

S I R,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient

And most Devoted Servant,

James Thomson.

and now I am in any degree
answer the Dignity of the Subject, and of the Name
under which I presume to deliver it; I have not
tunity of declaring that I am with the greatest Xell
and Respect

VOLUME THE SECOND

218

Your Royal Highness

Most Obedient

And most Devoted Son

James Thompson



LIBERTY.

PART I.



MY lamented TALBOT! while with Thee
The *Muse* gay-rov'd the glad *Hesperian* Round,
And drew th' inspiring Breath of Ancient Arts;
Ah! little thought she her returning Verse
Should sing our Darling Subject to thy *Shade*. 5
And does the Mystic Veil, from mortal Beam,

Involve those Eyes where every Virtue smil'd,
 And all the FATHER'S candid Spirit shone ?
 The Light of Reason, pure, without a Cloud ;
 Full of the generous Heart, the mild Regard ;
 Unblemish'd Honour, uncorrupted Faith ;
 And limpid Truth, that looks the very Soul.
 But to the Death of mighty Nations turn'd
 My Strain, be there absorb'd the Private Tear.

MUSING, I lay ; warm from the sacred Walks, 15
 Where at each step Imagination burns :
 Ten thousand Wonders rowling in my thought,
 As the Great Scene of deathless deeds I tread,
 Tread the blest Ground by more than mortals trod,
 And see those Skies that breath'd the *Roman* Soul. 20

Mean

LIBERTY.

II

Mean time wide-scatter'd round, awful, and hoar,
Lies a vast Monument once glorious *Rome*,
The Tomb of Empire! Ruins! that efface
Whate'er, of finish'd, modern Pomp can boast.

Of these Ideas full, reposing Sense

25

In slumber sunk; and Fancy's Magic hand
Led me anew o'er all the solemn Scene,
Still in the Mind's pure eye more solemn drest.

When strait, methought, the fair majestic POWER
Of LIBERTY appear'd. Not, as of old,

30

Extended in her hand the Cap, and Rod,
Whose Slave-inlarging touch gave double life:

But her bright Temples bound with *British* Oak,

And Naval Honours nodded on her Brow.

Sublime her Port. Loose o'er her Shoulder flow'd

35

Her

Her sea-green Robe, with Constellations gay.

An Island Goddess now; and her high care

The Queen of Isles, the Mistress of the Main.

My heart beat filial transport at the sight;

And, as she mov'd to speak, th' awaken'd *Muse* 40

Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around;

With mournful eye the well-known Ruins mark'd,

And then, her Sighs repressing, thus began.

Mine are these Wonders, all thou see'st is mine;

But ah how chang'd! the falling poor Remains 45

Of what exalted once th' *Ausonian* Shore.

Look back thro' time; and from the gloom disclos'd,

Painting my words, behold the scatter'd Scene.

The Great Republick see! that glow'd sublime

With the mixt Freedom of a thousand States; 50

Rais'd

Rais'd on the Thrones of Kings her Curule Chair,

And by her Fasces aw'd the subject World.

See busy Millions swarming all the Land,

With Cities throng'd, and teeming Culture high:

For on her free-born Sons then Nature smil'd,

55

And pour'd the Plenty that belongs to Men.

Behold, the Country chearing, Villas rise,

In lively Prospect; by the secret lapse

Of Brooks now lost, and Streams renown'd in Song:

In *Umbria's* closing Vales, or on the brow

60

Of her brown Hills that breathe the scented gale:

On *Baia's* viny coast; where peaceful Seas,

Fan'd by kind Zephirs, ever kiss the shore;

And Suns unclouded shine, and purest Air:

Or in the spacious Neighbourhood of *Rome*;

65

D

Far-

Far-shining upwards to the *Sabine* Hills,
To *Anio's* Roar, and *Tibur's* Olive Shade;
To where *Preneſte* lifts her airy Brow;
Or downwards ſpreading to the funny ſhore,
Wav'd from the main, where *Alba* draws the Breeze. 70

See diſtant Mountains leave their Vallies dry,
And o'er the proud Arcade their Tribute pour,
To lave Imperial *Rome*. For ages laid
Deep, maſſy, firm, diverging every way,
From ſea to ſea, her Public Roads behold: 75

By various Nations trod, and ſuppliant Kings;
With Legions flaming, or with Triumph green.
Full in the Centre of theſe wondrous Works,
While Tombs of Heroes conſecrate the way,
The Pride of Earth! *Rome* in her Glory ſee! 80

Behold

Behold her Demigods, in Senate met ;
All Head to counsel, and all Heart to act :
The Commonweal inspiring every Tongue
With fervent Eloquence, *unbrib'd*, and *bold* ;
Ere low *Corruption* taught the *Servile Herd* 85
To know a *Master's* voice. Astonish'd, mark
Her Forum, earnest, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two * SIREs,
As they the *Private Father* greatly quell'd,
Stood up the *Public Fathers* of the State. 90
See Justice judging there in Human Shape.
Hark how with Freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in soft murmurs sinks to TULLY's tongue.
Her Tribes, her Census see ; her Generous Troops,
Whose Pay was Glory, and whose best Reward 95

Free

* L. J. Brutus, and Virginius.

Free for their Country and for Me to die;

Ere Mercenary Murder grew a Trade.

Mark, as the purple Triumph waves along,

The highest Pomp and lowest Fall of Life.

Her Festive Games, the School of Heroes, see; 100

Her Circus, ardent with contending Youth;

Her Streets, her Temples, Palaces, and Baths,

Full of fair Forms of Beauty's eldest born,

And of a Race by Plastic Virtue mark'd.

While Sculpture lives around, and *Asian* Hills 105

Lend their best Stores to heave the pillar'd Dome:

All that to *Roman* Grandeur the soft Touch

Of *Grecian* Art can join. But Language fails

To paint this Sun, this Center of Mankind;

Where every Virtue, Glory, Treasure, Art, 110

At-

Attracted strong, in heighten'd lustre met.

Need I the Contrast mark? unjoyous View!

A Land in all, in Government, and Arts,

In Virtue, Genius, Heaven and Earth revers'd.

Who but these far-fam'd Ruins to behold,

--5

Proofs of a People, whose heroic Aims

Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere

Of doubting modern Life; who but inflam'd

With Classic Zeal, the consecrated Scenes

Of Men and Deeds to trace, the Wonder, Theme,

120

And Model of Mankind; unhappy Land!

Would trust thy Wilds, and Cities loose of sway?

Are these the Vales, that once exulting States

In their warm bosom fed? The Mountains these,

On whose high-blooming fides my Sons of old

125

I bred to Glory? These dejected Towns,
Sordid, and mean, where Life can scarce subsist,
The Scenes of Antient Opulence, and Pomp?

Come! by whatever *Sacred Name* disguis'd,
OPPRESSION, come! and in thy works rejoice! 130

See Nature's richest Plains to putrid Fens
Turn'd by thy Rage. From their uncheerful bounds
See raz'd th' enliv'ning Village, Farm, and Seat.

First Rural Toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor Reward, resign'd the Plow; 135

And now he dares not turn the noxious Glebe.

'Tis thine intire. The lonely Swain himself,
Who loves at large along the grassy Downs
His flocks to pasture, Thine abhorrent flies.

Far as the sickening Eye can sweep around, 140

'Tis.

'Tis all one Desert, desolate, and grey,

Graz'd by the fallen Buffalo alone;

And where the rank unventilated Growth

Of rotting Ages taints the passing Gale.

Beneath the baleful Blast the City pines,

145

Or sinks in feebl'd, or infected burns.

Beneath it mourns the solitary Road,

Roll'd in rude Mazes o'er th' abandon'd Waste;

While Antient Ways, ingulph'd, are seen no more.

Such thy dire Plains, thou *Self-Destroyer*! Foe

150

To Human-kind! Thy Mountains too, profuse

Where savage Nature blooms, seem their sad plaint

To raise against thy desolating Rod.

There on the breezy Brow, where thriving States,

And famous Cities once, to the pleas'd Sun,

155

Far

I bred to Glory? These dejected Towns,
 Sordid, and mean, where Life can scarce subsist,
 The Scenes of Antient Opulence, and Pomp?

Come! by whatever *Sacred Name* disguis'd,

OPPRESSION, come! and in thy works rejoice! 130

See Nature's richest Plains to putrid Fens

Turn'd by thy Rage. From their uncheerful bounds

See raz'd th' enliv'ning Village, Farm, and Seat.

First Rural Toil, by thy rapacious hand

Robb'd of his poor Reward, resign'd the Plow; 135

And now he dares not turn the noxious Glebe.

'Tis thine intire. The lonely Swain himself,

Who loves at large along the grassy Downs

His flocks to pasture, Thine abhorrent flies.

Far as the sickening Eye can sweep around, 140

'Tis.

'Tis all one Desert, desolate, and grey,

Graz'd by the fullen Buffalo alone;

And where the rank unventilated Growth

Of rotting Ages taints the passing Gale.

Beneath the baleful Blast the City pines,

145

Or sinks in feebl'd, or infected burns.

Beneath it mourns the solitary Road,

Roll'd in rude Mazes o'er th' abandon'd Waste;

While Antient Ways, ingulph'd, are seen no more.

Such thy dire Plains, thou *Self-Destroyer*! Foe

150

To Human-kind! Thy Mountains too, profuse

Where savage Nature blooms, seem their sad plaint

To raise against thy desolating Rod.

There on the breezy Brow, where thriving States,

And famous Cities once, to the pleas'd Sun,

155

Far

Far other Scenes of rising Culture spread,
Pale shine thy ragged Towns. Neglected round,
Each Harvest pines; the livid, lean Produce
Of heartless Labour: while thy hated Joys,
Not proper Pleasure, lift the lazy hand. 160
Better to sink in Sloth the Woes of life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing Toil.
Hence drooping Art almost to Nature leaves
The rude, unguided Year. Thin wave the Gifts
Of yellow *Ceres*, thin the radiant Blush 165
Of Orchard reddens in the warmest ray.
To weedy wildness run, no Rural Wealth,
(Such as Dictators fed) the Garden pours.
Crude the wild Olive flows, and foul the Vine;
Nor Juice *Cæcubian*, nor *Falernian*, more 170

Streams

LIBERTY.

21

Streams Life, and Joy, save in the *Muse's* bowl.

Unfenced by Art, the spinning Race

Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.

In vain, forlorn in wilds, the Citron blows;

And flowering Plants perfume the desert gale. 175

Thro' the vile hedge the tender Myrtle twines.

Inglorious droops the Laurel, dead to Song,

And long a stranger to the Heroe's brow.

Nor half thy Triumph this: cast from brute Fields

Into the Haunts of Men thy ruthless eye. 180

There buxom Plenty never turns her horn;

The Grace and Virtue of exterior Life,

No clean Convenience reigns; even Sleep itself,

Least delicate of Powers, reluctant there

Lays on the Bed impure his heavy head. 185

F

Thy

Thy horrid Walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd,
See Streets whose Echos never know the voice
Of chearful Hurry, Commerce many-tongue'd,
And Art mechanic at his various task
Fervent employ'd. Mark the desponding Race, 190
Of Occupation void, as void of Hope;
Hope the glad Ray, glanc'd from ETERNAL GOOD,
That Life enlivens, and exalts it's Powers,
With views of Fortune — Madness all to them!
By Thee relentless seiz'd their better Joys, 195
To the soft aid of cordial Airs they fly,
A kind Oblivion breathing o'er their Woes,
And Love and Music melt their Souls away.
From feeble *Justice* see how rash *Revenge*,
Trembling, the Ballance snatches; and her Sword, 200

Fearful

Fearful himself, to venal Ruffians gives.

See where GOD's Altar nursing Murder stands,

With the red touch of dark Assassins stain'd.

But chief let *Rome*, the mighty City! speak

The full-exerted Genius of thy Reign.

205

Behold Her rise amid the lifeless Waste,

Expiring Nature all corrupted round ;

While the lone *Tyber*, thro' the desert Shore,

Winds his waste stores, and fullen sweeps along.

Patch'd from my Fragments, in unfolid Pomp,

210

Mark how the Temple glares; and, artful drest,

Amusive draws the superstitious Train.

Mark how the Palace lifts a lying front,

Concealing often, in magnific Jail,

Proud Want, a deep unanimated Gloom!

215

And

And often joining to the drear abode
Of Misery, whose melancholy walls
Seem its voracious Grandeur to reproach.
Within the City Bounds, the Defart see:
See the rank Vine o'er subterranean roofs,
Indecent, spread; beneath whose fretted gold
It once exulting flow'd. The People mark,
Matchless, while fir'd by me; to Public Good.
Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,
Afraid of nothing but unworthy Life,
Elate with Glory, an Heroic Soul
Known to the Vulgar Breast: behold them now
A thin despairing Number, all subdu'd,
The Slaves of Slaves, by Superstition fool'd,
By Vice unman'd and a licentious Rule,

220

225

230

In

In Guile ingenious, and in Murder brave.

Such in one Land, beneath the same fair Clime,

Thy Sons, OPPRESSION, are ; and such were MINE.

Even with thy labour'd *State*, for whose vain show

Deluded Thousands starve ; all age-begrin'd,

235

Torn robb'd and scatter'd in unnumber'd Sacks,

And by the Tempest of two thousand Years

Continual shaken, let my *Ruins* vie.

These Roads that yet the *Roman* hand assert,

Beyond the weak repair of modern Toil ;

240

These fractur'd Arches, that the chiding Stream

No more delighted hear ; these rich Remains

Of Marbles now unknown, where shines imbib'd

Each parent ray ; these massy Columns, hew'd

From *Africk's* farthest shore ; one Granite all,

245

G

These

These Obelisks high-towering to the Sky,
 Mysterious mark'd with dark *Egyptian* Lore;
 These endless Wonders that this * *Sacred Way*
 Illumine still, and consecrate to Fame;
 These Fountains, Vases, Urns, and Statues, charg'd 250
 With the fine stores of Art-compleating *Greece*.
 From these too drawn, mine is thy every Boast:
 Thy † BUONAROTIS, thy PALLADIOS mine;
 And mine the fair Designs, that RAPHAEL'S soul
 O'er the live canvass emanating breath'd. 255

What would you say, ye Conquerors of Earth!
 Ye *Romans!* could you raise the laurel'd Head;
 Could you the Country see, with Seas of blood,
 And the dread Toil of ages, won so dear;
 Your Pride, your Triumph, your supreme Delight! 260

For

* *Via Sacra.*

† M. ANGELO BUONAROTI, PALLADIO, and RAPHAEL D'URBINO; the three great modern Masters in Sculpture, Architecture, and Painting.

LIBERTY.

27

For whose Defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
You rush'd with rapture down the gulph of Fate,
Of Death ambitious! till by awful Deeds,
Virtues, and Courage, that amaze Mankind,
The Queen of Nations rose; possest of all 265,
That Nature, Art, and Glory could bestow:
What would you say, deep in the last Abyfs
Of Slavery, Vice, and unambitious Want,
Thus to behold her sunk? Your crowded Plains,
Void of their Cities; unadorn'd your Hills; 270
Ungrac'd your Lakes; your Ports to Ships unknown;
Your lawless Floods, and your abandon'd Streams;
These could you know? these could you love again?
Thy *Tibur*, HORACE, could it now inspire
Content, Poetic Ease, and Rural Joy, 275

Soon

Soon bursting into Song : while thro' the Groves

Of headlong *Anio*, dashing to the Vale,

In many a tortur'd Stream, you mus'd along ?

* Yon wild retreat, where Superstition dreams,

Could, TULLY, you your *Tusculum* believe? 280

And could you deem yon naked Hills, that form,

Fam'd in old Song, the Ship-forsaken † Bay,

Your *Formian* Shore? Once the Delight of Earth,

Where Art and Nature, ever-smiling, join'd

On the gay Land to lavish all their Stores; 285

How chang'd, how vacant, VIRGIL, wide around,

Would now your *Naples* seem? Disaster'd less

By black *Vesuvius* thundering o'er the Coast,

His midnight Earthquakes, and his mining Fires,

Than

* *Tusculum* is reckoned to have stood at a Place now called *Grotta Ferrata*, a Convent of Monks.

† The Bay of *Mola* (anciently *Formiæ*) into which HOMER brings ULYSSES, and his Companions. Near *Formiæ* CICERO had a Villa.

Than by Despotic Rage : that inward gnaws, 290

A native Foe ; a foreign, tears without.

First from your flatter'd CÆSARS This begun ;

Till houseless spreads, at last, the * Syren Plain,

That the dire Soul of HANNIBAL disarm'd ;

And wrapt in Weeds the † Shore of *Venus* lies. 295

There *Baia* sees no more the joyous Throng ;

Her banks all beaming with the Pride of *Rome* :

No generous Vines now bask along the Hills,

Where sport the Breezes of the *Tyrrhene* main :

With Baths and Temples mixt, no Villas rise ; 300

Nor, Art-sustain'd amid reluctant Waves,

Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing Deep :

H

No

* *Campagna felice*, adjoining to *Capua*.

† The Coast of *Baia* ; which was formerly adorned with the Works mentioned in the following Lines ; and where amidst many magnificent Ruins, those of a Temple erected to *Venus* are still to be seen.

No spreading Ports their sacred Arms extend :

No mighty Moles the big intrusive Storm,

From the calm Station, roll resounding back. 305

An almost total Defolation fits,

A dreary Stillness, sad'ning o'er the Coast ;

* Where, when soft Suns and tepid Winters rose,

Rejoicing Crowds inhal'd the balm of Peace ;

Where city'd Hill to Hill reflected blaze ; 310

And where, with *Ceres*, *Bacchus* went to hold

A genial Strife. Her youthful Form, robust,

Even Nature yields ; by Fire, and Earthquake rent :

Whole stately Cities in the dark Abrupt

Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid, 315

A nest for Serpents ; from the red Abyss.

New

* All along this Coast, the antient *Romans* had their Winter retreats ; and several populous Cities stood.

New Hills, explosive, thrown; the *Lucrine* Lake
A reedy Pool; and all to *Cuma's* Point,
The Sea recovering his usurp'd Domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd Dome: 320

Hence, BRITAIN, learn; my best-establish'd, last,
And more than GREECE, or ROME, my steady Reign;
The Land where, *King* and *People* equal bound
By guardian Laws, my fullest Blessings flow;
And where my jealous unsubmitting Soul, 325

The dread of Tyrants! burns in every breast:
Learn hence, if such the miserable fate
Of an heroic Race, the Masters once
Of Humankind; what, when depriv'd of ME,
How grievous must be thine? In spite of Climes, 330
Whose Sun-enliven'd *Æther* wakes the Soul

To higher Powers ; in spite of happy Soils,
That, but by Labour's flightest aid impell'd,
With Treasures teem to thy cold Clime unknown ;
If there desponding fail the common Arts, 335
And sustenance of life: could Life itself,
Or, heart-confum'd, a Tyrant's rotten Pomp,
Subsist with thee? Against depressing Skies,
Join'd to full-spread Oppression's cloudy Brow,
How could thy Spirits hold? where Vigour find, 340
Forc'd Fruits to tear from their unnative Soil?
Or every Harvest storing in thy Ports,
Profuse of all, to plow the dreadful Wave?

Here paus'd the GODDESS. By the Pause assur'd,
In trembling accents thus I mov'd my Prayer. 345
" Oh first, and most benevolent of Powers!

" Come

- “ Come from eternal Splendors, here on Earth,
“ Against despotic Pride, and Rage, and Lust,
“ To shield Mankind ; to raise them to assert
“ The native Rights, and Honour of their Race : 350
“ Teach me thy lowest Subject, but in Zeal
“ Yielding to none, the PROGRESS OF THY REIGN,
“ And with a Strain from THEE enrich the *Muse*.
“ For thy proud Slave, alone ; her Patron Thou,
“ And great Inspirer be ! then will she joy, 355
“ Tho’ narrow Life her Lot, and Private Shade :
“ And when her *Venal Voice* she barter vile,
“ Or to thy open or thy secret Foes ;
“ May ne’er those sacred Raptures touch her more,
“ By slavish Hearts unfelt ! and may her Song 360
“ Sink in oblivion with the nameless Crew !

“ Vermin of State! to thy o’erflowing Light

“ That owe their Being, yet betray thy Cause.”

Then, condescending kind, the HEAVENLY POWER

Return’d.— “ What here, suggested by the Scene, 365

“ I slight unfold, record, and sing at home,

“ In that blest Isle, where (so we Spirits move)

“ With one quick effort of my Will I am.

“ There Truth, *unlicens’d*, walks; even Kings themselves

“ Invite her forth, the Monarchs of the Free! 370

“ By that best Glory pierc’d, that God-like Joy,

“ That gay Security, that Pride of Rule;

“ When Men, not Slaves, when all-performing Love,

“ Not sluggish Hate, and faithless Fear, obey.

“ Fix’d on my Rock, there an Indulgent Race 375

“ O’er BRITONS wield the Scepter of the Heart:

“ And,

“ And, mixing Worth with Worth, the ROYAL PAIR

“ To steady Justice yielding Goodness join.

“ Nor sets the Prospect in this pleasing view ;

“ While there, to finish what his Sires began, 380

“ A PRINCE behold ! for ME who burns sincere,

“ Even with a Subject's Zeal. He my great Work

“ Will Parent-like sustain; and added give

“ The Touch, the *Graces* and the *Muses* owe.

“ For BRITAIN'S Glory swells his panting Breast ; 385

“ And *Antient Arts* He emulous revolves :

“ His Pride to let the smiling Heart abroad,

“ Thro' Clouds of Pomp, that but conceal the Man ;

“ To please his Pleasure ; Bounty his Delight ;

“ And all the Soul of TITUS dwells in Him.” 390

Hail

Hail glorious Theme! But how alas! shall Verse,
 From the crude Stores of mortal Language drawn,
 How faint and tedious, sing, what, piercing deep,
 The GODDESS flash'd at once upon my Soul.
 For, clear Precision all, the Tongue of Gods 395
 Is Harmony itself; to every Ear
 Familiar known, like Light to every Eye.
 Mean time disclosing Ages, as She spoke,
 In dread Succession pour'd their Empires forth;
 Scene after Scene, the Human Drama spread; 400
 And still th'embodiy'd Picture rush'd to fight.
 Oh THOU! to whom the *Muses* owe their flame;
 Who bid'st beneath the Pole *Parnassus* rise,
 And *Hippocrenè* flow; with thy bold Ease
 The striking Force, the Lightning of thy Thought, 405
 And

And thy strong Phrase, that rowls profound, and clear ;

Oh gracious GODDESS! reinspire my Song :

While I, to nobler than Poetic Fame

Aspiring, thy Commands to BRITONS bear.



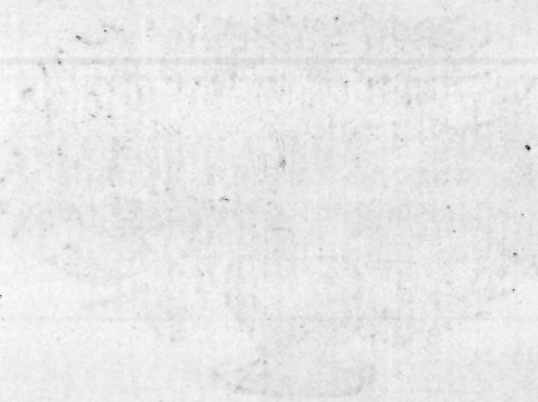
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G R E E C E

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G R E E C E:
Being the SECOND PART of
L I B E R T Y,
A
P O E M.

By Mr. THOMSON.



L O N D O N:

Printed for A. MILLAR, over-against *St. Clement's Church* in the *Strand*.
M.DCC.XXXV.

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The CONTENTS of PART I.

THE following Poem is thrown into the Form of a Poetical Vision. It's Scene the Ruins of Antient Rome. The GODDESS of LIBERTY, who is supposed to speak thro' the Whole, appears, Characterized as BRITISH LIBERTY; to Ver. 44. Gives a View of Antient Italy, and particularly of Republican Rome, in all her Magnificence and Glory; to Ver. 112. This contrasted by Modern Italy; it's Vallies, Mountains, Culture, Cities, People: the Difference appearing strongest in the Capital City Rome; to Ver. 234. The Ruins of the great Works of LIBERTY more magnificent than the borrowed Pomp of OPPRESSION; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; to Ver. 256. The old Romans apostrophized, with regard to the several melancholy Changes in Italy: HORACE, TULLY, and VIRGIL, with regard to their Tibur, Tusculum, and Naples; to Ver. 287. That once finest and most ornamented Part of Italy, all along the Coast of Baia, how changed; to Ver. 321. This Desolation of Italy applied to Britain; to Ver. 344. Address to the GODDESS of LIBERTY, that she would deduce, from the first Ages, her chief Establishments, the Description of which constitute the Subject of the following Parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain; whose Happiness, arising from Freedom, and a limited Monarchy, she marks; to Ver. 391. An immediate VISION attends, and paints her Words. Invocation.

The CONTENTS of PART II.

LIBERTY traced from the Pastoral Ages, and the first uniting of neighbouring Families into Civil Government; to Ver. 47. The several Establishments of LIBERTY, in EGYPT, PERSIA, PHOENICIA, PALESTINE, slightly touch'd upon, down to her great Establishment in GREECE; to Ver. 91. Geographical Description of GREECE; to Ver. 113. SPARTA, and ATHENS, the two Principal States of GREECE described; to Ver. 164. Influence of LIBERTY over all the Grecian States; with regard to their Government, their Politeness, their Virtues, their Arts and Sciences. The vast Superiority it gave them, in point of Force and Bravery, over the Persians, exemplified by the Action of Thermopylæ, the Battle of Marathon, and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. It's full Exertion, and most beautiful Effects in ATHENS; to Ver. 216. LIBERTY the Source of free Philosophy. The various Schools, which took their Rise from SOCRATES; to Ver. 257. Enumeration of FINE ARTS: Eloquence, Poetry, Music, Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; the Effects of LIBERTY in GREECE, and brought to their utmost Perfection there; to Ver. 381. Transition to the Modern State of GREECE; to Ver. 411. Why LIBERTY declined, and was at last intirely lost among the GREEKS; to Ver. 472. Concluding Reflection.



LIBERTY.

PART II.



HUS spoke the GODDESS of the fearless Eye;
And at her Voice, renew'd, the VISION rose.

First, in the dawn of Time, with eastern Swains,
In Woods, and Tents, and Cottages, I liv'd;
While on from Plain to Plain they led their Flocks, 5
In search of clearer Spring, and fresher Field.
These, as encreasing Families disclos'd

B

The

The tender State, I taught an equal Sway.

Few were Offences, Properties, and Laws.

Beneath the rural Portal, Palm-o'erspread,

10

The Father-Senate met. There Justice dealt,

With Reason then and Equity the same,

Free as the common Air, her prompt Decree ;

Nor yet had stain'd her Sword with Subject's Blood.

The simpler Arts were all their simple Wants

15

Had urg'd to light. But instant, these supply'd,

Another Set of fonder Wants arose,

And other Arts with them of finer Aim ;

Till, from refining Want to Want impell'd,

The Mind by Thinking push'd her latent Powers,

20

And Life began to glow, and Arts to shine.

At first, on Brutes alone the rustic War

Launch'd

LIBERTY.

II

Launch'd the rude Spear ; swift, as he glar'd along,

On the grim Lion, or the robber Wolf.

For then young sportive Life was void of Toil,

25

Demanding Little, and with Little pleas'd.

But when to Manhood grown, and endless Joys,

Led on by equal Toils, the Bosom fir'd ;

Lewd lazy Rapine broke primæval Peace,

And hid in Caves, and idle Forests drear,

30

From the lone Pilgrim, and the wandering Swain,

Seiz'd what he durst not earn. Then Brother's Blood

First, horrid, smok'd on the polluted Skies.

Awful in Justice, then the burning Youth,

Led by their temper'd Sires, on lawless Men,

35

The last worst Monsters of the shaggy Wood,

Turn'd the keen Arrow, and the sharpen'd Spear.

B 2

Then

Then War grew glorious. Heroes then arose;
Who, scorning coward Self, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their Ease, and for their Safety bled. 40
West with the living Day to GREECE I came:
Earth smil'd beneath my Beam: the *Muse* before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in Woods
Had tun'd the Reed, and sigh'd the Shepherd's pain.
But now, to sing heroic Deeds, she swell'd 45
A nobler Note, and bad the Banquet burn.

For GREECE my Sons of EGYPT I forlook;
A boastful Race, that in the vain Abyfs
Of fabling Ages lov'd to lose their Source,
And with their River trac'd it from the Skies. 50
While there my Laws alone despotic reign'd,
And King, as well as People, proud obey'd;

I taught them Science, Virtue, Wisdom, Arts;

By Poets, Sages, Legislators fought;

The School of polish'd Life, and Humankind. 55

But when mysterious *Superstition* came,

And, with her †† *Civil Sister* league'd, involv'd

In study'd Darkness the desponding Mind;

Then *Tyrant Power* the righteous Scourge unloos'd;

For yielded Reason speaks the Soul a Slave. 60

Instead of useful Works, like Nature's great,

Enormous cruel Wonders crush'd the Land;

And round a Tyrant's * Tomb, who none deserv'd,

For one vile Carcass perish'd endless Lives.

Then the great † *Dragon*, couch'd amid his Floods, 65

Swell'd his fierce Heart, and cry'd — "This Flood is mine,

" 'Tis I that bid it flow."--- But, undeceiv'd,

His

†† Civil Tyranny.

* The Pyramids.

† The Tyrants of EGYPT.

His Phrenzy soon the proud Blasphemer felt ;
Felt that, without my fertilizing Power,
Suns lost their Force, and *Niles* o'erflow'd in vain. 70
Nought could retard me: nor the frugal State
Of rising *PERSIA*, sober in Extreme,
Beyond the pitch of Man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious Waste: nor yet the Ports
Of old *PHOENICIA*; first for Letters fam'd, 75
That paint the Voice, and silent speak to Sight,
O'er various Lands, and thro' far-distant Time.
First too renown'd for calling forth the Force
Of magic Numbers, whose immediate Light
Darts Order thro' Confusion. By fair Stars, 80
First tempted out into the lonely Deep.
To whom I first disclos'd mechanic Arts ;

The

The Winds to conquer, to subdue the Waves,
With all the peaceful Power of ruling Trade.

Earnest of BRITAIN. Nor by these retain'd;

85

Nor by the neighbouring Land, whose palmy Shore

The silver *Jordan* laves; where reign'd alone

The Public Cult of ONE ETERNAL MIND,

Who made and governs all. Before me lay

The promis'd LAND OF ARTS, and urg'd my Flight.

90

Hail Nature's utmost Boast! unrival'd GREECE!

My fairest Reign! where every Power benign

Conspir'd to blow the Flower of Humankind,

And lavish'd all that Genius can inspire.

Clear sunny Climates, by the breezy Main,

95

Ionian or *Ægean*, temper'd kind.

Light, airy Soils. A Country rich, and gay;

Broke

Broke into Hills with balmy Odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple Harvest, joyous Vales.
Mountains, and Streams, where Verfe spontaneous flow'd;
Whence deem'd by wondering Men the Seat of Gods,
And still the Mountains and the Streams of Song.
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high Materials, and MY restless ARTS
Frame into finish'd Life. How many States,
And clustering Towns, and Monuments of Fame,
And Scenes of glorious Deeds, in little Bounds!
From the rough Tract of bending Mountains, beat
By *Adria's* here, there by *Ægean* Waves;
To where the Deep-adorning *Cyclade Isles*
In shining Prospect rise, and on the Shore
Of farthest *Crete* resounds the *Lybian* Main.

O'er

LIBERTY.

17

O'er All two rival Cities rear'd the Brow,
And ballanc'd All. Spread on *Eurotas*' Bank,
Amid a Circle of soft-rising Hills, 115
The patient SPARTA One: the sober, hard,
And Man-subduing City; which no Shape
Of Pain could conquer, or of Pleasure charm.
LYCURGUS there built, on the solid Base
Of equal Life, so well a temper'd State; 120
Where mix'd each Government, in such just Poise;
Each Power so checking, and supporting, Each;
That firm for Ages, and unmov'd, it stood,
The Fort of GREECE! without one giddy Hour,
One Shock of Faction or of Party-Rage. 125
For, drain'd the Springs of Wealth, *Corruption* there
Lay wither'd to the Root. Thrice happy Land!

C

Had

Had not neglected Art, with weedy Vice
Confounded, funk. But if *Athenian* Arts
Lov'd not the Soil ; yet there the calm Abode 130
Of Wisdom, Virtue, Philosophic Ease,
Of manly Sense and Wit, in frugal Phrase
Confin'd, and press'd into *Laconic* Force.
There too, by rooting thence still treacherous Self,
The Publick and the Private grew the same. 135
The Children of the nursing Public All,
And at it's Table fed, for That they toil'd,
For That they liv'd intire, and even for That
The tender Mother urg'd her Son to die.
Of softer Genius, but not less intense 140
To seize the Palm of Empire, *ATHENS* strove.
Where with bright Marbles big, and future Pomp,

* *Hymettus*

* *Hymettus* spread, amid the scented Sky,
His thymy Treasures to the labouring Bee,
And to Botanic hand the Stores of Health; 145
Wrapt in a Soul-attenuating Clime,
Between † *Ilissus* and *Cephissus* glow'd
This Hive of Science, shedding Sweets divine,
Of active Arts, and animated Arms.
There, *passionate* for ME, an easy-mov'd, 150
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd People reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of Ruin, hurry'd by the Charm of Speech,
Inforcing hasty Counsel immature,
Totter'd the rash *Democracy*; unpois'd, 155
And by the Rage devour'd, that ever tears

C 2

A

* A Mountain near *Athens*.† Two Rivers, betwixt which *Athens* was situated.

A Populace unequal; Part too rich,

And Part or fierce with Want or abject grown.

SOLON at last, their mild Restorer, rose:

Allay'd the Tempest; to the Calm of Laws

160

Reduc'd the settling Whole; and, with the Weight

Which the * two Senates to the Public lent,

As with an Anchor fix'd the driving State.

Nor was my forming Care to These confin'd.

For Emulation thro' the Whole I pour'd,

165

Noble Contention! who should most excel

In Government well-pois'd, adjusted best

To Public Weal: in Countries cultur'd high:

In ornamented Towns, where Order reigns,

Free

* The *Areopagus*, or Supreme Court of Judicature, which SOLON reformed, and improved: and the Council of *Four Hundred*, by him instituted. In this Council all Affairs of State were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the Assembly of the People.

LIBERTY.

21

Free social Life, and polish'd Manners fair :

170

In Exercise, and Arms ; Arms only drawn

For common GREECE, to quell the *Persian* Pride :

In moral Science, and in graceful Arts.

Hence, as for Glory peacefully they strove,

The Prize grew greater, and the Prize of All.

175

By Contest brighten'd, hence the radiant Youth

Pour'd every Beam ; by generous Pride inflam'd,

Felt every Ardor burn : their great Reward

The verdant Wreath, which founding * *Pisa* gave.

Hence flourish'd GREECE ; and hence a Race of Men, 180

As Gods by conscious future Times ador'd :

In whom each Virtue wore a smiling Air,

Each Science shed o'er Life a friendly Light,

Each Art was Nature. SPARTAN Valour hence,

At

* Or *Olympia*, the City where the *Olympic* Games were celebrated.

At the * *fam'd Pass*, firm as an Isthmus stood; 185
 And the whole Eastern Ocean, waving far
 As Eye could dart it's Beam, from GREECE repell'd:
 While in extended Battle, at the Field
 Of *Marathon*, my keen ATHENIANS drove
 Before their ardent Band an Host of Slaves. 190
 Hence thro' the Continent Ten Thousand GREEKS
 Urg'd a Retreat, whose Glory not the Prime
 Of Victories can reach. Defarts in vain
 Oppos'd their Course; and hostile Lands, unknown;
 And deep rapacious Floods, dire-bank'd with Death; 195
 And Mountains, in whose Jaws Destruction grin'd;
 Hunger, and Toil; *Armenian* Snows, and Storms;
 And circling Myriads still of barbarous Foes.
 GREECE in their View, and Glory yet untouch'd,

Their

* The Straits of *Thermopylæ*.

LIBERTY.

23

Their steady Column pierc'd the scattering Herds, 200

Which a whole Empire pour'd ; and held its way

Triumphant, by the * SAGE-EXALTED CHIEF

Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh Light and Force of Mind,

Almost almighty in severe Extremes !

The Sea at last from *Colchian* Mountains seen, 205

Kind-hearted Transport round their Captains threw

The Soldier's fond Embrace ; o'erflow'd their Eyes

With tender Floods, and loos'd the general Voice

To Cries resounding loud---*The Sea ! the Sea !*

In ATTIC Bounds hence Heroes, Sages, Wits, 210

Shone thick as Stars, the Milky Way of GREECE !

And tho' gay Wit, and pleasing Grace was theirs ;

All the soft Modes of Elegance, and Ease ;

Yet was not Courage less, the patient Touch

OF

* XENOPHON.

Of toiling Art, and Disquisition deep. 215

MY SPIRIT pours a Vigour thro' the Soul,
Th' unfetter'd Thought with Energy inspires,
Invincible in Arts, in the bright Field
Of nobler Science, as in that of Arms.

ATHENIANS thus not less intrepid burst 220

The Bonds of *Tyrant* Darkness, than they spurn'd

The *Persian* Chains: while thro' the City, full

Of mirthful Quarrel and of witty War,

Incessant struggled Taste refining Taste,

And friendly free Discussion, calling forth 225

From the fair Jewel TRUTH it's latent Ray.

O'er All shone out the great * ATHENIAN SAGE,

And Father of Philosophy: the Sun,

From whose white Blaze emerg'd each various Sect

Took

LIBERTY.

25

Took various Tints, but with diminish'd Beam.

230

Tutor of ATHENS! he, in every Street,

Dealt priceless Treasure: Goodness his Delight,

Wisdom his Wealth, and Glory his Reward.

Deep thro' the human Heart, with playful Art,

His simple Question stole; as into Truth

235

And serious Deeds, He smil'd the laughing Race;

Taught moral happy Life, whate'er can bless,

Or grace Mankind; and what He taught He was.

Tho' high compounded, plain, his Doctrine broke

In different SCHOOLS. The bold Poetic Phrase

240

Of figur'd PLATO; XENOPHON'S pure Strain,

Like the clear Brook that steals along the Vale;

Dissecting Truth, the STAGYRITE'S keen Eye;

Th' exalted STOIC Pride; the CYNIC Sneer;

D

The

The slow-consenting ACADEMIC Doubt; 245

And, joining Bliss to Virtue, the glad Ease

Of EPICURUS, seldom understood.

They, ever-candid, Reason still oppos'd

To Reason; and, since Virtue was their Aim,

Each by sure Practice try'd to prove his Way 250

The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid Base

Of *Liberty*, the *Liberty* of *Mind*:

For Systems yet, and Soul-enflaving Creeds,

Slept with the Monsters of succeeding Times.

From priestly Darkness sprung th' enlightening Arts 255

Of Fire, and Sword, and Rage, and horrid Names.

O GREECE! thou sapient Nurse of FINER ARTS!

Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,

Be this thy Praise, that Thou, and Thou alone,

In

LIBERTY.

27

In These hast led the Way, in These excell'd, 260

Crown'd with the Laurel of assenting Time.

In thy full Language, speaking mighty Things;

Like a clear Torrent close, or else diffus'd

A broad majestic Stream, and rowling on

Thro' all the winding Harmony of Sound: 265

In it the Power of ELOQUENCE, at large,

Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic Soul;

Still'd by degrees the Democratic Storm,

Or bad it threatening rise, and Tyrants shook,

Flush'd at the Head of their victorious Troops. 270

In it the MUSE, her Fury never quench'd,

By mean unyielding Phrase, or jarring Sound,

Her unconfin'd Divinity display'd;

And, still harmonious, form'd it to her Will:

Or soft depress'd it to the Shepherd's Moan, 275

Or rais'd it swelling to the Tongue of Gods.

Heroic Song was thine; the * FOUNTAIN-BARD,

Whence each Poetic Stream derives it's Course.

Thine the dread *Moral Scene*, thy chief Delight!

Where idle Fancy durst not mix her Voice, 280

When Reason spoke august; the fervent Heart

Or plain'd, or storm'd; and in th' impassion'd Man,

Concealing Art with Art, the Poet sunk.

This potent School of Manners, but when left

To loose Neglect a Land-corrupting Plague, 285

Was not unworthy deem'd of Public Care,

And boundless Cost, by Thee; whose every Son,

Even last Mechanic, the true Taste possess'd

Of what had Flavour to the nourish'd Soul.

The

* HOMER.

LIBERTY.

29

The sweet Inforcer of the Poet's Strain,

290

Thine was the meaning MUSIC of the Heart.

Not the vain Trill, that, void of Passion, runs

In giddy Mazes, tickling idle Ears;

But that deep-searching Voice, and artful Hand,

To which respondent shakes the vary'd Soul.

295

Thy fair Ideas, thy delightful Forms,

By Love imagin'd, and the Graces touch'd,

The Vanity of Nature! SCULPTURE seiz'd,

And bad Them ever smile in *Parian* Stone.

Selecting Beauty's Choice, and That again

300

Exalting, blending in a perfect Whole,

Thy Workmen left even Nature's Self behind.

From Those far different, whose prolific Hand

Peoples a Nation; They for Years on Years,

By

By the cool Touches of judicious Toil, 305
Their rapid Genius curbing, pour'd it all
Thro' the live Features of one breathing Stone.
There, beaming full, it shone; expressing Gods:
Jove's awful Brow, *Apollo's* Air divine,
The fierce atrocious Frown of sinew'd *Mars*, 310
Or the sly Graces of the *Cyprian Queen*.
Minutely perfect all! Each Dimple sunk,
And every Muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.
In Tresses, braided gay, the Marble wav'd;
Flow'd in loose Robes, or thin transparent Veils; 315
Sprung into Motion; soften'd into Flesh;
With Passion fir'd; or subtiliz'd to Soul.
Nor less thy PENCIL, with creative Touch,
Shed mimic Life, when all thy brightest Dames,

Assembled,

Assembled, ZEUXIS in his HELEN mix'd.

320

And when APOLLO, who peculiar knew

To give a Grace that more than mortal smil'd,

The Soul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love,

Fresh from the Billows, blushing orient Charms.

Even such Enchantment then thy Pencil pour'd,

325

That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient Torch

Dash'd to the Ground ; and, rather than destroy

The * Patriot Picture, let the City scape.

First elder *Sculpture* taught her *Sister Art*

Correct Design ; where great Ideas shone,

330

And in the secret Trace Expression spoke :

Taught her the graceful Attitude ; the Turn,

And

* When DEMETRIUS besieged *Rhodes*, and could have reduced the City, by setting Fire to that Quarter of it, where stood the House of the celebrated PROTOGENES ; he chose rather to raise the Siege, than hazard the burning of a famous Picture called JASYLUS, the Master-piece of that Painter.

And beauteous Airs of Head; the native Act,

Or bold, or easy; and, cast free behind,

The swelling Mantle's well-adjusted Flow.

335

Then the bright *Muse*, their eldest Sister, came;

And bad Her follow where She led the Way:

Bad Earth, and Sea, and Air, in Colours rise;

And copious Action on the Canvas glow:

Gave her gay Fable; spread Invention's Store;

340

Inlarg'd her View; taught Composition high,

And just Arrangement, circling round one Point,

That starts to Sight, binds and commands the Whole.

Caught from the heavenly *Muse* a nobler Aim,

And scorning the soft Trade of meer Delight,

345

O'er all thy Temples, Porticos, and Schools,

Heroic Deeds She trac'd, and warm display'd

Each

Each Moral Beauty to the ravish'd Eye.

There, as th' imagin'd Prefence of the God

Arrous'd the Mind, or vacant Hours induc'd

350

Calm Contemplation, or assembl'd Youth

Burn'd in ambitious Circle round the Sage,

The living Lesson stole into the Heart,

With more prevailing Force than dwells in Words.

To Public Virtue thus the *smiling Arts*

355

Unblemish'd, Handmaids serv'd ; the *Graces* they

To dress this fairest *Venus*. Thus rever'd,

And plac'd beyond the Reach of sordid Care,

The high Awarders of immortal Fame,

Alone for Glory thy great Masters strove ;

360

Courted by Kings, and by contending States

Assum'd the boasted Honour of their Birth.

E

In

In ARCHITECTURE too thy Rank supreme !
That Art where most magnificent appears
The little Builder Man ; by Thee refin'd, 365
And, smiling high, to full Perfection brought.
Such thy sure Rules, that *Goths* of every Age,
Who scorn'd their Aid, have only loaded Earth
With labour'd heavy Monuments of Shame.
Not those gay Domes that o'er thy splendid Shore, 370
Shot, all Proportion, up. First unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly *Doric* rose ;
Th' *Ionic* then, with decent Matron Grace,
Her airy Pillar heav'd ; luxuriant last,
The rich *Corinthian* spread her wanton Wreath. 375
The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
By fine Proportion, that the Marble Pile,
Form'd

Form'd to repel the still or stormy Waste

Of rolling Ages, light as Fabricks look'd

That from the magic Wand aerial rise.

380

These were the Wonders that illumin'd GREECE,

From End to End.--- Here interrupting warm,

Where are they now? (I cry'd) say, GODDESS, where?

And what the Land thy Darling thus of old?

Sunk! she resum'd, deep in the Kindred Gloom

385

Of *Superstition*, and of *Slavery* sunk!

No Glory now can touch their Hearts, benumb'd

By loose dejected Sloth, and servile Fear;

No Science pierce the Darkness of their Minds;

No nobler Art the quick ambitious Soul

390

Of Imitation in their Breast awake.

Even, to supply the needful Arts of Life,

Mechanic Toil denies the hopeless Hand.

Scarce any Trace remaining, Vestige grey,

Or nodding Column on the desert Shore, 395

To point where *Corinth*, or where *Athens* stood.

A faithless Land of Violence, and Death!

Where Commerce parlies, dubious, on the Shore;

And his wild Impulse curious Search restrains,

Afraid to trust th' inhospitable Clime. 400

Neglected Nature fails; in fordid Want

Sunk, and debas'd, their Beauty beams no more.

The Sun himself seems angry to regard,

Of Light unworthy, the degenerate Race;

And fires them oft with pestilential Rays: 405

While Earth, blue Poison steaming on the Skies,

Indignant, shakes them from her troubled Sides.

But

But as from Man to Man, Fate's first Decree,
Impartial Death the Tide of Riches rolls,
So States must die and LIBERTY go round. 410

Fierce was the Stand, e'er Virtue, Valour, Arts,
And the Soul fir'd by ME (that often, stung
With Thoughts of better Times and old Renown,
From Hydra-Tyrants try'd to clear the Land)
Lay quite extinct in GREECE, their Works effac'd, 415
And gross o'er all unfeeling Bondage spread.

Sooner I mov'd my much-reluctant Flight,
Pois'd on the doubtful Wing: when GREECE with GREECE
Embroid'd in foul Contention, fought no more
For common Glory, and for common Weal: 420

But false to Freedom, fought to quell the Free;
Broke the firm Band of Peace, and sacred Love,

That

That lent the Whole irrefragable Force ;

And, as around the partial Trophy blush'd,

Prepar'd the way for total Overthrow.

425

Then to the *Persian* Power, whose Pride they scorn'd,

When XERXES pour'd his Millions o'er the Land,

Sparta, by turns, and *Athens* vilely sue'd ;

Sue'd to be venal Parricides, to spill

Their Country's bravest Blood, and on themselves

430

To turn their matchless mercenary Arms.

Peaceful in *Susa*, then, sat the * *Great King* ;

And by the trick of Treaties, the still Waste

Of fly *Corruption*, and Barbaric Gold,

Effected what his Steel could ne'er perform.

435

Profuse he gave them the luxurious Draught,

Inflaming all the Land : unballanc'd wide

Their

* So the Kings of *Persia* were call'd by the *Creeks*.

Their tottering States ; their wild Affemblies rul'd,
 As the Winds turn at every Blast the Seas :
 And by their lifted Orators, whose Breath 440
 Still with a factious Storm infested GREECE,
 Rous'd them to Civil War, or dash'd them down
 To sordid Peace---* Peace ! that, when *Sparta* shook
 Astonish'd ARTAXERXES on his Throne ;
 Gave up, fair-spread o'er *Asia's* funny Shore, 445
 Their kindred Cities to perpetual Chains.
 What could so base, so infamous a Thought
 In *Spartan* Hearts inspire ? Jealous, they saw
 Respiring † *Athens* rear again her Walls ;
 And the pale Fury fir'd them, once again 450

To

* The Peace made by ANTALCIDAS, the *Lacedemonian* Admiral, with the *Persians* ; by which the *Lacedemonians* abandon'd all the *Greeks* establish'd in the lesser *Asia* to the Dominion of the King of *Persia*.

† *Athens* had been dismantled by the *Lacedemonians*, at the end of the first *Peloponnesian* War, and was at this Time restored by CONON to it's former Splendor.

To crush this rival City to the Dust.

For now no more the noble social Soul

Of LIBERTY *my Families* combin'd ;

But by short Views, and selfish Passions, broke,

Dire as when Friends are rankled into Foes, 455

They mix'd severe, and wage'd Eternal War :

Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted Force ;

Nor, with false Glory, Discord, Madness blind,

Saw how the blackening Storm from *Thracia* came.

* Long Years roll'd on, by many a Battle stain'd, 460

The Blush and Boast of Fame ! where Courage, Art,

And military Glory shone supreme :

But let detesting Ages, from the Scene

Of GREECE self-mangled, turn the sickening Eye.

At last, when bleeding from a thousand Wounds, 465

She

* The *Peloponnesian* War.

She felt her Spirits fail ; and in the Dust

Her latest Heroes, NICIAS, CONON, lay,

AGESILAUS, and the * THEBAN FRIENDS:

The *Macedonian* Vultur mark'd his Time,

By the dire Scent of † *Cheronæa* lur'd,

470

And, fierce-descending, seiz'd his hapless Prey.

Thus tame submitted to the Victor's Yoke

GREECE, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold ;

For every Grace, and Muse, and Science born ;

With Arts of War, of Government elate ;

475

To *Tyrants* dreadful, dreadful to the *Best* ;

Whom I MYSELF could scarcely rule : and thus

The *Persian* Fetters, that inthrall'd the Mind,

Were turn'd to formal and apparent Chains.

F

Un-

* PELOPIDAS, and EPAMINONDAS.

† The Battle of *Cheronæa*, in which PHILIP of *Macedon* utterly defeated the Greeks.

Unless CORRUPTION first deject the Pride, 480
And guardian Vigour of the free-born Soul,
All crude Attempts of *Violence* are vain ;
For firm within, and while at Heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by *Force* was *Freedom* overcome.
But soon as INDEPENDANCE stoops the Head, 485
To *Vice* enslav'd, and *Vice-created Wants* ;
Then to some *foul corrupting Hand*, whose Waste
These heighten'd Wants with fatal Bounty feeds :
From Man to Man the slackening Ruin runs,
Till the whole State unnerv'd in SLAVERY sinks. 490





LIBERTY.

A

POEM.



REPORT

LIBRARY

LIBRARY

REPORT

LIBRARY

R O M E:
Being the THIRD PART of
LIBERTY,
A
P O E M.

By Mr. THOMSON.



L O N D O N:

Printed for A. MILLAR, over-against *St. Clement's Church* in the *Strand*.
M.DCC.XXXV.

The CONTENTS of PART III.

AS this Part contains a Description of the Establishment of LIBERTY in ROME, it begins with a View of the Grecian Colonies settled in the Southern Parts of Italy, which with Sicily constituted the Great Greece of the Antients. With these Colonies the Spirit of LIBERTY, and of Republics, spreads over Italy; to Ver. 32. Transition to PYTHAGORAS and his Philosophy, which he taught thro' these free States and Cities; to Ver. 71. Amidst the many small Republics in Italy, ROME the destined Seat of LIBERTY. Her Establishment there dated from the Expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from That in GREECE; to Ver. 88. Reference to a View of the ROMAN REPUBLIC given in the First Part of this Poem: to mark it's Rise and Fall the peculiar Purport of This. During it's first Ages, the greatest Force of LIBERTY, and Virtue, exerted; to Ver. 103. The Source whence derived the Heroic Virtues of the ROMANS. Enumeration of these Virtues. Thence their Security at Home; their Glory, Success, and Empire, Abroad; to Ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman Empire geographically described; to Ver. 257. The States of GREECE restored to LIBERTY, by TITUS QUINTUS FLAMINIUS, the highest Instance of Public Generosity and Beneficence; to Ver. 328. The Loss of LIBERTY in ROME. It's Causes, Progress, and Completion in the Death of BRUTUS; to Ver. 485. ROME under the Emperors; to Ver. 513. From ROME the GODDESS of LIBERTY goes among the NORTHERN NATIONS; where, by infusing into them her Spirit and general Principles, SHE lays the Ground-work of her future Establishments; sends them in Vengeance on the Roman Empire, now totally enslaved; and then, with Arts and Sciences in her Train, quits Earth during the dark Ages; to Ver. 550. The Caelestial Regions, to which LIBERTY retired, not proper to be opened to the View of Mortals.



LIBERTY.

PART III.



ERE melting mix'd with Air th' Ideal Forms,
That painted still whate'er the GODDESS sung.
Then I, impatient.--"From extinguish'd GREECE,
"To what new Region stream'd the *Human Day*?"
She softly sighing, as when *Zephir* leaves,
Resign'd to *Boreas*, the declining Year,

B

Re-

Refum'd.—Indignant, these * last Scenes I fled;
 And long e'er then, *Leucadia's* cloudy Cliff,
 And the *Ceraunian* Hills behind me thrown,
 All LATIUM stood arrous'd. Ages before,
 Great Mother of Republicks! GREECE had pour'd,
 Swarm after Swarm, her ardent Youth around.
 On *Asia*, *Afric*, *Sicily*, they stoop'd,
 But chief on fair HESPERIA's winding Shore;
 Where, from † *Lacinium* to *Etrurian* Vales,
 They roll'd encreasing Colonies along,
 And lent Materials for my ROMAN REIGN.
 With them *my Spirit* spread; and numerous States,
 And Cities rose, on *Grecian* Models form'd;
 As it's Parental Policy, and Arts,
 Each had imbib'd. Besides, to Each assign'd

10

15

20

A

* The last Struggles of *Liberty* in GREECE.

† A Promontory in *Calabria*.

A *Guardian Genius*, o'er the Publick Weal,

Kept an uncloſing Eye; try'd to ſuſtain,

Or more ſublime the Soul infus'd by ME:

And ſtrong the Battle roſe, with various Wave,

25

Againſt the *Tyrant Demons* of the Land.

Thus they their little Wars and Triumphs knew;

Their Flows of Fortune, and receding Times,

But almoſt all below the proud Regard

Of Story vow'd to ROME, on Deeds intent

30

That *Truth* beyond the Flight of *Fable* bore.

Not ſo the * SAMIAN SAGE; to him belongs

The brighteſt Witneſs of recording Fame.

For theſe free States his native † Iſle forſook,

And a vain Tyrant's tranſitory Smile,

35

He fought *Crotona's* pure ſalubrious Air,

B 2

And

* PYTHAGORAS.

† Samos, over which then reigned the Tyrant POLYCRATES.

And thro' * *Great Greece* his gentle Wisdom taught;

Wisdom that calm'd for † listening Years the Mind,

Nor ever heard amid the Storm of Zeal.

His mental Eye first launch'd into the Deep's 40

Of boundless Ether; where unnumber'd Orbs,

Myriads on Myriads, thro' the pathless Sky

Unerring roll, and wind their steady Way.

There he the full consenting Choir beheld;

There first discern'd the secret Band of Love, 45

The kind Attraction, that to central Suns

Binds circling Earths, and World with World unites.

Instructed thence, he great Ideas form'd

Of the whole-moving, all-informing GOD,

The *Sun* of Beings! beaming unconfin'd 50

Light,

* The Southern Parts of *Italy*, and *Sicily*, so called because of the *Grecian* Colonies there settled.

† His Scholars were enjoined Silence for five Years.

LIBERTY.

13

Light, Life, and Love, and ever-active Power :

Whom nought can image, and who best approves

The silent Worship of the moral Heart,

That joys in bounteous Heaven, and spreads the Joy.

Nor scorn'd the soaring Sage to stoop to Life,

55

And bound his Reason to the Sphere of Man.

He gave the four yet * reigning Virtues name ;

Inspir'd the Study of the finer Arts,

That civilize Mankind, and Laws devis'd

Where with enlighten'd Justice Mercy mix'd.

60

He even, into his tender System, took

Whatever shares the Brotherhood of Life :

He taught that Life's indissoluble Flame,

From Brute to Man, and Man to Brute again,

For ever shifting, runs th' Eternal round ;

65

Thence

* The four Cardinal Virtues.

Thence try'd against the blood-polluted Meal,
And Limbs yet quivering with some kindred Soul,
To turn the human Heart. Delightful Truth!
Had he beheld the living Chain ascend,
And not a *circling* Form but *rising* whole.

70

Amid these small Republicks one arose,
On yellow *Tyber's* Bank, almighty ROME,
Fated for ME. A nobler Spirit warm'd
Her Sons; and, rous'd by Tyrants, nobler still
It burn'd in BRUTUS; the proud *Tarquins* chas'd,
With all their Crimes; bad radiant *Æras* rise,
And the long Honours of the *Consul-Line*.

75

Here from the fairer, not the greater, Plan
Of GREECE I vary'd; whose unmixing States,
By the keen Soul of Emulation pierc'd,

80

Long

Long wage'd alone the bloodless War of Arts,

And their *best* Empire gain'd. But to diffuse

O'er Men an Empire was my Purpose now :

To let my martial Majesty abroad ;

Into the Vortex of one State to draw

85

The whole mix'd Force, and *Liberty*, on Earth ;

To conquer Tyrants, and fet Nations free.

Already have I given, with flying Touch,

A broken View of this my amplest Reign.

Now, while its first, last, Periods you survey,

90

Mark how it lab'ring rose, and rapid fell.

When ROME in Noon-tide Empire grasp'd the World,

And, soon as her resistless Legions shone,

The Nations stoop'd around ; tho' then appear'd

Her Grandeur most, yet in her Dawn of Power,

95

By

By many a jealous equal People prefs'd,
 Then was the Toil, the mighty Struggle then;
 Then for each *Roman* I an *Hero* told;
 And every passing Sun, and *Latian* Scene,
 Saw patriot Virtues then, and awful Deeds,
 That or surpass the Faith of modern Times,
 Or, if believ'd, with sacred Horror strike.

For then, to prove my most exalted Power,
 I to the Point of full Perfection push'd,
 To Fondness, and enthusiastic Zeal,
 The great the reigning Passion of the *Free*.
 That Godlike Passion! which, the bounds of *Self*
 Divinely bursting, the whole Public takes
 Into the Heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
 With the mix'd Ardor of unnumber'd *Selves*;

100

105

110

Of

Of all who safe beneath the *Voted Laws*

Of the same parent State, fraternal, live.

From this kind *Sun* of *Moral Nature* flow'd

Virtues, that shine the Light of Humankind,

And, ray'd thro' Story, warm remotest Time.

115

These *Virtues* too, reflected to their Source,

Encreas'd its Flame. The social Charm went round,

The fair Idea, more attractive still,

As more by Virtue mark'd; till *Romans*, all

One Band of Friends, unconquerable grew.

120

Hence, when their Country rais'd her plaintive Voice,

The Voice of pleading Nature was not heard;

And in their Hearts the Father throb'd no more:

Stern to themselves, but gentle to the Whole.

Hence sweeten'd Pain, the Luxury of Toil;

125

Patience, that baffle'd Fortune's utmost Rage ;

High-minded Hope, which at the lowest Ebb,

When *Brennus* conquer'd, and when *Cannæ* bled,

The bravest Impulse felt, and scorn'd Despair.

Hence Moderation a new Conquest gain'd ;

As on the vanquish'd, like descending Heaven,

Their dewy Mercy drop'd, their Bounty beam'd,

And by the labouring Hand were Crowns bestow'd.

Fruitful of Men, hence hard laborious Life,

Which no Fatigue can quell, no Season pierce.

Hence, INDEPENDANCE, with his *Little* pleas'd

Serene, and Self-sufficient, like a God ;

In whom CORRUPTION could not lodge one Charm,

While he his *honest* Roots to *Gold* preferr'd ;

While truly rich, and by his *Sabine* Field,

The

The *Man* maintain'd, the *Roman's* Splendor all
Was in the Public Wealth and Glory plac'd :
Or ready, a rough Swain, to guide the Plough ;
Or else, the Purple o'er his Shoulder thrown,
In long Majestic flow, to rule the State, 145
With Wisdom's purest Eye ; or, clad in Steel,
To drive the steady Battle on the Foe.
Hence every Passion, even the proudest, stoop'd,
To Common-Good : CAMILLUS, thy Revenge ;
Thy Glory, FABIVS. All submissive hence, 150
Consuls, Dictators, still resign'd their Rule ;
The very Moment that the Laws ordain'd.
Tho' Conquest o'er them clap'd her Eagle-wings,
Her Laurels wreath'd, and yoke'd her snowy Steeds
To the triumphal Car : soon as expir'd 155

The latest Hour of Sway; taught to submit,

(A harder Lesson That than to command)

Into the *Private Roman* sunk the *Chief*.

If ROME was serv'd, and Glorious, careless they

By whom. Their Country's Fame they deem'd their own; 160

And above Envy, in a Rival's Train,

Sung the loud *Iōs* by themselves deserv'd.

Hence matchless Courage. On *Cremera's* Bank,

Hence fell the *FABII*; hence the *DECII* dy'd;

And *CURTIUS* plung'd into the flaming Gulph. 165

Hence *REGULUS* the wavering Fathers firm'd,

By dreadful Counsel never given before;

For *Roman* Honour sue'd, and his own Doom.

Hence he sustain'd to dare a Death prepar'd

By *Punic* Rage. On Earth his manly Look 170

Re-

Relentless fix'd, he from a last Embrace,
By Chains polluted, put his Wife aside,
His little Children climbing for a Kiss;
Then dumb thro' Rows of weeping wondering Friends,
A new illustrious Exile! press'd along. 175

Nor less impatient did he pierce the Crowds
Opposing his Return, than if, escap'd
From long litigious Suits, he glad forsook
The noisy Town a while and City Cloud,
To breathe *Venafrian*, or *Tarentine* Air. 180

Need I these high Particulars recount?
The meanest Bosom felt a Thirst for Fame;
Flight their worst Death, and Shame their only Fear.
Life had no Charms, nor any Terrors Fate,
When ROME and Glory call'd. But, in one View, 185

Mark

Mark the rare Boast of these unequal'd Times.

Ages revolv'd unfully'd by a Crime:

Astrea reign'd, and scarcely needed Laws,

To bind a Race elated with the Pride

Of Virtue, and disdaining to descend

To Meanness, mutual Violence, and Wrongs.

While War around them rag'd, in happy *ROME*

All peaceful smil'd, all save the passing Clouds

That often hang on *Freedom's* jealous Brow;

And fair unblemish'd Centuries elaps'd,

When not a *Roman* bled but in the Field.

Their Virtue such, that an unballanc'd State,

Still between *Noble* and *Plebeian* toft,

As flow'd the Wave of fluctuating Power,

By that kept firm, and with triumphant Prow

Rode

LIBERTY.

23

Rode out the Storms. Oft tho' the Native Feuds,

That from the first their Constitution shook,

(A latent Ruin, growing as it grew)

Stood on the threatening Point of Civil War

Ready to rush: yet could the lenient Voice

205

Of Wisdom, soothing the tumultuous Soul,

These Sons of Virtue calm. Their generous Hearts,

Unpetrify'd by *Self*, so naked lay

And sensible to *Truth*, that o'er the Rage

Of giddy Faction, by Oppression swell'd,

210

Prevail'd a simple Fable, and at once

To Peace recover'd the divided State.

But if their often-cheated Hopes refus'd

The soothing Touch; still, in the Love of ROME,

The dread *Dictator* found a sure Resource.

215

Was

Was she assaulted? was her Glory stain'd?

One common Quarrel wide inflam'd the Whole.

Foes in the *Forum* in the *Field* were Friends,

By social Danger bound; each fond for each,

And for their dearest Country all, to die.

220

Thus up the Hill of Empire slow they toil'd:

Till the bold Summit gain'd, the thousand States

Of proud *ITALIA* blended into One;

Then o'er the Nations they resiftless rush'd,

And touch'd the Limits of the failing World.

225

Let Fancy's Eye the distant Lines unite.

See That which borders wild the Western Main,

Where Storms at large resound, and Tides immense:

From *Caledonia's* dim *Cærulean* Coast,

And moist *Hibernia*, to where *Atlas*, lodg'd

230

Amid the restless Clouds and leaning Heaven,
 Hangs o'er the Deep that borrows thence its Name.
 Mark That oppos'd, where first the springing Morn
 Her Roses sheds, and shakes around her Dews :
 From the dire Defarts by the *Caspian* lav'd, 235
 To where the *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, join'd,
 Impetuous tear the *Babylonian* Plain ;
 And blest *Arabia* aromatic breathes.
 See That dividing far the watry North,
 Parent of Floods! from the majestic *Rhine*, 240
 Drunk by *Batavian* Meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,
 In *Euxine* Waves the flashing *Danube* roars ;
 To where the frozen *Tavais* scarcely stirs
 The dead *Meotic* Pool, or the long * *Rha*,
 In the black † *Scythian* Sea his Torrent throws. 245

D

Laft,

* The antient Name of the *Volga*.† The *Caspian* Sea.

Last, That beneath the burning Zone behold.

See where it runs, from the deep-loaded Plains

Of *Mauritania* to the *Lybian* Sands,

Where *Ammon* lifts amid the torrid Waste

A verdant Isle, with Shade and Fountain fresh; 250

And farther to the full *Egyptian* Shore,

To where the *Nile* from *Ethiopian* Clouds,

His never-drain'd ethereal Urn, descends.

In this vast Space what various Tongues, and States!

What bounding Rocks, and Mountains, Floods, and Seas! 255

What Purple Tyrants quell'd, and Nations free'd!

O'er GREECE descended chief, with stealth divine,

The *Roman* Bounty in a Flood of Day:

As at her *Isthmian* Games, a fading Pomp!

Her full-assembled Youth innumeros swarm'd. 260

On

On a Tribunal rais'd FLAMINIUS sat;
 A Victor he, from the deep Phalanx pierc'd
 Of iron-coated *Macedon*, and back
 The *Grecian* * Tyrant to his Bounds repell'd.
 In the high thoughtless Gaiety of Game, 265
 While Sport alone their unambitious Hearts
 Possess'd; the sudden Trumpet, founding hoarse,
 Bad Silence o'er the bright Assembly reign.
 Then thus a Herald.--- " To the States of GREECE
 " The ROMAN PEOPLE, unconfin'd, restore 270
 " Their Countries, Cities, Liberties, and Laws;
 " Taxes remit, and Garrisons withdraw."
 The Crowd astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
 Star'd dubious round; some question'd, some exclaim'd,
 (Like one who dreaming, between Hope and Fear, 275

D 2

Is

* The King of *Macedonia*.

Is lost in anxious Joy) be that again,
 Be that again proclaim'd, distinct, and loud.
 Loud, and distinct, it was again proclaim'd;
 And still as Midnight in the Rural Shade,
 When the Gale slumbers, they the Words devour'd. 280
 A while severe Amazement held them mute.
 Then, bursting broad, the boundless Shout to Heaven
 From many a thousand Heart extatic sprung.
 On every hand rebellow'd to their Joy
 The swelling Sea, the Rocks, and vocal Hills: 285
 Thro' all her Turrets stately * *Corinth* shook;
 And, from the Void above of shatter'd Air,
 The flitting Bird fell breathless to the ground.
 What piercing Bliss! how keen a Sense of Fame,
 Did then, FLAMINIUS, reach thy inmost Soul? 290

And

* The *Isthmian* Games were celebrated at *Corinth*.

And with what deep-felt Glory didst thou then

Escape the Fondness of transported GREECE?

Mix'd in a Tempest of superior Joy,

They left the Sports; like Bacchanals they flew,

Each other straining in a strict Embrace,

295

Nor strain'd a Slave; and loud Acclaims till Night

Round the *Proconsul's* Tent repeated rung.

Then, crown'd with Garlands, came the festive Hours;

And Music, sparkling Wine, and Converse warm,

Their Raptures wak'd a-new.-- "Ye Gods! they cry'd, 300

"Ye guardian Gods of GREECE! And are we free?

"Was it not Madness deem'd the very Thought?

"And is it true? How did we purchase Chains?

"At what a dire Expence of Kindred Blood?

"And are they now dissolv'd? And scarce one Drop 305

"For

" For the fair first of Blessings have we paid ?

" Courage, and Conduct, in the doubtful Field,

" When rages wide the Storm of mingling War,

" Are rare indeed ; but how to generous Ends

" To turn Success, and Conquest, rarer still: 310

" That the *Great Gods* and *Romans* only know.

" Lives there on Earth, almost to GREECE unknown,

" A People so magnanimous, to quit

" Their native Soil, traverse the stormy Deep,

" And by their Blood and Treasure, spent for us, 315

" Redeem our States, our Liberties, and Laws!

" There does ! there does ! Oh Saviour TITUS ! ROME !"

Thus thro' the happy Night they pour'd their Souls,

And in my last reflected Beams rejoic'd.

As when the Shepherd, on the Mountain Brow, 320

Sits

Sits piping to his Flocks, and gamefome Kids;

Mean time the Sun, beneath the green Earth funk,

Slants upward o'er the Scene a parting Gleam:

Short is the Glory that the Mountain gilds,

Plays on the glittering Flocks, and glads the Swain; 325

To western Worlds irrevocable roll'd,

Rapid, the Source of Light recalls his Ray.

Here interposing I--- " Oh QUEEN of Men!

" Beneath whose Sceptre in essential Rights

" Equal they live; tho' plac'd, for common Good, 330

" Various, or in Subjection or Command;

" And that by common Choice: alas! the Scene,

" With Virtue, Freedom, and with Glory bright,

" Streams into Blood, and darkens into Woe."

Thus SHE purfue'd--- Near this great Æra, ROME 335

Began

Began to feel the *swift* Approach of Fate,
 That now her Vitals gain'd : *still* more and more
 Her deep Divisions kindling into Rage,
 And War with Chains and Desolation charg'd.
 From an unequal Ballance of her Sons 340
 These fierce Contentions sprung; and, as increas'd
 This hated Inequality, more fierce
 They flam'd to Tumult. INDEPENDANCE fail'd;
Here by luxurious Wants, by real there;
 And with this Virtue every Virtue sunk : 345
 As, with the sliding Rock, the Pile sustain'd.
 A last Attempt, too late, the GRACCHI made,
 To fix the flying Scale, and poise the State.
 On one side swell'd *Aristocratic Pride;*
 With *Usury*, the *Villain!* whose fell Gripe 350

Bends by Degrees to Baseness the *free* Soul ;

And *Luxury* rapacious, cruel, mean,

Mother of Vice ! While on the other crept

A *Populace in Want*, with Pleasure fir'd ;

Fit for Proscriptions, for the darkest Deeds,

355

As the proud *Feeder* bad ; inconstant, blind,

Deserting Friends at Need, and dupe'd by Foes ;

Loud and Seditious, when a Chief inspir'd

Their headlong Fury, but, of him depriv'd,

Already *Slaves* that lick'd the scourging Hand.

360

This firm *Republic*, that against the Blast

Of Opposition rose ; that (like an Oak

Nurs'd on feracious *Algidum*, whose Boughs

Sill stronger shoot beneath the rigid Axe)

By Loss, by Slaughter, from the Steel itself,

365

E

Even

Even Force and Spirit drew ; smit with the Calm,

The *dead Serene* of prosperous Fortune, pine'd.

Nought now her weighty Legions could oppose ;

Her * Terror once, on *Afric's* tawny Shore,

Now smok'd in Dust, a Stabling now for Wolves ; 370

And every dreaded Power receiv'd the Yoke.

Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd East,

In the soft Plunder, came that worst of Plagues,

That Pestilence of Mind, a fever'd Thirst

For the false Joys, which *Luxury* prepares. 375

Unworthy Joys ! that wasteful leave behind

No mark of Honour, in reflecting Hour,

No secret Ray to glad the conscious Soul ;

At once involving in one Ruin Wealth,

And Wealth-acquiring Powers : while stupid *Self*, 380

Of

* CARTHAGE.

Of narrow Gust, and hebetating Sense

Devour the nobler Faculties of Bliss.

Hence *Roman Virtue* slacken'd into Sloth ;

Security relax'd the softening State ;

And the broad Eye of Government lay clos'd. 385

No more the Laws inviolable reign'd,

And Public Weal no more : but Party rage'd ;

And partial Power, and Licence unrestrain'd,

Let *Discord* thro' the deathful City loose.

First, mild * *TIBERIUS*, on thy sacred Head 390

The Fury's Vengeance fell ; the First, whose Blood

Had since the Consuls stain'd contending *ROME*.

Of Precedent pernicious--- With Thee bled

Three hundred *Romans* ; with thy Brother, next,

Three Thousand more : till, into Battles turn'd 395

Debates of Peace, and forc'd the trembling Laws,

The *Forum* and *Comitia* horrid grew,

A Scene of barter'd Power, or reeking Gore.

When, half-asham'd, CORRUPTION'S *Thievish Arts*,

And *Ruffian Force* begin to sap the Mounds

And Majesty of Laws; if not in Time

Repress'd severe, for human Aid too strong

The Torrent turns, and overbears the Whole.

Thus *Luxury*, *Dissension*, a mix'd *Rage*

Of boundless *Pleasure* and of boundless *Wealth*,

Want wishing *Change* and *Waste* repairing *War*,

Rapine for ever lost to peaceful *Toil*,

Guilt unatton'd, profuse of Blood *Revenge*,

CORRUPTION all-avow'd, and *lawless Force*,

Each heightening Each, alternate shook the State.

Mean

Mean time *Ambition*, at the dazzling Head
Of hardy Legions, with the Laurels heap'd
And Spoil of Nations, in one circling Blast
Combin'd the various Storm, and from it's Base
The broad REPUBLIC tore. By *Virtue* built 415
It touch'd the Skies, and spread o'er shelter'd Earth
An ample Roof: by *Virtue* too sustain'd,
And ballanc'd steady, every Tempest fung
Innoxious by, or bad it firmer stand.
But when, with sudden and enormous Change, 420
The *first* of Mankind sunk into the *last*,
As once in *Virtue* so in *Vice* extreme,
This universal Fabrick yielded loose,
Before *Ambition* still; and thundering down,
At last, beneath it's Ruins crush'd a World. 425

A conquering People, to themselves a Prey,
 Must ever fall ; when their victorious Troops,
 In Blood and Rapine savage grown, can find
 No Land to sack and pillage but their own.

By brutal MARIUS, and keen SYLLA, first

430

Effus'd the Deluge dire of Civil Blood,
 Unceasing Woes began : and This, or That,
 (Deep-drenching their Revenge) nor Virtue spar'd,
 Nor Sex, nor Age, nor Quality, nor Name ;
 Till ROME, into an human Shambles turn'd,
 Made Defarts lovely.---Oh to well earn'd Chains
 Devoted Race!--- If no true ROMAN then,
 No SCÆVOLA there was, to raise for ME
 A vengeful Hand : was there no Father, robb'd
 Of blooming Youth to prop his wither'd Age?

440

No

No Son, a Witness to his hoary Sire
In Dust and Gore defil'd? No Friend, forlorn?
No Wretch, that doubtful trembl'd for himself?
None Brave, or Wild, to pierce a Monster's Heart,
Who, heaping Horror round, no more deserv'd 445
The sacred Shelter of the Laws he spurn'd?
No. Sad o'er all profound Dejection sat;
And nerveless Fear. The Slave's Asylum theirs:
Or Flight, ill-judging, that the timid Back
Turns weak to Slaughter; or partaken Guilt. 450
In vain from SYLLA's Vanity I drew
An unexample'd Deed. The Power resign'd,
And all unhop'd the Commonwealth restor'd,
Amaz'd the Public, and effac'd his Crimes.
Thro' Streets yet streaming from his murderous Hand 455

Un-

Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd

And on the Bed of Peace his Ashes laid;

A Grace, which I to his Demission gave.

But with him dy'd not the despotic Soul.

Ambition saw that stooping ROME could bear 460

A MASTER, nor bad *Virtue* to be free.

Hence for succeeding Years my troubled Reign

No certain Peace, no spreading Prospect knew.

Destruction gather'd round. Still the black Soul,

Or of a CATILINE, or * RULLUS, swell'd 465

With fell Designs: and all the watchful Art

Of CICERO demanded, all the Force,

All the State-wielding Magic of his Tongue;

And

* PUE. SERVILIUS RULLUS, Tribune of the People, proposed an *Agrarian Law*, in Appearance very advantageous for the *People*, but destructive of their Liberty; and which was defeated by the Eloquence of CICERO, in his Speech against RULLUS.

And all the Thunder of my CATO's Zeal. 470

With these I linger'd ; till the Flame anew

Burst out in Blaze immense, and wrap'd the World.

The shameful Contest sprung ; to whom Mankind

Should yield the Neck: to POMPEY, who conceal'd

A Rage impatient of an equal Name ; 475

Or to the nobler CÆSAR, on whose Brow

O'er daring Vice deluding Virtue smil'd,

And who no less a vain Superior scorn'd.

Both bled, but bled in vain. New Traitors rose.

The Venal WILL be bought, the Base have Lords. 480

To these vile Wars I left ambitious Slaves ;

And from Philippi's Field, from where in Dust

The last of Romans, matchless BRUTUS! lay,

Spread to the North untam'd a rapid Wing.

F

What

What tho' the first smooth CÆSARS Arts carefs'd, 485
 Merit, and Virtue, simulating ME?
 Severely tender! cruelly humane!
 The Chain to clinch, and make it softer fit
 On the new-broken still ferocious State.
 From the dark * *Third*, succeeding, I beheld 490
 Th' Imperial Monsters all.—A Race on Earth
 Vindictive sent, the Scourge of Humankind!
 Whose blind Profusion drain'd a Bankrupt World;
 Whose Lust to forming Nature seems Disgrace;
 And whose Infernal Rage bad every Drop 495
 Of antient Blood, that yet retain'd my Flame,
 To that of † PÆTUS, in the peaceful Bath,

Or

* TIBERIUS.

† THRASEA PÆTUS, put to Death by Nero. TACITUS introduces the
 Account he gives of his Death thus. — “ After having inhumanly slaughter'd so
 “ many

Or ROME's affrighted Streets inglorious flow.

But almost just the meanly-patient Death,

That waits a Tyrant's unprevented Stroke.

500

TITUS indeed gave one short Evening Gleam ;

More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread

Of Storm, and Horror. The Delight of Men !

He who the Day, when his o'erflowing Hand

Had made no happy Heart, concluded lost,

505

TRAJAN and HE, with the MILD * SIRE and SON,

His Son of Virtue ! eas'd awhile Mankind ;

And Arts reviv'd beneath their gentle Beam.

Then was their last Effort : what *Sculpture* rais'd

F 2

To

“ many illustrious Men, he (*Nero*) burned at last with a Desire of cutting off
“ Virtue itself in the Person of THRASEA, &c.”

* ANTONINUS PIUS, and his adopted Son MARCUS AURELIUS, afterwards called ANTONINUS PHILOSOPHUS.

TO TRAJAN'S Glory, following Triumphs stole; 516

And mix'd with Gothic Forms, (the Chiffel's Shame)

On that Triumphal * Arch, the Forms of GREECE.

Mean time o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep Vales

Of gelid Hæmus, I pursu'd my Flight;

And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept 515

† Sarmatia, travers'd by a thousand Streams.

A fullen Land of Lakes, and Fens immense,

Of Rocks, resounding Torrents, gloomy Heaths,

And cruel Defarts black with sounding Pine;

Where Nature frowns: tho' sometimes into Smiles 520

She softens; and immediate, at the Touch

Of southern Gales, throws from the sudden Glebe

Luxu-

* CONSTANTINE'S Arch, to build which, That of TRAJAN was destroy'd, Sculpture having been then almost intirely lost.

† The antient Sarmatia contain'd a vast Tract of Country running all along the North of Europe, and Asia.

Luxuriant Pasture, and a Waste of Flowers.

But, Cold-comprest, when the whole loaded Heaven

Descends in Snow, loſt in one white Abrupt, 525

Lies undiſtinguiſh'd Earth; and, ſeiz'd by Froſt,

Lakes, headlong Streams, and Floods, and Oceans ſleep.

Yet there Life glows; the furry Millions there

Deep-dig their Dens beneath the ſheltering Snows:

And there a Race of Men prolific ſwarms, 530

To various Pain, to little Pleaſure us'd;

On whom, keen-parching, beat *Riphaean* Winds;

Hard like their Soil, and like their Climate fierce;

The Nurſery of Nations!— Theſe I rous'd,

Drove Land on Land, on People People pour'd; 535

Till from almoſt perpetual Night they broke,

As if in Search of Day; and o'er the Banks

Of yielding Empire, only Slave-sustain'd,
Resistless rage'd, in Vengeance urg'd by ME.

Long in the barbarous Heart the bury'd Seeds 540
Of *Freedom* lay, for many a wintry Age;
And tho' my Spirit work'd, by slow Degrees,
Nought but it's Pride and Fierceness yet appear'd.

Then was the Night of Life, that parted Worlds.
I quitted Earth the while. As when the Tribes 545

Aerial, warn'd of rising Winter, ride
Autumnal Winds, to warmer Climates borne;
So, *Arts* and each *good Genius* in my Train,
I cut the closing Gloom, and soar'd to Heaven.

In the bright Regions there of purest Day, 550
Far other Scenes, and Palaces, arise,
Adorn'd profuse with other Arts divine.

All

All Beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would, like a Rose before the mid-day Sun,
Shrink up it's Blossom; like a Bubble break 555
The passing poor Magnificence of Kings.
For there the KING OF NATURE, in full Blaze,
Calls every Splendor forth; and there his Court
Amid Etherial Powers, and Virtues, holds:
Angel, Archangel, tutelary Gods, 560
Of Cities, Nations, Empires, and of Worlds.
But Sacred be the Veil, that kindly clouds
A Light too keen for Mortals; wraps a View
Too softening Fair, for Those that here in Duft
Must chearful toil out their appointed Years. 565
A Sense of higher Life would only damp
The School-Boy's Task, and ~~spoil~~ his playful Hours.

Nor

Nor could the Child of Reason, feeble Man,
 With Vigour thro' this Infant Being drudge;
 Did brighter Worlds, their unimagined Bliss
 Disclosing, dazle and dissolve his Mind.



B R I T A I N
D O M I N I O N
LIBERTY.

A

P O E M.

B R I T A I N

King the of R I B T A I N

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L I B E R T Y

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P O E M

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B R I T A I N:
Being the F O U R T H P A R T of
L I B E R T Y,
A
P O E M.

By Mr. T H O M S O N.



L O N D O N :

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The CONTENTS of PART IV.

D*ifference betwixt the Ancients and Moderns slightly touch'd upon, to Ver. 30. Description of the dark Ages. The GODDESS of LIBERTY, who during these is supposed to have left Earth, returns, attended with ARTS and SCIENCE, to Ver. 100. She first descends on Italy. Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture fix at Rome, to revive their several Arts by the great Models of Antiquity there, which many barbarous Invasions had not been able to destroy. The Revival of these Arts marked out. That sometimes Arts may flourish for a while under despotic Governments, tho' never the natural and genuine Production of them, to Ver. 254. Learning begins to dawn. The Muse and Science attend LIBERTY, who in her Progress towards GREAT-BRITAIN raises several free States and Cities. These enumerated, to Ver. 381. Author's Exclamation of Joy, upon seeing the British Seas and Coast rise in the Vision, which painted whatever the GODDESS of LIBERTY said. She resumes her Narration. The Genius of the Deep appears, and, addressing LIBERTY, associates GREAT-BRITAIN into his Dominion, to Ver. 451. LIBERTY received and congratulated by BRITANNIA, and the Native Genii or Virtues of the Island. These described. Animated by the Presence of LIBERTY, they begin their Operations. Their beneficent Influence contrasted with the Works and Delusions of opposing Demons; to Ver. 626. Concludes with an Abstract of the English History, marking the several Advances of LIBERTY, down to her compleat Establishment at the Revolution.*



LIBERTY.

PART IV.

STRUCK with the rising Scene, thus I amaz'd.
“ Ah, GODDESS, what a Change ! Is Earth the
“ same ?

“ Of the same Kind the ruthless Race she feeds ?

“ And does the same fair Sun, and Ether spread

“ Round this vile Spot their all-enlivening Soul ?

5

“ Lo ! Beauty fails ; lost in unlovely Forms

“ Of little Pomp, Magnificence no more

“ Exalts the Mind, and bids the Publick smile :

“ While to rapacious Interest Glory leaves

“ Mankind, and every Grace of Life is gone.”

B

10

To

To this the POWER, whose vital Radiance calls
From the brute Mass of Man an order'd World.

" Wait 'till the Morning shines, and from the Depth

" Of *Gothic* Darkness springs another Day.

" True, Genius droops ; the tender antient Taste 15

" Of Beauty, then fresh-blooming in her Prime,

" But faintly trembles thro' the callous Soul ;

" And Grandeur, or of Morals, or of Life,

" Sinks into safe Pursuits, and creeping Cares.

" Even cautious Virtue seems to stoop her Flight, 20

" And aged Life to deem the generous Deeds

" Of Youth romantic. Yet in cooler Thought

" Well-reason'd, in Researches piercing deep

" Through Nature's Works, in profitable Arts,

" And all that calm Experience can disclose, 25

" (Slow Guide, but sure) behold the World anew

" Exalted rise, with other Honours crown'd ;

" And, where MY SPIRIT wakes the finer Powers,

" *Athenian* Laurels still afresh shall bloom."

Oblivious Ages pass'd ; while Earth, forsook 30

By her best GENII, lay to DEMONS foul,

And unchain'd FURIES, an abandon'd Prey.

LIBERTY.

7

CONTENTION led the Van; first small of Size,
 But soon dilating to the Skies she tow'rs:
Then, wide as Air, the livid FURY spread, 35
 And high her head above the Stormy clouds,
 She blaz'd in Omens, swell'd the groaning Winds
 With wild Surmizes, Battlings, Sounds of War;
 From Land to Land the mad'ning Trumpet blew,
 And pour'd her Venom thro' the Heart of Man. 40
 Shook to the Pole, the *North* obey'd her Call.
 Forth rush'd the bloody POWER OF GOTHIC WAR,
 War against Human-kind: RAPINE, that led
 Millions of raging Robbers in his train:
 Unlistening, barbarous FORCE, to whom the Sword 45
 Is Reason, Honour, Law: The Foe of ARTS
 By Monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,
 That claim'd *their* Place. Outragious mix'd with *these*
 Another Species of * Tyrannic Rule,
 Unknown before, whose cancrus Shackles seiz'd 50
 Th' envenom'd Soul; a wilder FURY, SHE
 Even o'er her † ELDER SISTER tyranniz'd;

B 2

Or,

* Church Power, or Ecclesiastical Tyranny.

† Civil Tyranny.

Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her Rage.

Dire was her Train, and loud: the SABLE BAND,

Thundering,—“ Submit ye *Laity* ! Ye prophane !” 55

“ Earth is the LORD's, and therefore OURS ; let Kings

“ Allow the common Claim, and Half be theirs ;

“ If not, behold ! the Sacred Lightning flies :”

SCHOLASTIC DISCORD, with an hundred Tongues,

For Science uttering jangling Words obscure, 60

Where frightened Reason never yet could dwell :

Of peremptory feature, CLERIC PRIDE,

Whose reddening Cheek no contradiction bears ;

And HOLY SLANDER, his Associate firm,

On whom the *Lying Spirit* still descends : 65

Mother of Tortures ! PERSECUTING ZEAL,

High-flashing in her hand the ready Torch,

Or Ponyard bath'd in unbelieving Blood ;

Hell's fiercest Fiend ! of Saintly Brow demure,

Affuming a celestial Seraph's name, 70

While she beneath the blasphemous Pretence

Of pleasing PARENT HEAVEN, the *Source of Love* !

Has wrought more Horrors, more detested Deeds,

Than all the Rest combin'd. Led on by Her,

And

LIBERTY.

9

And wild of head to work her fell Designs,
 Came Idiot SUPERSTITION; round with Ears
 Innumerable strow'd, ten thousand Monkish Forms
 With Legends ply'd them, and with Tenets, meant
 To charm or scare the Simple into Slaves,
 And poison Reason; gross, *She* swallows all,
 The most absurd believing ever most.
 Broad o'er the Whole her universal Night,
 The Gloom still doubling, IGNORANCE diffus'd.
 Nought to be seen, but visionary Monks
 To Councils strolling, and embroiling Creeds;
 * *Banditti Saints*, disturbing distant Lands;
 And unknown Nations, wandering for a Home.
 All lay revers'd: the sacred Arts of Rule
 Turn'd to flagitious Leagues against Mankind,
 And Arts of Plunder more and more avow'd;
 † Pure plain Devotion to a solemn Farce;
 To holy Dotage Virtue, even to Guile,
 To Murder, and a Mockery of Oaths;
 Brave antient *Freedom* to the || *Rage of Slaves*,
 Proud of their State, and fighting for their Chains;

75

80

85

90

95
 Dif-

* Crusades.

† The Corruptions of the Church of Rome.

|| Vassalage, whence the Attachment of Clans to their Chief.

Dishonour'd Courage to the * *Bravo's* Trade,

To Civil Broil ; and Glory to Romance.

Thus Human Life unhing'd to Ruin reel'd,

And giddy Reason totter'd on her Throne.

At last HEAVEN'S best inexplicable Scheme,

100

Disclosing, bad new brightening Æras smile.

The high Command gone forth, ARTS in my Train,

And Azure-mantled SCIENCE, swift WE spread

A founding Pinion. Eager Pity, mixt

With Indignation, urg'd our downward Flight.

105

On *Latium* first we stoop'd, for doubtful Life

That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd Woes.

Ah poor *Italia* ! what a bitter Cup

Of Vengeance hast thou drain'd ? *Goths, Vandals, Huns,*

Lombards, Barbarians broke from every Land,

110

How many a ruffian Form hast thou beheld ?

What horrid Jargons heard, where Rage alone

Was all thy frightened Ear could comprehend ?

How frequent by the red inhuman Hand,

Yet warm with Brother's, Husband's, Father's Blood,

115

Hast thou thy Matrons and thy Virgins seen

To

* Duelling.

LIBERTY.

11

To Violation dragg'd, and mingled Death?

What Conflagrations, Earthquakes, Ravage, Floods,

Have turn'd thy Cities into stony Wilds;

And succourless, and bare, the poor Remains

120

Of Wretches forth to Nature's Common cast?

Added to these, the still continual Waste

Of * inbred Foes, that on thy Vitals prey,

And, double Tyrants, seize the very Soul.

Where had'st thou Treasures for this Rapine all?

125

These hungry Myriads, that thy Bowels tore,

Heap'd Sack on Sack, and bury'd in their Rage

Wonders of Art; whence *this grey Scene* a Mine

Of more than Gold becomes and orient Gems,

Where *Egypt, Greece, and Rome* united glow.

130

Here SCULPTURE, PAINTING, ARCHITECTURE, bent
From antient Models to restore their Arts,

Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.

Amid the hoary Ruins SCULPTURE first,

Deep-digging, from the Cavern dark and damp,

135

Their Grave for Ages, bad her Marble Race

Spring to new Light. Joy sparkled in her Eyes,

And

* The Hierarchy.

And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
 As she the pleasing Resurrection saw.
 In leaning Site, respiring from his Toils, 140
 The well-known * *Hero*, who deliver'd *Greece*,
 His ample Chest, all tempest'd with Force,
 Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the Head,
 Breathing the Hero, small, of *Grecian* Size,
 Scarce more extensive than the finewy Neck; 145
 The spreading Shoulders, muscular, and broad;
 The whole a Mass of swelling Sinews, touch'd
 Into harmonious Shape; she saw, and joy'd.
 The Yellow Hunter, *Meleager*, rais'd
 His beauteous Front, and thro' the finish'd Whole 150
 Shows what Ideas smil'd of old in *Greece*.
 Of raging Aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
 The † *Gladiator*. Pityless his Look,
 And each keen Sinew brac'd, the Storm of War,
 Ruffling, o'er all his nervous Body frowns. 155
 The ‖ *Dying Other* from the Gloom she drew.
 Supported on his shorten'd Arm he leans,
 Prone, agonizing; with incumbent fate,

Heavy

* The *Hercules* of *Farnese*.† The *Fighting Gladiator*.‖ The *Dying Gladiator*.

LIBERTY

13

Heavy declines his Head ; yet dark beneath

The suffering Feature fullen Vengeance lows,

160

Shame, Indignation, unaccomplish'd Rage,

And still the cheated Eye expects his Fall.

All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate *Python*, came

The * *Quiver'd God*. In graceful Act he stands,

His Arm extended with the slacken'd Bow.

165

Light flows his easy Robe, and fair displays

A manly-soften'd Form. The Bloom of Gods

Seems youthful o'er the beardless Cheek to wave.

His Features yet heroic Ardor warms ;

And sweet subsiding to a native Smile,

170

Mixt with the Joy elating Conquest gives,

A scatter'd Frown exalts his matchless Air.

On *Flora* mov'd ; her full-proportion'd Limbs

Rise thro' the Mantle fluttering in the Breeze.

The † *Queen of Love* arose, as from the Deep

175

She sprung in all the melting Pomp of Charms.

Bashful she bends, her well-taught Look aside

Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix

Vain conscious Beauty, a dissembled Sense

* The *Apollo* of *Belvidere*.

† The *Venus* of *Medici*.

Of modest Shame, and slippery Looks of Love. 180
 The Gazer grows enamour'd, and the Stone,
 As if exulting in it's Conquest, smiles.
 So turn'd each Limb, so swell'd with softening Art,
 That the deluded Eye the Marble doubts.
 At last her utmost * *Masterpiece* she found, 185
 That † *Maro* fir'd; the miserable Sire,
 Wrapt with his Sons in Fate's severest Grasp.
 The Serpents, twisting round, their stringent Folds
 Inextricable tie. Such Passion here,
 Such Agonies, such Bitterness of Pain 190
 Seem so to tremble thro' the tortur'd Stone,
 That the touch'd Heart engrosses all the View.
 Almost unmark'd the best Proportions pass,
 That ever *Greece* beheld; and, seen alone,
 On the rapt Eye th' imperious Passions seize: 195
 The Father's double Pangs, both for himself
 And Sons convuls'd; to Heaven his rueful Look,
 Imploring Aid, and half-accusing, cast;
 His fell Despair with Indignation mixt,
 As the strong-curling Monsters from his side 200
 His

* The Groupe of *Laocoon* and his two Sons, destroyed by two Serpents.

† See *Æneid* II. Ver. 199, — 227.

His full-extended Fury cannot tear.

More tender touch'd, with vary'd Art, his Sons

All the soft Rage of younger Passions show.

In a Boy's helpless Fate One sinks oppress'd ;

While, yet unpierc'd, the frightened Other tries

205

His Foot to steal out of the horrid Twine.

She bore no more, but strait from *Gothic* Rust

Her Chisel clear'd, and * Dust and Fragments drove

Impetuous round. Successive as *it* went

From Son to Son, with more enlivening Touch,

210

From the brute Rock it call'd the breathing Form ;

Till, in a Legislator's awful Grace

Drest, *Buonaroti* † bade a *Moses* rise,

And, looking Love immense, † a SAVIOUR-GOD.

Of *These* observant, PAINTING felt the Fire

215

Burn inward. Then extatic *She* diffus'd

The Canvass, seiz'd the Pallet, with quick Hand

The Colours brew'd ; and on the void Expanse

Her gay Creation pour'd, her mimic World.

Poor was the Manner of her eldest Race,

220

C 2

Barren,

* It is reported of *Michael Angelo Buonaroti*, the most celebrated Master in modern *Sculpture*, that he wrought with a kind of Inspiration, or Enthusiastical Fury, which produced the Effect here mentioned.

† Esteemed the two finest Pieces of modern *Sculpture*.

Barren, and dry ; just struggling from the Taste,
 That had for Ages scar'd in Cloysters dim
 The superstitious Herd : Yet glorious then
 Were deem'd their Works ; where undevelop'd lay
 The future Wonders that enrich'd Mankind, 225
 And a new Light and Grace o'er *Europe* cast.
Arts gradual gather Streams. Enlarging *This*
 To each his Portion of her various Gifts
 The Goddess dealt, to none indulging All ;
 No, not to *Raphael*. At kind Distance still 230
Perfection stands, like *Happiness*, to tempt
 Th' eternal Chace. In elegant Design
 Improving Nature, in Ideas fair,
 Or great, extracted from the fine Antique,
 In Attitude, Expression, Airs divine, 235
 Her Sons of *Rome* and *Florence* bore the Prize.
 To those of *Venice* She the magic Art
 Of Colours melting into Colours gave.
 Theirs too it was by one embracing Mass
 Of Light and Shade, that settles round the Whole, 240
 Or varies tremulous from Part to Part,
 O'er all a binding Harmony to throw,
 To

LIBERTY.

17

To raise the Picture, and repose the Sight.

The * *Lombard* School succeeding, mingled both.

Meantime dread *Fanes*, and *Palaces*, around,

245

Rear'd the magnific Front. Music again

Her universal Language of the Heart

Renew'd ; and, rising from the plaintive Vale,

To the full Concert spread, and solemn Quire.

Even Bigots smil'd ; to their Protection took

250

ARTS not their own, and from them borrow'd Pomp :

For in a *Tyrant's* Garden *these* a while

May bloom, tho' *Freedom* be their parent Soil.

And now confest, with gently-growing Gleam,

The Morning shone, and westward stream'd it's Light.

255

The MUSE awoke. Not sooner on the wing

Is the gay Bird of Dawn. Artless her Voice,

Untaught and wild, yet warbled thro' the Woods

Romantic Lays. But as her Northern Course

She, with her Tutor SCIENCE, in MY Train,

260

Ardent pursu'd, her Strains more noble grew :

While *Reason* drew the Plan, the *Heart* inform'd

The moral Page, and *Fancy* lent it Grace.

Rome and her circling Desarts cast behind,

I

* The School of the *Caracci*.

I pass'd not idle to my great Sojourn. 265

On * *Arno's* fertile Plain, where the rich Vine
 Luxuriant o'er *Etrurian* Mountains roves,
 Safe in the Lap repos'd of private Bliss,
 I small † Republicks rais'd. Thrice happy they!
 Had social *Freedom* bound their Peace, and Arts, 270
 Instead of ruling Power, ne'er meant for them,
 Employ'd their little Cares, and sav'd their Fate.

Beyond the rugged *Apennines*, that roll
 Far thro' *Italian* Bounds their wavy Tops,
 My Path too I with publick Blessings strow'd: 275
 Free States and Cities, where the *Lombard* Plain,
 In spite of Culture negligent and gross,
 From her deep Bosom pours unbidden Joys,
 And green o'er all the Land a Garden spreads.

The barren Rocks themselves beneath My Foot, 280
 Relenting, bloom'd on the *Ligurian* Shore.

|| Thick-swarming People there, like Emmets, seiz'd
 Amid surrounding Cliffs, the scatter'd Spots,

Which

* The River *Arno* runs thro' *Florence*.

† The Republicks of *Florence*, *Pisa*, *Lucca*, and *Sienna*. They formerly have had very cruel Wars together, but are now all peaceably subject to the *Great Duke of Tuscany*, except it be *Lucca*, which still maintains the Form of a Republick.

|| The *Genoese* Territory is reckoned very populous, but the Towns and Villages for the most part lie hid among the *Apennine* Rocks and Mountains.

LIBERTY.

19

Which Nature left in her * destroying Rage,
Made their own Fields, nor sigh'd for other Lands. 285

There, in white Prospect, from the rocky Hill
Gradual descending to the shelter'd Shore,
By ME proud *Genoa's* marble Turrets rose.

And while MY genuine Spirit warm'd her Sons,
Beneath her *Dorias*, not unworthy, She 290

Vy'd for the Trident of the narrow Seas,
E'er BRITAIN yet had open'd all the Main.

Nor be the then † triumphant State forgot ;
Where ‖, push'd from plunder'd Earth, a Remnant still,
Inspir'd by ME, thro' the dark Ages kept 295
Of MY old *Roman* Flame some Sparks alive :

The seeming God-built City! which MY Hand
Deep in the Bosom fix'd of wondering Seas.

Astonish'd Mortals fail'd, with pleasing Awe,
Around the Sea-girt Walls, by *Neptune* fenc'd, 300

And down the briny Street ; where, on each hand,
Ama-

* According to Dr. Burnet's System of the Deluge.

† *Venice* was the most flourishing City in *Europe*, with regard to Trade, before the Passage to the *East-Indies* by the *Cape of Good-Hope*, and *America*, were discovered.

‖ Those who fled to some Marshes in the *Adriatic* Gulph, from the Desolation spread over *Italy* by an Irruption of the *Huns*, first founded there this famous City, about the Beginning of the Fifth Century.

Amazing seen amid unstable Waves,
 The splendid Palace shines ; and rising Tides,
 The green Steps marking, murmur at the Door.
 To this fair *Queen* of *Adria's* stormy Gulph, 305
 The Mart of Nations ! long, obedient Seas
 Roll'd all the Treasure of the radiant East.
 But now no more. Than one great Tyrant worse
 (Whose shar'd Oppression lightens, as diffus'd)
 Each Subject tearing, many Tyrants rose. 310
 The Least the Proudest. Join'd in dark Cabal,
 They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
 Cast o'er the whole indissoluble Chains :
 The softer Shackles of luxurious Ease
 They likewise added, to secure their Sway. 315
 Thus *Venice* fainter shines ; and *Commerce* thus,
 Of Toil impatient, flags the drooping Sail.
 Bursting, besides, his antient Bounds, he took
 * A larger Circle ; found another † Seat,
 Opening a thousand Ports, and charm'd with Toil, 320
 Whom nothing can dismay, far other Sons.
 The *Mountains* then, clad with eternal Snow,
 Confess'd My Power. Deep as the rampart Rocks,

By

* The Main Ocean.

† Great-Britain.

LIBERTY.

21

By Nature thrown insuperable round,
 I planted there a * *League of friendly States*, 325
 And bad *plain Freedom* their Ambition be.
 There in the Vale, where *rural Plenty* fills,
 From Lakes, and Meads, and furrow'd Fields, her Horn,
 † Chief, where the *Leman* pure emits the *Rhone*,
 Rare to be seen! unguilty Cities rise, 330
 Cities of Brothers form'd: while *equal Life*,
 Accorded gracious with *revolving Power*,
 Maintains them *free*; and, in their happy Streets,
 Nor cruel Deed, nor Misery, is known.
 For Valour, Faith, and Innocence of Life, 335
 Renown'd, a rough laborious People, There,
 Not only give the dreadful *Alps* to smile,
 And press their Culture on retiring Snows;
 But, to firm Order train'd and patient War,
 They likewise know, beyond the Nerve remiss 340

* The *Swiss Cantons*.

† *Geneva*, situated on the *Lacus Lemanus*, a small *State*, but noble Example of the Blessings of Civil and Religious Liberty. It is remarkable, that since the founding of this *Republick*, not One Citizen has been so much as suspected to have been guilty of *Corruption* or *publick Rapine*. A *Virtue* this! meriting the Attention of every *Briton*.

D

Of

Of *Mercenary Force*, how to defend
 The tasteful Little their hard Toil has earn'd,
 And the proud Arm of *Bourbon* to defy.

Even, cheer'd by ME, their shaggy Mountains charm,
 More than or *Gallic* or *Italian* Plains; 345

And sickening Fancy oft, when absent long,

* Pines to behold their *Alpine* Views again:

The hollow-winding Stream: the Vale, fair-spread

Amid an Amphitheatre of Hills;

Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden Tempest springs: 350

From Steep to Steep ascending, the gay Train

Of Fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic Shapes:

The flitting Cloud, against the Summit dash'd;

And, by the Sun illumin'd, pouring bright

A gemmy Shower: hung o'er amazing Rocks, 355

The Mountain-Ash, and solemn-sounding Pine:

The snow-fed Torrent, in white Mazes tost,

Down to the clear ethereal Lake below:

And, high o'er-topping all the broken Scene,

The

* It is reported of the *Swiss*, that, after having been long absent from their Native Country, they are seized with such a violent Desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing Indisposition, called the *Swiss Sicknefs*.

LIBERTY.

23

The Mountain fading into Sky ; where shines
On Winter Winter shivering, and whose Top
Licks from their cloudy Magazine the Snows.

360

From these descending, as I wav'd My Course
O'er vast *Germania*, the ferocious Nurse
Of hardy Men and Hearts affronting Death,

365

I gave some favour'd * Cities there to lift
A nobler Brow, and thro' their swarming Streets,
More busy, wealthy, chearful, and alive,
In each contented Face to look *My Soul*.

Thence the loud *Baltic* passing, black with Storm,

370

To wintry *Scandinavia*'s utmost Bound ;
There, I the manly † Race, the Parent-Hive

Of the mixt Kingdoms, form'd into a State

More regularly free. By keener Air

Their Genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by Frost

375

Tempest and Toil their Nerves, the Sons of those

|| Whose only Terror was a bloodless Death,

They wise, and dauntless, still sustain my Cause.

Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the South,

The whispering Zephyrs figh'd at my Delay.

380

Here

D 2

* The *Hans Towns*.

† The *Swedes*.

|| See Note on Verse 678.

Here, with the *shifted Vision*, burst my Joy.

" O the dear Prospect ! O majestic View !

" See BRITAIN'S Empire ! Lo ! the watry Vast

" Wide-waves, diffusing the Cerulean Plain.

" And now, methinks, like Clouds at distance seen, 385

" Emerging white from Deeps of Ether, dawn

" My kindred Cliffs ; whence, wafted in the Gale,

" Ineffable, a secret Sweetness breathes.

" GODDESS, forgive !---My Heart, surpriz'd, o'erflows !

" With filial Fondness for the Land You bless." 390

As Parents to a Child complacent deign

Approvance, the CELESTIAL BRIGHTNESS smil'd ;

Then thus---As o'er the wave-refounding Deep,

To my near Reign, the *happy Isle*, I steer'd

With easy Wing ; behold ! from Surge to Surge, 395

Stalk'd the tremendous GENIUS OF THE DEEP.

Around him Clouds, in mingled Tempest, hung ;

Thick-flashing Meteors crown'd his starry Head ;

And ready Thunder redden'd in his Hand,

Or from it stream'd compressed the gloomy Cloud. 400

Where-e'er he look'd, the trembling Waves recoil'd.

He needs but strike the conscious Flood, and shook

From

From Shore to Shore, in Agitation dire,
 It works his dreadful Will. To ME his Voice
 (Like that hoarse Blast that round the Cavern howls, 405
 Mixt with the Murmurs of the falling Main)
 Address'd, began——“ By Fate commission'd, go,
 “ MY SISTER-GODDESS now, to yon *blest Isle*,
 “ Henceforth the Partner of my rough Domain.
 “ All my dread Walks to BRITONS open lie. 410
 “ Those that refulgent, or with rosy Morn,
 “ Or yellow Evening, flame ; those that, profuse
 “ Drunk by Equator-Suns, severely shine ;
 “ Or those that, to the Poles approaching, rise
 “ In Billows rolling into *Alps* of Ice. 415
 “ Even, yet untouch'd by daring Keel, be theirs
 “ The vast *Pacific* ; that on other Worlds,
 “ Their future Conquest, rolls resounding Tides.
 “ Long I maintain'd inviolate my Reign ;
 “ Nor *Alexanders* me, nor *Cesars* brav'd. 420
 “ Still, in the Crook of Shore, the coward Sail
 “ 'Till now low-crept ; and peddling *Commerce* ply'd
 “ Between near-joining Lands. For BRITONS, chief,
 “ It was reserv'd, with star-directed Prow,
 “ To

- " To dare the middle Deep, and drive affur'd 425
 " To distant Nations thro' the pathless Main.
 " Chief, for their fearless Hearts the Glory waits,
 " Long Months from Land, while the black stormy Night
 " Around them rages, on the groaning Mast
 " With unhook Knee to know their giddy Way ; 430
 " To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing Wave ;
 " To laugh at Danger. Theirs the Triumph be,
 " By deep *Invention's* keen pervading Eye,
 " The Heart of *Courage*, and the Hand of *Toil*,
 " Each conquer'd Ocean staining with their Blood, 435
 " Instead of Treasure robb'd by ruffian War,
 " Round social Earth to circle fair Exchange,
 " And bind the Nations in a golden Chain.
 " To these I honour'd stoop. Rushing to Light
 " A Race of Men behold ! whose daring Deeds 440
 " Will in Renown exalt my nameless Plains
 " O'er those of fabling Earth, as her's to mine
 " In Terror yield. Nay, could my savage Heart
 " Such Glories check, their unsubmitting Soul
 " Would all my Fury brave, my Tempest climb, 445
 " And might in spite of me my Kingdom force."

LIBERTY.

27

Here, waiting no Reply, the *Shadowy Power*
Eas'd the dark Sky, and to the Deeps return'd :
While the loud Thunder rattling from his Hand,
Auspicious, shook opponent *Gallia's* Shore.

450

Of this Encounter glad, My Way to Land
I quick pursu'd, that from the smiling Sea
Receiv'd ME joyous. Loud Acclaims were heard ;
And Music, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
With pleas'd Astonishment the lab'ring Hind,
Who for a While th' unfinish'd Furrow left,
And let the listening Steer forget his Toil.
Unseen by grosser Eye, BRITANNIA breath'd,
And her *Aerial Train*, these Sounds of Joy.
For of old time, since first the rushing Flood,
Urg'd by almighty Power, this favour'd Isle
Turn'd flashing from the Continent aside,
Indented Shore to Shore responsive still,
It's *Guardian* SHE----The GODDESS, whose staid Eye
Beams the dark Azure of the doubtful Dawn.
Her Tresses, like a Flood of soften'd Light
Thro' Clouds imbrown'd, in waving Circles play.
Warm on her Cheek sits Beauty's brightest Rose.

455

460

465

Of

Of high Demeanour, stately, shedding Grace
 With every motion. Full her rising Chest; 470
 And new Ideas, from her finish'd Shape,
 Charm'd *Sculpture* taking might improve her Art.

Such the fair *Guardian* of an Isle that boasts,
 Profuse as Vernal Blooms, the fairest Dames.
 High-shining on the Promontory's Brow, 475
 Awaiting ME, she stood; with Hope inflam'd,
 By *my mixt Spirit* burning in her Sons,
 To firm, to polish, and exalt the State.

The NATIVE GENII, round her, radiant smil'd.
 COURAGE, of soft Deportment, Aspect calm, 480
 Unboastful, suffering long, and, 'till provok'd,
 As mild and harmless as the sporting Child;
 But, on just Reason, once his Fury rous'd,
 No Lyon springs more eager to his Prey:
 Blood is a Pastime; and his Heart, elate, 485
 Knows no depressing Fear. THAT VIRTUE known
 By the relenting Look, whose equal Heart
 For Others feels, as for another Self:
 Of various Name, as various Objects wake,
 Warm into Action, the kind Sense within: 490

Whether

Whether the blameless Poor, the nobly Maim'd,
 The Lost to Reason, the Declin'd in Life,
 The helpless Young that kiss no Mother's Hand,
 And the grey second Infancy of Age,
She gives in public Families to live, 495
 A Sight to gladden HEAVEN! whether *She* stands
 Fair-beck'ning at the hospitable Gate,
 And bids the Stranger take Repose and Joy:
 Whether, to solace honest Labour, *She*
 Rejoices those that make the Land rejoice: 500
 Or whether to *Philosophy*, and *Arts*,
 (At once the Basis and the finish'd Pride
 Of Government, and Life) *she* spreads her Hand;
 Nor knows her Gift profuse, nor seems to know,
 Doubling her Bounty, that *she* gives at all. 505
 JUSTICE to *these* her awful Presence join'd,
 The Mother of the State! No low Revenge,
 No turbid Passions in her Breast ferment:
 Tender, serene, compassionate of Vice,
 As the last Woe that can afflict Mankind, 510
She Punishment awards; yet of the Good
 More piteous still, and of the suffering Whole,

Awards it firm, So fair her just Decree,
 That, in his *judging Peers*, each on himself
 Pronounces his own Doom. O happy Land!
 Where reigns alone this *Justice of the Free*!
 Mid the bright Groupe SINCERITY his Front,
 Diffusive, rear'd; his pure untroubled Eye
 The Fount of Truth. The THOUGHTFUL POWER, apart,
 Now, pensive, cast on Earth his fixt Regard,
 Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the Sky.
 The *Genius He* whence BRITAIN shines, supreme,
 The Land of Light, and Rectitude of Mind.
 He too the Fire of Fancy feeds intense,
 With all the Train of Passions thence deriv'd:
 Not kindling quick, a noisy transient Blaze,
 But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.
 Near him RETIREMENT, pointing to the Shade,
 And INDEPENDANCE stood: the generous Pair,
 That simple Life, the quiet-whispering Grove,
 And the still Raptures of the free-born Soul,
 To Cates prefer by *Virtue* bought, not earn'd,
 Proudly prefer them to the servile Pomp,
 And to the heart-embitter'd Joys of Slaves.

Or

LIBERTY.

31

Or should the *Latter*, to the Public Scene
 Demanded, quit his *sylvan Friend* a while;
 Nought can his Firmness shake, nothing seduce
 His Zeal, still active for the Common-Weal;
 Nor stormy *Tyrants*, nor *Corruption's Tools*,
 Foul Ministers, dark-working by the Force
 Of secret-sapping Gold. All their vile Arts,
 Their shameful Honours, their perfidious Gifts,
 He greatly scorns; and, if he must betray
 His plunder'd Country, or his Power resign,
 A Moment's Parley were eternal Shame:
 Illustrious into private Life again,
 From dirty *Levees* he unstain'd ascends,
 And firm in Senates stands the *Patriot's* Ground,
 Or draws new Vigour in the peaceful Shade.
 Aloof the BASHFUL VIRTUE hover'd coy,
 Proving by sweet Distrust distrust'd Worth.
 Rough LABOUR clos'd the Train: and in his Hand
 Rude, callous, finew-swell'd, and black with Toil,
 Came manly INDIGNATION. Sown he seems,
 And more than seems, by lawless Pride assail'd;
 Yet kind at Heart, and just, and generous, There

535

540

545

550

555

No Vengeance lurks, no pale insidious Gall:
 Even in the very Luxury of Rage,
 He softening can forgive a gallant Foe ;
 The Nerve, Support, and Glory of the Land ! 560
 Nor be RELIGION, rational, and free,
 Here pass'd in Silence ; whose enraptur'd Eye
 Sees *Heaven* with *Earth* connected, Human Things
 Link'd to Divine : who not from servile Fear,
 By *Rites* for some weak Tyrant Incense fit, 565
 The GOD OF LOVE adores, but from a Heart
 Effusing Gladness, into pleasing Awe
 That now astonish'd swells, now in a Calm
 Of fearless Confidence that smiles serene ;
 That lives Devotion, one continual Hymn, 570
 And then most grateful, when HEAVEN'S Bounty most
 Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful *Power*
 O'er the rais'd *Circle* ray'd superior Day.

I joy'd to join the VIRTUES whence *my Reign*
 O'er ALBION was to rise. Each chearing Each, 575
 And, like the circling Planets from the Sun,
 All borrowing Beams from ME, a heighten'd Zeal
 Impatient fir'd us to commence our Toils,

Or

LIBERTY.

33

Or Pleasures rather. Long the pungent Time
 Pass'd not in mutual Hails; but, thro' the Land
 Darting our *Light*, we shone the *Fogs* away. 580

The VIRTUES conquer with a single Look.
 Such Grace, such Beauty, such victorious Light,
 Live in their Presence, stream in every Glance,
 That the Soul won, enamour'd, and refin'd, 585
 Grows their own Image, pure ethereal Flame.

Hence the foul DEMONS, that oppose our Reign,
 Would still from us deluded Mortals wrap;
 Or in gross Shades *they* drown the visual Ray,
 Or by the Fogs of Prejudice, where mix 590
 Falshood and Truth confounded, foil the Sense
 With vain refracted Images of Bliss.

But chief around the Court of flatter'd Kings
They roll the dusky Rampart, Wall o'er Wall
 Of Darkness pile, and with their thickest Shade 595

Secure the Throne. No savage *Alp*, the Den
 Of Wolves, and Bears, and monstrous things obscene,
 That vex the Swain and waste the Country round,
 Protected lies beneath a deeper Cloud.

Yet there we sometimes send a searching Ray. 600
 As,

As, at the sacred Opening of the Morn,
 The prowling Race retire; so, pierc'd severe,
 Before our potent Blaze these DEMONS fly,
 And all their *Works* dissolve—The *whisper'd Tale*,
 That, like the fabling *Nile*, no Fountain knows. 605
Fair-fac'd Deceit, whose wily conscious Eye
 Ne'er looks direct. The *Tongue that licks the Dust*,
 But, when it safely dares, as prompt to *sting* :
 Smooth *Crocodile Destruction*, whose fell Tears
 Ensnare. The *Janus-Face of courtly Pride* ; 610
 One to Superiors heaves submissive Eyes,
 On hapless Worth the other scouls Disdain.
Cheeks that for some *weak Tendernefs*, alone,
 Some *virtuous Slip*, can wear a Blush. The *Laugh*
Prophane, when midnight Bowls disclose the Heart, 615
 At *Starving Virtue*, and at *Virtue's Fools*.
Determin'd to be broke, the plighted Faith ;
 Nay more, the *Godless Oath*, that knows no Ties.
 Soft-buzzing *Slander*; *filky Moths*, that eat
 An honest Name. The Harpy Hand, and Maw, 620
 Of *Avaritious Luxury*; who makes
 The Throne his Shelter, venal Laws his Fort,
 And,

And, by his Service, who betrays his King.

Now turn your View, and mark from * *Celtic* Night
To present Grandeur how my BRITAIN rose. 625

Bold were those BRITONS, who, the careless Sons
Of Nature, roam'd the Forest-Bounds, at once,
Their verdant City, high-embowering Fane,
And the gay Circle of their woodland Wars :

For by the † *Druid* taught, that Death but shifts 630

The vital Scene, they that prime Fear despis'd ;

And, prone to rush on Steel, disdain'd to spare

An ill-fav'd Life that must again return.

Erect from *Nature's* Hand, by *tyrant Force*,

And still more *tyrant Custom*, unsubdu'd, 635

Man knows no Master save creating HEAVEN,

Or such as Choice and Common Good ordain.

This general Sense, with which the Nations I

Promiscuous fire, in BRITONS burn'd intense,

Of future Times prophetic. Witness, *Rome*, 640

Who saw'st thy *Cesar*, from the naked Land,

Whose only Fort was *British* Hearts, repell'd,

To seek *Pharsalian* Wreaths. Witness, the Toil,

The

* GREAT-BRITAIN was peopled by the *Celtæ* or *Gauls*.

† The *Druids*, among the antient *Gauls* and *Britons*, had the Care and Direction of all religious Matters.

The Blood of Ages, bootless to secure,
 Beneath an * *Empire's* yoke, a stubborn *Isle*, 645
 Disputed hard, and never quite subdu'd.
 The † *North* remain'd untouch'd, where those who scorn'd
 To stoop retir'd; and, to their keen Effort
 Yielding at last, recoil'd the *Roman* Power.
 In vain, unable to sustain the shock, 650
 From Sea to Sea desponding Legions rais'd
 The ‖ Wall immense, and yet, on Summer's Eve,
 While sport his Lambkins round, the Shepherd's Gaze.
 Continual o'er it burst the ** *Northern Storm*,
 As often, check'd, receded; threatening hoarse 655
 A swift Return. But the devouring Flood
 No more endur'd Controul, when, to support
 The last ‡ Remains of Empire, was recall'd
 The weary *Roman*, and the *Briton* lay
 Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk. 660
 Great Proof! how Men enfeeble into Slaves.

The

* The *Roman* Empire.

† *Caledonia*, inhabited by the *Scots* and *Picts*; whither a great many *Britons*, who would not submit to the *Romans*, retired.

‖ The Wall of *Severus*, built upon *Adrian's* Rampart, which ran for eighty Miles quite cross the Country from the Mouth of the *Tine* to *Solway Frith*.

** Irruptions of the *Scots* and *Picts*.

‡ The *Roman* Empire being miserably torn by the Northern Nations, *Britain* was for ever abandon'd by the *Romans* in the Year 426 or 427.

* The Sword behind him flash'd; before him roar'd,
 Deaf to his Woes, the Deep. Forlorn, around
 He roll'd his Eye, not sparkling ardent Flame,
 As when † *Caractacus* to Battle led 665
Silurian Swains, and ‖ *Boadicea* taught
 Her raging Troops the Miseries of Slaves.
 Then (sad Relief!) from the bleak Coast, that hears
 The *German* Ocean roar, deep- blooming, strong,
 And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd *Saxon* came. 670
 He came implor'd, but came with other Aim
 Than to protect. For Conquest and Defence
 Suffices the same Arm. With the fierce Race
 Pour'd in a fresh invigorating Stream,
 Blood, where unquell'd a mighty Spirit glow'd. 675
 Rash War, and perilous Battle, their Delight;
 And immature, and red with glorious Wounds,

* The *Britons* applying to *Ætius* the *Roman* General for Assistance, thus expressed their miserable Condition—" We know not which Way to turn us. The Barbarians drive us to Sea, and the Sea forces us back to the Barbarians; between which we have only the Choice of two Deaths, either to be swallowed up by the Waves, or butchered by the Sword.

† King of the *Silures*, famous for his great Exploits, and accounted the best General *Britain* had ever produced. The *Silures* were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the *Britons*: They inhabited *Herefordshire*, *Radnorshire*, *Brecknockshire*, *Monmouthshire*, and *Glamorganshire*.

‖ Queen of the *Iceni*: her Story is well known.

F

Unpeaceful

Unpeaceful Death their Choice: * deriving Thence
 A Right to feast, and drain immortal Bowls,
 In *Odin's* Hall; whose blazing Roof resounds 680
 The genial Uproar of those Shades, who fall
 In desperate Fight, or by some brave Attempt;
 And tho' more polish'd Times the *martial Creed*
 Disown, yet still the fearless Habit lives.
 Nor were the furly Gifts of War their All. 685
 Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent Laws,
 The calm Gradations of Art-nursing Peace,
 And matchless Orders, the deep Basis still
 On which ascends my BRITISH REIGN. Untam'd
 To the refining Subtilties of Slaves, 690
 They brought an happy Government along;
 Form'd by that *Freedom*, which, with secret Voice,
 Im-

* It is certain, that an Opinion was fixed and general among them (the *Goths*) that Death was but the Entrance into another Life; that all Men who lived lazy and unactive Lives, and died natural Deaths, by Sickneſs or by Age, went into vaſt Caves under Ground, all dark and miry, full of noyſome Creatures uſual to ſuch Places, and there for ever grovelled in endleſs Stench and Miſery. On the contrary, all who gave themſelves to warlike Actions and Enterpriſes, to the Conqueſt of their Neighbours and the Slaughter of their Enemies, and died in Battle, or of violent Deaths upon bold Adventures or Reſolutions, went immediately to the vaſt Hall or Palace of *Odin*, their God of War, who eternally kept open Houſe for all ſuch Guests, where they were entertained at infinite Tables, in perpetual Feaſts and Mirth, carouſing in Bowls made of the Sculls of their Enemies they had ſlain; according to the Number of whom, every one in theſe Manſions of Pleaſure was the moſt honoured and the beſt entertained. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE'S *Effay on Heroick Virtue*.

Impartial *Nature* teaches all her Sons,
 And which of old thro' the whole *Scythian Mass*
 I strong inspir'd. *Monarchical* their State,
 But prudently *confm'd*, and *mingled* wise
 Of each harmonious Power: only, too much,
 Imperious War into their Rule infus'd,
 Prevail'd the *General-King*, and *Chieftain-Thanes*.

695

In many a Field, by civil Fury stain'd,
 Bled the discordant * *Heptarchy*; and long
 (Educing Good from Ill) the Battle groan'd;
 Ere, blood-cemented, *Anglo-Saxons* saw
 † *Egbert* and *Peace* on one united Throne.

700

No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing Calm
 Of brighter Days, when lo! the *North* anew,
 With stormy Nations black, on ENGLAND pour'd
 Woes the severest e'er a People felt.

705

The *Danish* || *Raven*, lur'd by annual Prey,
 Hung o'er the Land incessant. Fleet on Fleet

710

* The Seven Kingdoms of the *Anglo-Saxons*, considered as being united into one Common Government, under a General in Chief or Monarch, and by the means of an Assembly General or *Wittenagemot*.

† *Egbert* King of *Wessex*, who after having reduced all the other Kingdoms of the *Heptarchy* under his Dominion, was the first King of *England*.

|| A famous *Danish* Standard was called *Reafan* or *Raven*. The *Danes* imagined that, before a Battle, the Raven wrought upon this Standard clap'd it's Wings or hung down it's Head, in token of Victory or Defeat.

Of barbarous Pirates unremitting tore
 The miserable Coast. Before them stalk'd,
 Far-seen, the *Demon* of devouring *Flame*;
Rapine, and *Murder*, all with Blood besmear'd,
 Without or Ear, or Eye, or feeling Heart; 715
 While close behind them march'd the fallow *Power*
 Of desolating *Famine*, who delights
 In grass-grown Cities, and in desert Fields;
 And purple-spotted *Pestilence*, by whom
 Even *Friendship* scar'd, in sickening Horror sinks 720
 Each social Sense and Tenderneſs of Life.
 Fixing at laſt, the ſanguinary Race
 Spread, from the *Humber's* loud-reſounding Shore,
 To where the *Thames* devolves his gentle Maze,
 And with ſuperior Arm the *Saxon* aw'd. 725
 But *Superſtition* firſt, and *Monkiſh* Dreams,
 And *Monk-directed Cloyſter-seeking* Kings,
 Had eat away his Vigour, eat away
 His Edge of Courage, and depreſs'd the Soul
 Of conquering *Freedom*, which he once respir'd. 730
 Thus cruel Ages paſs'd; and rare appear'd
 White-mantled *Peace*, exulting o'er the Vale,

LIBERTY.

41

As when, with * ALFRED, from the Wilds she came
To polic'd Cities and protected Plains.

Thus by Degrees the *Saxon Empire* sunk, 735
Then set intire in † *Hastings* bloody Field.

Compendious War! (on BRITAIN'S Glory bent,
So Fate ordain'd) in that decisive Day,

The haughty *Norman* seiz'd at once an Isle,
For which thro' many a Century, in vain, 740
The *Roman, Saxon, Dane*, had toil'd, and bled.

Of *Gothic* Nations This the final Burst;
And, mix'd the Genius of these People all,
Their Virtues mix'd in one exalted Stream,
Here the rich Tide of *English* Blood grew full. 745

Awhile *my Spirit* slept; the Land awhile,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic Rage.
Instead of ‖ *Edward's* gentle equal Laws,
The furious Victor's partial Will prevail'd.
All prostrate lay; and, in the secret Shade, 750
Deep-stung but fearful *Indignation* gnash'd.

His

* ALFRED the Great, renowned in War, and no less famous in Peace for his many excellent Institutions, particularly That of *Juries*.

† The Battle of *Hastings*, in which *Harold II.* the last of the *Saxon* Kings, was slain, and *William the Conqueror* made himself Master of *England*.

‖ *Edward III.* the Confessor, who reduced the *West-Saxon, Mercian, and Danish* Laws into one Body; which from that time became common to all *England*, under the name of the *Laws of Edward*.

His Teeth. Of *Freedom*, *Property*, despoil'd,
 And of their Bulwark, *Arms*; with *Castles* crush'd,
 With *Ruffians* quarter'd o'er the *bridled* Land;
 The shivering Wretches, at the * *Curfew* Sound, 755

Dejected shrunk into their sordid Beds,
 And, thro' the mournful Gloom, of antient Times
 Mus'd sad, or dreamt of Better. Even to feed
 A *Tyrant's* idle Sport the Peasant starv'd:

To the *wild* Herd, the Pasture of the *Tame*, 760
 The chearful Hamlet, spiry Town, was given,
 And the brown † Forest roughen'd wide around.

But this so dead so vile Submission, long
 Endur'd not. Gathering Force, My gradual Flame
 Shook off the Mountain of tyrannic Sway. 765

Unus'd to bend, impatient of Controul,
Tyrants themselves the *common Tyrant* check'd.

The *Church*, by *Kings* intractable and fierce,
 Deny'd her Portion of the plunder'd State,

Or tempted, by the Timorous and Weak, 770

To

* The *Curfew Bell* (from the *French Couvrefeu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the *English* to put out their Fires and Candles, under the Penalty of a severe Fine.

† The *New Forest* in *Hampshire*; to make which, the Country for above thirty Miles in Compass was laid waste.

To gain new Ground, first taught their Rapine Law.

The *Barons* next a nobler League began,

Both those of *English* and of *Norman* Race,

In one fraternal Nation blended now,

The Nation of the Free! Press'd by a * Band

775

Of *Patriots*, ardent as the Summer's Noon

That looks delighted on, the *Tyrant* see!

Mark! how with feign'd Alacrity he bears

His strong Reluctance down, his dark Revenge,

And gives the CHARTER, by which Life indeed

780

Becomes of Price, a Glory to be Man.

Thro' this and thro' succeeding Reigns affirm'd

These long-contested Rights, the wholesome Winds

Of *Opposition* † hence began to blow,

And often since have lent the Country Life.

785

Before their Breath *Corruption's* Insect-Blights,

The darkening Clouds of *evil Counsel* fly;

Or should they founding swell, a putrid Court,

A pestilential Ministry, they purge,

And ventilated States renew their Bloom.

790

Tho'

* On the 5th of June 1215, King *John*, met by the *Barons* on *Runnemedes*, sign'd the *Great Charter of Liberties*, or *Magna Charta*.

† The League formed by the *Barons*, during the Reign of *John*, in the Year 1213, was the first Confederacy made in *England* in Defence of the Nation's Interest against the King.

Tho' with the *temper'd Monarchy* here mix'd
Aristocratic Sway, the *People* still,
 Flatter'd by *This* or *That*, as Interest lean'd,
 No full Protection knew. For ME reserv'd,
 And for *my Commons*, was that glorious Turn. 795
 They crown'd my first Attempt, in * *Senates* rose,
The Fort of Freedom! Slow 'till then, alone,
 Had work'd that general *Liberty*, that Soul,
 Which generous *Nature* breathes, and which, when left
 By ME to Bondage was *corrupted Rome*, 800
 I thro' the *Northern Nations* wide diffus'd.
 Hence many a People, fierce with *Freedom*, rush'd
 From the rude Iron Regions of the *North*,
 To *Lybian* Desarts Swarm protruding Swarm,
 And pour'd new Spirit thro' a slavish World. 805
 Yet, o'er these *Gothic States*, the *King* and *Chiefs*
 Retain'd the high Prerogative of War,
 And with enormous Property engross'd

The

* The Commons are generally thought to have been first represented in Parliament towards the end of *Henry* the third's Reign. To a Parliament called in the Year 1264, each County was ordered to send four Knights, as Representatives of their respective Shires: And to a Parliament called in the Year following, each County was ordered to send, as their Representatives, two Knights, and each City and Burrough as many Citizens and Burgeses. Till then, History makes no Mention of them; whence a very strong Argument may be drawn, to fix the Original of the House of Commons to that Era.

LIBERTY.

45

The mingled Power. But on BRITANNIA'S Shore

Now present, I to raise MY Reign began

810

By raising the *Democracy*, the third

And broadest Bulwark of the guarded State.

Then was the full the perfect Plan disclos'd

Of BRITAIN'S matchless *Constitution*, mixt

Of mutual checking and supporting Powers,

815

KING, LORDS, and COMMONS; nor the Name of *Free*

Deserving while the *Vassal-Many* droop'd:

For since the Moment of the Whole *They* form,

So, as depress'd or rais'd, the Ballance *They*

Of Public Welfare and of Glory cast.

820

Mark from this Period the continual Proof.

When Kings of narrow Genius, Minion-rid,

Neglecting faithful Worth for fawning Slaves;

Proudly regardless of their People's Complaints,

And poorly passive of insulting Foes;

825

Double, not prudent, obstinate, not firm,

Their Mercy Fear, Necessity their Faith;

Instead of generous Fire, presumptuous; hot,

Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform;

Tyrants at once and Slaves, imperious, mean,

830

G

To

To Want rapacious joining shameful Waste;
 By Counfels weak and wicked, easy rous'd
 To paltry Schemes of absolute Command,
 To seek their Splendor in their sure Disgrace,
 And in a broken ruin'd People Wealth : 835
 When such o'ercaſt the State, no Bond of Love,
 No Heart, no Soul, no Unity, no Nerve,
 Combin'd the looſe disjointed Public, loſt
 To Fame abroad to Happineſs at Home.

But when an * EDWARD, and an † HENRY, breath'd 840
 Thro' the charm'd Whole one all-exerting Soul :
 Drawn Sympathetic from his dark Retreat,
 When wide-attracted Merit round them glow'd :
 When Counfels juſt, extenſive, generous, firm,
 Amid the Maze of State, determin'd, kept 845
 Some *ruling Point* in View : when, on the Stock
 Of Public Good and Glory grafted, ſpread
 Their Palms, their Laurels ; or, if thence they ſtray'd,
 Swift to return, and patient of Reſtraint :
 When Regal State, Pre-eminence of Place, 850
 They ſcorn'd to deem Pre-eminence of Eaſe,

To

* Edward III.

† Henry V.

To be luxurious Drones, that only rob
 The busy Hive: as in Distinction, Power,
 Indulgence, Honour, and Advantage, First;
 When they too claim'd in Virtue, Danger, Toil, 855
 Superior Rank; with equal Hand, prepar'd
 To guard the Subject, and to quell the Foe:
 When Such with ME their vital Influence shed,
 No mutter'd Grievance, hopeless Sigh, was heard;
 No foul Distrust thro' wary Senates ran, 860
 Confin'd their Bounty, and their Ardor quench'd:
 On *Aid*, unquestion'd, liberal *Aid* was given:
 Safe in their Conduct, by their Valour fir'd,
 Fond where they led victorious Armies rush'd;
 And * *Cressy*, *Poitiers*, *Agincourt* proclaim 865
 What *Kings* supported by almighty *Love*,
 And *People* fir'd with *Liberty*, can do.

Be veil'd the savage † Reigns, when kindred Rage
 The numerous-once *Plantagenets* devour'd,
 A Race to Vengeance vow'd! and when, oppress'd 870
 By private Feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
 My quivering Flame. But, in the Next, behold!

* Three famous Battles, gained by the *English* over the *French*.

† During the Civil Wars, betwixt the Families of *York* and *Lancaster*.

A * cautious *Tyrant* lend it Oil anew.

Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his Gold,
As how to fix his Throne he jealous cast 875

His crafty Views around; pierc'd with a Ray,

Which on his timid Mind I darted full,

He mark'd the *Barons* of excessive Sway,

† At pleasure making and unmaking Kings;

And hence, to crush these *petty Tyrants*, plan'd 880

‖ A Law, that let them, by the silent Waste

Of Luxury, their landed Wealth diffuse,

And with that Wealth their implicated Power.

By soft Degrees a mighty Change ensu'd,

Even working to this Day. With Streams, deduc'd 885

From these diminish'd Floods, the Country smil'd.

As when impetuous from the Snow-heap'd *Alps*,

To Vernal Suns relenting, pours the *Rhine*;

While undivided, oft, with wasteful Sweep,

He foams along; but, thro' *Batavian* Meads, 890

Branch'd into fair Canals, indulgent flows;

Waters a thousand Fields; and Culture, Trade,

Towns,

* *Henry VII.*

† The famous Earl of *Warwick*, during the Reigns of *Henry VI.* and *Edward IV.* was called the *King-Maker*.

‖ Permitting the *Barons* to alienate their Lands.

LIBERTY.

49

Towns, Meadows, gliding Ships, and Villas mixt,
A rich a wondrous Landskip rifes round.

His *furious* * *Son* the Soul-enflaving † Chain, 895

Which many a doating venerable Age

Had Link by Link strong-twisted round the Land,

Shook off. No longer could be born a Power,

From HEAVEN pretended, to deceive, to void

Each solemn Tie, to plunder without Bounds, 900

To curb the generous Soul, to fool Mankind;

And, wild at last, to plunge into a Sea

Of Blood, and Horror. The returning Light,

That first thro' ‖ *Wickliff* streak'd the *Priestly Gloom*,

Now burst in open Day. Bare'd to the Blaze, 905

‡ Forth from the Haunts of *Superstition* crawl'd

Her *motly Sons*, fantastic Figures all;

And, wide-dispers'd, their useless fetid Wealth

In graceful Labour bloom'd, and Fruits of Peace.

Trade, join'd to *these*, on every Sea display'd 910

A daring Canvass, pour'd with every Tide

A

* *Henry VIII.*

† *Of Papal Dominion.*

‖ *John Wickliff*, Doctor of Divinity, who towards the Close of the fourteenth Century, published Doctrines very contrary to those of the Church of *Rome*, and particularly denying the *Papal Authority*. His Followers grew very numerous, and were called *Lollards*.

‡ *Suppression of Monasteries.*

A golden Flood. From other * Worlds were roll'd
 The guilty glittering Stores, whose fatal Charms,
 By the plain *Indian* happily despis'd,
 Yet work'd his Woe ; and to the blissful Groves, 915
 Where *Nature* liv'd herself among her Sons,
 And *Innocence* and *Joy* for ever dwelt,
 Drew *Rage* unknown to *Pagan* Climes before,
 The worst the *zeal-inflam'd Barbarian* drew.
 Be no such horrid Commerce, BRITAIN, thine ! 920
 But Want for Want, with mutual Aid, supply.

The *Commons* thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,
 Against the *Barons* weigh'd. ELIZA then,
 Amid these doubtful Motions, steady, gave
 The Beam to fix. *She !* like the SECRET EYE 925
 That never closes on a guarded World,
 So sought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the Public Good,
 That self-supported, without one Ally,
 She aw'd her inward quell'd her circling Foes.
 Inspir'd by ME, beneath her sheltering Arm, 930
 In spite of raging † *universal Sway*
 And raging Seas repress'd, the *Belgic* States

My

* The *Spanish West-Indies*.

† The Dominion of the House of *Austria*.

LIBERTY.

51

My Bulwark on the *Continent*, arose.

Matchless in all the Spirit of her Days!

With Confidence unbounded fearless Love

935

Elate, her fervent People waited gay,

Chearful demanded the long-threaten'd * *Fleet*,

And dash'd the *Pride of Spain* around *their Isle*.

Nor ceas'd the *British Thunder* here to rage:

The Deep, reclaim'd, obey'd it's awful Call;

940

In Fire and Smoke *Iberian* Ports involv'd,

The trembling Foe even to the Centre shook

Of their new-conquer'd World, and skulking stole

By veering Winds their *Indian* Treasure home.

Mean-time, *Peace, Plenty, Justice, Science, Arts,*

945

With softer Laurels crown'd her happy Reign.

As yet uncircumscrib'd the *Regal Power*,

And wild and vague *Prerogative* remain'd,

A wide voracious Gulph, where swallow'd oft

The helpless Subject lay. *This* to reduce

950

To the just Limit was My great Effort.

By Means, that evil seem to narrow Man,

Superior Beings work their mystic Will:

From

* The *Spanish Armada*. *Rapin* says, that after proper Measures had been taken, the Enemy was expected with uncommon Alacrity.

From Storm and Trouble thus a settled Calm,
At last, effulgent, o'er BRITANNIA smil'd. 955

The gathering Tempest, HEAVEN-commission'd, came,
Came in the * *Prince*, who, drunk with Flattery, dreamt
His vain pacific Counsels rul'd the World ;
Tho' scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a Maze
Of fruitless Treaties ; while at Home enslav'd, 960

And by a worthless Crew insatiate drain'd,
He lost his People's Confidence and Love:
Irreparable Loss ! whence Crowns become
An anxious Burden. Years inglorious pass'd:
Triumphant *Spain* the vengeful Draught enjoy'd : 965
Abandon'd † FREDERICK pin'd, and RALEIGH bled.

But nothing *That* to these *internal Broils*,
That *Rancour*, he began ; while *lawless Sway*
He, with his *slavish Doctors*, try'd to rear
|| On *Metaphysic* on *enchanted* Ground, 970

And all the mazy *Quibbles* of the *Schools* :

As if for *One*, and sometimes for the *Worst*,

HEAVEN

* *James I.*

† *Elektor Palatine*, and who had been chosen King of *Bobemia*, but was stript of all his Dominions and Dignities by the Emperor *Ferdinand*, while *James* the First, his Father in Law, being amused from time to time, endeavour'd to mediate a Peace.

|| The Monstrous and till then unheard-of Doctrines of Divine Indefeasible Hereditary Right, Passive Obedience, &c.

HEAVEN had Mankind in Vengeance only made.

Vain the Pretence ! not so the dire Effect,

The fierce the foolish * Discord thence deriv'd, 975

That tears the Country still, by Party-Rage

And ministerial Clamour kept alive.

In Action weak, and for the wordy War

Best fitted, faint this Prince pursu'd his Claim :

Content to teach the Subject-Herd, how great, 980

How sacred he ! how despicable they !

But his *unyielding* † Son these Doctrines drank,

With all a *Bigot's* rage ; (who never damps

By Reasoning his Fire) and what they taught,

Warm, and tenacious, into Practice push'd. 985

Senates, in vain, their kind Restraint apply'd :

The more they struggled to support the Laws,

His Justice-dreading Ministers the more

Drove him beyond their Bounds. Tir'd with the Check

Of *faithful Love*, and with the Flattery pleas'd 990

Of *false designing Guilt*, the ‖ *Fountain* He

Of *Public Wisdom* and of *Justice* shut.

Wide mourn'd the Land. Strait to the *voted Aid*

* The Parties of *Whig* and *Tory*.

† *Charles I.*

‖ *Parliaments.*

Free, cordial, large, of never-failing Source,
 Th' *illegal Imposition* follow'd harsh, 995
 With Execration given, or ruthless squeez'd
 From an insulted People, by a Band
 Of the worst Ruffians, those of tyrant Power.
Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
 Her unrelenting Train: *Informers, Spies,* 1000
 Blood-Hounds, that sturdy *Freedom* to the Grove
 Pursue; *Projectors* of aggrieving Schemes,
 * Commerce to load for unprotected Seas,
 † To sell the starving Many to the Few,
 And drain a thousand Ways th' exhausted Land: 1005
 Even from *that Place* whence healing *Peace* should flow,
 And *Gospel Truth*, inhuman *Bigots* shed
 Their || Poison round; and on the *venal* Bench,
 Instead of *Justice*, *Party* held the Scale,
 And *Violence* the Sword. Afflicted Years, 1010
 Too-patient, felt at last their Vengeance full.
 Mid the low Murmurs of submissive Fear
 And mingled Rage, MY HAMBLEN rais'd his Voice;

And

* Ship-money.

† Monopolies.

|| The raging *High-Church* Sermons of these Times, inspiring at once a Spirit of slavish Submission to the Court, and of bitter Persecution against those whom they called Church and State *Puritans*.

And to the *Laws* appeal'd ; the *Laws* no more

In Judgment sat, behov'd some other Ear.

1015

When instant from the keen resentive *North*,

By *long Oppression* by *Religion* rous'd,

The *Guardian Army* came. Beneath it's Wing,

Tho' meant to furnish hostile Aid, was call'd

The *more than Roman Senate*. There a Flame

1020

Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the Land.

In deep Emotion hurl'd, nor *Greece*, nor *Rome*,

Indignant bursting from a Tyrant's Chain,

While, full of ME, each agitated Soul

Strung every Nerve and flam'd in every Eye,

1025

Had e'er beheld such *Light* and *Heat* combin'd!

Such *Heads* and *Hearts* ! Such dreadful *Zeal*, led on

By calm majestic *Wisdom*, taught it's Course

What Nufance to devour ; such *Wisdom* fir'd

With unabating *Zeal*, and aim'd sincere

1030

To clear the *weedy State*, restore the *Laws*,

And for the Future to *secure* their Sway.

This then the Purpose of my *mildest Sons*.

But Man is blind. A Nation once inflam'd

(Chief, should the Breath of *faction's Fury* blow,

1035

H 2

With

With the wild Rage of mad *Enthusiast* swell'd)
 Not easy cools again. From Breast to Breast,
 From Eye to Eye, the kindling Passions mix
 In heighten'd Blaze; and, ever wise and just,
 High HEAVEN to gracious Ends directs the Storm. 1040

Thus in one Conflagration BRITAIN wrapt,
 And by *Confusion's* lawless Sons despoil'd,
 KING, LORDS, and COMMONS, thundering to the Ground,
 Successive, rush'd—Lo! from their Ashes rose,
 Gay-beaming radiant Youth, the * *Phœnix-State*. 1045

The grievous Yoke of *Vassalage*, the Yoke
 Of *private Life*, lay by these Flames dissolv'd;
 And, from the † *wasteful the luxurious King*,
 Was purchas'd ‡ *That* which taught the Young to bend.
 Stronger restor'd, the *Commons* tax'd the *Whole*, 1050
 And built on that eternal Rock their Power.
 The *Crown*, of it's hereditary Wealth
 Despoil'd, on *Senates* more dependant grew,
 And They more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
 And in full Vigour spread, that bitter Root, 1055
 The *Passive Doctrines*, by their Patrons first
 Oppos'd

* At the *Restoration*.† *Charles II.*‡ Court of *Wards*.

Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.

This wild delusive *Cant* ; the rash *Cabal*
 Of hungry Courtiers, ravenous for Prey ;
 The *Bigot*, restless in a double Chain 1060
 To bind anew the Land ; the constant Need
 Of finding faithless Means, of shifting Forms,
 And flattering *Senates*, to supply his Waste ;
These, from the *careless Prince*, some Moments tore,
 And in his Breast awak'd the *kindred Plan*. 1065
 By dangerous Softness long he min'd his Way ;
 By subtle Arts, Dissimulation deep ;
 By sharing what *Corruption* showr'd, profuse ;
 By breathing wide the gay licentious Plague,
 And pleasing Manners, fitted to deceive. 1070

At last subsided the delirious Joy,
 On whose high Billow, from the *saintly Reign*,
 The Nation drove too far. A pension'd King,
 Against his Country brib'd by *Gallic Gold* ;
 The * *Port* pernicious sold, the *Scylla* since 1075
 And fell *Charybdis* of the *British* Seas ;
Freedom attack'd † abroad, with surer Blow

To

* *Dunkirk*.

† The War, in Conjunction with *France*, against the *Dutch*.

To cut it off at Home; the * *Saviour-League*
 Of *Europe* broke; the Progress even advanc'd
 Of *universal* † *Sway*, which to reduce 1080
 such Seas of Blood and Treasure BRITAIN cost;
 The Millions, by a generous People given,
 Or squander'd vile, or to *corrupt, disgrace*,
 And *awe* the Land with ‡ Forces not their own,
 Employ'd; the darling *Church* her Self betray'd: 1085
 All *these*, broad-glaring, ope'd the general Eye,
 And wak'd *my Spirit*, the *Resisting Soul*.

Mild was, at first, and half-asham'd, the Check
 Of *Senates*, shook from the fantastic Dream
 Of absolute Submission, Tenets vile! 1090
 Which Slaves would blush to own, and which, reduc'd
 To Practice, always honest Nature shock.
 Not even the Mask remov'd, and the fierce Front
 Of Tyranny disclos'd; nor trampled Laws;
 Nor seiz'd each ‡ Badge of *Freedom* thro' the Land; 1095
 Nor SIDNEY bleeding for th' *unpublish'd Page*;
 Nor on the Bench avow'd *Corruption* plac'd,

And

* The *Triple Alliance*.† Under *Lewis XIV.*

‡ A Standing Army, rais'd without the Consent of Parliament.

‡ The Charters of Corporations.

And *murderous Rage* itself, in *Jefferies'* Form;
 Nor endless Acts of *Arbitrary Power*,
 Cruel, and false, could raise the Public Arm. 1100
 Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining Chiefs
 Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious War,
 The patient Public turns not, 'till impell'd
 To the near Verge of Ruin. Hence I rous'd
 The * *Bigot-King*, and hurry'd fated on 1105
 His Measures immature. But chief his Zeal,
 Out-flaming *Rome* herself, portentous scar'd
 The troubled Nation: *Mary's* horrid Days
 To Fancy bleeding rose, and the dire Glare
 Of *Smithfield* lighten'd in it's Eyes anew. 1110
 Yet Silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
 Rueful Amazement, pressing down his Rage:
 As, mustering Vengeance, the deep Thunder frowns,
 Awfully still, waiting the high Command
 To spring. Strait from *his Country, Europe*, sav'd, 1115
 To save BRITANNIA, lo! *my Darling Son*,
 Than Hero more! the Patriot of Mankind!
 Immortal NASSAU came. I hush'd the Deep

B.

* *James II.*

By *Demons* rous'd, and bad the * lifted Winds,
 Still shifting as behov'd, with various Breath, 1120
 Waft the DELIVERER to the longing Shore.
 See! wide alive, the foaming † *Channel* bright
 With swelling Sails, and all the Pride of War,
 Delightful View! when *Justice* draws the Sword:
 And mark! diffusing ardent Soul around, 1125
 And sweet Contempt of Death, MY streaming || Flag.
 Even adverse ‡ Navies bless'd the binding Gale,
 Kept down the glad Acclaim, and silent joy'd.
 Arriv'd, the Pomp, and not the Waste, of Arms
 His Progress mark'd! The faint-opposing ** Host 1130
 For once, in Yielding their best Victory found,
 And by Desertion prov'd exalted Faith;
 While his the bloodless Conquest of the Heart,

Shouts

* The Prince of *Orange* in his Passage to *England*, tho' his Fleet had been at first dispers'd by a Storm, was afterwards extremely favour'd by several Changes of the Wind.

† *Rapin*, in his History of *England*.—The third of *November* the Fleet entered the *Channel*, and lay by between *Calais* and *Dover*, to stay for the Ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a Council of War. It is easy to imagine what a glorious Show the Fleet made. Five or six Hundred Ships in so narrow a Channel, and both the *English* and *French* Shores covered with numberless Spectators, are no common Sight. For my Part, who was then on Board the Fleet, I own it struck me extreamly.

|| The Prince placed himself in the main Body, carrying a Flag with *English* Colours, and their Highnesses' Arms surrounded with this Motto, THE PROTESTANT RELIGION AND THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND; and underneath the Motto of the House of *Nassau*, JE MAINTIENDRAI, I will maintain. *Rapin*.

‡ The *English* Fleet.

** The King's Army.

LIBERTY.

61

Shouts without Groan, and Triumph without War.

Then dawn'd *the Period* destin'd to *confine* 1135

The Surge of wild *Prerogative*, to raise

A Mound restraining it's imperious Rage,

And bid the raving Deep no farther flow.

Nor were, without that Fence, the swallow'd *State*

Better than *Belgian* Plains without their Dykes, 1140

Sustaining weighty Seas. This, often sav'd

By more than human Hand, the Public saw,

And seiz'd the white-wing'd Moment. * Pleas'd to yield

Destructive Power, a wise heroic † Prince

Even lent his Aid—Thrice happy! did they know 1145

Their Happiness, BRITANNIA'S BOUNDED KINGS.

What tho' not theirs the Boast, in dungeon Gloom,

To plunge bold *Freedom*; or, to cheerless Wilds,

To drive him from the cordial Face of Friend;

Or fierce to strike him, at the midnight Hour, 1150

By *Mandate blind*, not *Justice*, that delights

To dare the keenest Eye of open Day.

What tho' no Glory to controul the Laws,

And make *injurious Will* their only Rule,

* By the *Bill of Rights*, and the *Act of Succession*.

† William III.

They deem it. What tho', Tools of wanton Power, 1155
 Pestiferous *Armies* swarm not at their Call.
 What tho' they give not a relentless Crew
 Of *Civil Furies*, proud *Oppression's* Fangs!
 To tear at Pleasure the dejected Land,
 With starving Labour pampering idle Waste. 1160
 To clothe the Naked, feed the Hungry, wipe
 The guiltless Tear from lone Affliction's Eye;
 To raise hid *Merit*, set th' alluring Light
 Of *Virtue* high to View; to nourish *Arts*,
 Direct the *Thunder* of an injur'd *State*, 1165
 Make a whole glorious People sing for Joy,
 Bless Human-Kind, and thro' the downward Depth
 Of future Times to spread *that better Sun*
 Which lights up *British Soul*: for Deeds like *These*,
 The dazzling fair Career unbounded lies; 1170
 While (still superior Bliss!) the dark Abrupt
 Is kindly barr'd, the Precipice of Ill.
 Oh Luxury divine! Oh poor to this,
 Ye giddy Glories of *Despotic Thrones*!
 By *this*, by *this indeed*, is imag'd HEAVEN, 1175
 By *boundless Good without the Power of Ill*.

And

And now behold ! exalted as the Cope
That swells immense o'er many-peopled Earth,
And like it free, MY FABRICK stands compleat,
The PALACE OF THE LAWS. To the four Heavens 1180
Four Gates impartial thrown, unceasing Crowds,
With Kings themselves the hearty Peasant mix'd,
Pour urgent in. And tho' to different Ranks
Responsive Place belongs, yet equal spreads
The Sheltering Roof o'er all; while Plenty flows, 1185
And glad Contentment echoes round the Whole.
Ye Floods descend ! Ye Winds, *confirming*, blow !
Nor outward Tempest, nor corrosive Time,
Nought but the felon undermining Hand
Of dark CORRUPTION, can it's Frame dissolve, 1190
And lay the Toil of Ages in the Dust.



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LIBERTY.

A

POEM.



THE
PROSPECT:
Being the FIFTH PART of
LIBERTY.

P O E M.

By Mr. THOMSON.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, over-against St. Clement's Church in the Strand.
MDCCLXXVI.

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The CONTENTS of PART V.

AUthor addresses the GODDESS of LIBERTY, marking the Happiness and Grandeur of GREAT-BRITAIN, as arising from HER Influence; to Ver. 88. SHE resumes HER Discourse, and points out the chief VIRTUES which are necessary to maintain HER ESTABLISHMENT there; to Ver. 374. Recommends, as IT'S last Ornament and Finishing, SCIENCES, FINE ARTS, and PUBLIC WORKS. The Encouragement of These urged from the Example of France, tho' under a Despotic Government; to Ver. 549. The Whole concludes with a PROSPECT of future Times, given by the GODDESS of LIBERTY: this described by the Author, as it passes in VISION before him.



LIBERTY.

PART V.

HERE interposing, as the GODDESS paus'd,—
“ Oh blest BRITANNIA! in THY Presence blest,
“ THOU Guardian of Mankind! whence spring,
“ alone,

“ All human Grandeur, Happiness and Fame:

“ For Toil, by THEE protected, feels no Pain; 5

“ The poor Man's Lot with Milk and Honey flows;

“ And, gilded with Thy Rays, even Death looks gay.

“ Let other Lands the potent Blessings boast

B

“ Of

- " Of more exalting Suns. Let *Asia's* Woods,
 " Untended, yield the vegetable Fleece: 10
 " And let the little Insect-Artist form,
 " On higher Life intent, it's filken Tomb.
 " Let wondering Rocks, in radiant Birth, disclose;
 " The various-tinctur'd Children of the Sun.
 " From the prone Beam let more delicious Fruits 15
 " A Flavour drink, that in one piercing Taste
 " Bids each combine: Let *Gallic* Vineyards burst
 " With Floods of Joy, with mild balsamic Juice.
 " The *Tuscan* Olive: Let *Arabia* breathe
 " Her spicy Gales, her vital Gums distill. 20
 " Turbid with Gold, let *southern* Rivers flow;
 " And *orient* Floods draw soft, o'er Pearls, their Maze.
 " Let *Afric* vaunt her Treasures; let *Peru*,
 " Deep in her Bowels her own Ruin breed,
 " The yellow Traitor that her Bliss betray'd,— 25
 " Unequall'd Bliss! —and to unequall'd Rage!
 " Yet nor the gorgeous *East*, nor golden *South*,
 " Nor, in full Prime, that *new-discover'd World*,
 " Where flames the falling Day, in Wealth and Praise,
 " Shall with BRITANNIA vie, while, GODDESS, she 30
 " Derives

LIBERTY.

3
7

- “ Derives her Praise from THEE, her matchless Charms.
- “ Her hearty Fruits the Hand of *Freedom* own ;
- “ And, warm with Culture, her thick-clustering Fields
- “ Prolific teem. Eternal Verdure crowns
- “ Her Meads ; her Gardens smile eternal Spring. 35
- “ She gives the Hunter-Horse, unquell'd by Toil,
- “ Ardent, to rush into the rapid Chace :
- “ She, whitening o'er her Downs, diffusive, pours
- “ Unnumber'd Flocks : She weaves the fleecy Robe,
- “ That wraps the Nations : She, to lusty Droves, 40
- “ The richest Pasture spreads ; and Her's deep-wave
- “ Autumnal Seas of pleasing Plenty round.
- “ These her Delights : And by no baneful Herb,
- “ No darting Tyger, no grim Lion's Glare,
- “ No fierce-descending Wolf, no Serpent roll'd 45
- “ In Spires immense progressive o'er the Land,
- “ Disturb'd. Enlivening These, add Cities, full
- “ Of Wealth, of Trade, of chearful toiling Crowds :
- “ Add thriving Towns : add Villages and Farms,
- “ Innumerable sow'd along the lively Vale, 50
- “ Where bold unrival'd Peasants happy dwell :
- “ Add ancient Seats, with venerable Oaks

“ Embosom’d high, while kindred Floods below
 “ Wind thro’ the Mead; and Those of modern Hand,
 “ More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar: 55
 “ Need I her limpid Lakes, her Rivers name,
 “ Where swarm the finny Race? Thee, chief, O *Thames*!
 “ On whose each Tide, glad with returning Sails,
 “ Flows in the mingled Harvest of Mankind?
 “ And thee, thou *Severn*, whose prodigious Swell, 60
 “ And Waves, resounding, imitate the Main?
 “ Why need I name her deep capacious Ports,
 “ That point around the World? And why her Seas?
 “ All Ocean is her own, and every Land
 “ To whom her ruling Thunder Ocean bears. 65
 “ She too the Mineral feeds: th’ obedient Lead,
 “ The Warrior-Iron, nor the Peaceful less,
 “ Forming of Life art-civiliz’d the Bond;
 “ And * *That* the *Tyrian* Merchant fought of old,
 “ Not dreaming then of BRITAIN’S brighter Fame. 70
 “ She rears to *Freedom* an undaunted Race:
 “ Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,
 “ Her’s the warm CAMBRIAN: Her’s the lofty SCOT,
 “ To Hardship tam’d, active in Arts and Arms,
 “ Fir’d

* Tin.

LIBERTY.

9

" Fir'd with a restless an impatient Flame, 75

" That leads him raptur'd where Ambition calls:

" And ENGLISH MERIT Her's; where meet, combin'd,

" Whate'er high Fancy, found judicious Thought,

" An ample generous Heart, undrooping Soul,

" And firm tenacious Valour can bestow. 80

" Great Nurse of Fruits, of Flocks, of Commerce, SHE!

" Great Nurse of Men! by THEE, O GODDESS, taught,

" Her old Renown I trace, disclose her Source

" Of Wealth, of Grandeur, and to BRITONS sing

" A Strain the *Muses* never touch'd before." 85

" *But how shall this THY mighty KINGDOM stand?*

" *On what unyielding Base? how finish'd shine?"*

At this HER Eye, collecting all it's Fire,

Beam'd more than human; and HER awful Voice,

Majestic, thus SHE rais'd—" To BRITONS bear 90

" This closing Strain, and with intenser Note

" Loud let it sound in their awaken'd Ear."

On VIRTUE can alone MY KINGDOM stand,

On PUBLICK VIRTUE, EVERY VIRTUE JOIN'D.

For, lost this social Cement of Mankind, 95

The greatest Empires, by scarce-felt Degrees,

Will

Will moulder soft away ; 'till, tottering loose
 They prone at last to total Ruin rush.
 Unblest by VIRTUE, Government a League
 Becomes, a circling Junto of the Great,
 To rob by Law ; Religion mild a Yoke
 To tame the stooping Soul, a Trick of State
 To mask their Rapine, and to share the Prey.
 What are without 11 *Senates*, save a Face
 Of Consultation deep and Reason free,
 While the determin'd Voice and Heart are fold?
 What boasted *Freedom*, save a sounding Name?
 And what *Election*, but a Market vile
 Of Slaves self-barter'd ? VIRTUE ! without THEE,
 There is no ruling Eye, no Nerve, in States ;
 War has no Vigour, and no Safety Peace :
 Even Justice warps to Party, Laws oppress,
 Wide thro' the Land their weak Protection fails,
 First broke the Ballance, and then scorn'd the Sword.
 Thus Nations sink, Society dissolves ;
 Rapine and Guile and Violence break loose,
 Everting Life, and turning Love to Gall ;
 Man hates the Face of Man, and *Indian Woods*
 And

LIBERTY.

11

And *Lybia's* hissing Sands to him are tame.

By those THREE VIRTUES be the Frame sustain'd, 120
Of BRITISH FREEDOM: INDEPENDENT LIFE;
INTEGRITY IN OFFICE; and, o'er all
Supreme, A PASSION FOR THE COMMON-WEAL.

Hail! INDEPENDANCE, hail! HEAVEN'S next best Gift,
To that of Life and an immortal Soul! 125

The Life of Life! that to the Banquet high
And sober Meal gives taste; to the bow'd Roof
Fair-dream'd Repose, and to the Cottage Charms.

Of *publick Freedom*, hail, thou *secret Source*!

Whose Streams, from every Quarter confluent, form 130
My *better Nile*, that nurses human Life.

By Rills from Thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
The *private Field* looks gay, with *Nature's* Wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each Delight
That *Nature* craves. It's happy Master there, 135

The ONLY FREE-MAN, walks his pleasing Round:
Sweet-featur'd *Peace* attending; fearless *Truth*;

Firm *Resolution*; *Goodness*, blessing all

That can rejoice; *Contentment*, fairest Friend;

And, still fresh Stores from *Nature's* Book deriv'd, 140
Phi-

Philosophy, Companion ever-new.

These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,

When into Action call'd, his busy Hours.

Mean time *true-judging moderate Desires*,

Oeconomy and *Taste*, combin'd, direct

145

His clear Affairs, and from *debauching Fiends*

Secure his little Kingdom. Nor can Those

Whom *Fortune* heaps, without *these Virtues*, reach

That Truce with Pain, that animated Ease,

That Self-Enjoyment springing from within,

150

That INDEPENDANCE, active, or retir'd,

Which make the foundest Bliss of Man below:

But, lost beneath the Rubbish of their Means,

And drain'd by Wants to *Nature* all unknown,

A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched Train,

155

Tho' rich, are Beggars, and, tho' noble, Slaves.

Lo! damn'd to Wealth, at what a gross Expence,

They purchase Disappointment, Pain and Shame.

Instead of hearty hospitable Cheer,

See! how the Hall with brutal Riot flows;

160

While in the foaming Flood, fermenting, steep'd,

The Country maddens into Party-Rage.

Mark!

LIBERTY.

13

Mark ! those disgraceful Piles of Wood and Stone ;
 Those Parks and Gardens, where, his Haunts be-trimm'd,
 And *Nature* by presumptuous *Art* oppress'd, 165
 The *woodland Genius* mourns. See ! the full Board
 That steams Disgust, and Bowls that give no Joy :
 No *Truth* invited there, to feed the Mind ;
 Nor *Wit*, the Wine rejoicing Reason quaffs.
 Hark ! how the Dome with *Insolence* resounds, 170
 With those retain'd by *Vanity* to scare
 Repose and Friends. To tyrant *Fashion* mark !
 The costly Worship paid, to the broad Gaze
 Of Fools. From still delusive Day to Day,
 Led an eternal Round of lying Hope, 175
 See ! self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
 Dash'd o'er the Town, a miserable Wreck !
 Then to adore some warbling Eunuch turn'd,
 With *Midas*' Ears they crowd ; or to the Buzz
 Of Masquerade unblushing : or, to show 180
 Their Scorn of *Nature*, at the Tragic Scene
 They mirthful fit, or prove the Comic true.
 But, chief, behold ! around the rattling Board,
 The civil Robbers rang'd ; and even the Fair,

C

The

The tender Fair, each Sweetness laid aside, 185
 As fierce for Plunder as all-licens'd Troops
 At some sack'd City. Thus dissolv'd their Wealth,
 Without one generous Luxury dissolv'd,
 Or quarter'd on it many a needless Want,
 At the throng'd Levee bends the venal Tribe : 190
 With fair but faithless Smiles each varnish'd o'er,
 Each smooth as Those that mutually deceive,
 And for their Falshood each despising each ;
 'Till shook their Patron by the wintry Winds,
 Wide flies the wither'd Shower, and leaves him bare. 195

○ far superior *Afric's* fable Sons,
 By Merchant pilfer'd, to these *willing Slaves* !
 And, rich, as unsqueez'd Favourite, to them,
 Is he who can his *Virtue* boast alone !

BRITONS ! be firm !—nor let *Corruption* fly 200
 Twine round your Heart indissoluble Chains !
 The Steel of BRUTUS burst the grosser Bonds
 By *Cesar* cast o'er ROME ; but still remain'd
 The soft enchanting Fetters of the Mind,
 And other *Cesars* rose. *Determin'd*, hold 205
 Your INDEPENDANCE ; for, *That* once destroy'd,
 Un-

LIBERTY.

15

Unfounded, FREEDOM is a Morning Dream,
That flits aerial from the spreading Eye.

Forbid it HEAVEN! that ever I need urge

INTEGRITY IN OFFICE ON MY Sons; 210

Inculcate common Honour—not to rob.—

And whom?—the gracious the confiding Hand,

That lavishly rewards; the toiling Poor,

Whose Cup with many a bitter Drop is mixt;

The Guardian Publick; every Face they see, 215

And every Friend; nay, in Effect, themselves.

As, in familiar Life, the Villain's Fate

Admits no Cure; so, when a desperate Age

At *This* arrives, I the devoted Race

Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away. 220

But, ah too little known to modern Times!

Be not the noblest Passion past un Sung;

That Ray peculiar, from UNBOUNDED LOVE

Effus'd, which kindles the heroic Soul;

DEVOTION TO THE PUBLIC. Glorious Flame! 225

Celestial Ardor! in what unknown Worlds,

Profusely scatter'd thro' the blue Immense,

Hast *Thou* been blessing Myriads, since in ROME,

C 2

Old

Old virtuous ROME, so many deathless Names
 From *Thee* their Lustre drew? since, taught by *Thee*, 230
 Their Poverty put Splendor to the Blush,
 Pain grew luxurious, and even Death Delight?
 O wilt *Thou* ne'er, in *thy* long Period, look,
 With Blaze direct, on this MY *last Retreat*?
 'Tis not enough, from *Self* right understood 235
 Reflected, that *thy* Rays inflame the Heart:
 Tho' VIRTUE not disdains Appeals to *Self*,
 Dreads not the Trial; all her Joys are true,
 Nor is there any real Joy save Her's.
 Far less the tepid the declaiming Race, 240
 Foes to *Corruption*, to it's Wages Friends,
 Or those whom private Passions, for a while,
 Beneath MY Standard list, can *they* suffice
 To raise and fix the Glory of MY REIGN?
 An active Flood of *universal Love* 245
 Must swell the Breast. First, in Effusion wide,
 The restless Spirit roves Creation round,
 And seizes *every Being*: Stronger then
 It tends to *Life*, whate'er the kindred Search
 Of Bliss allys: then, more collected still, 250
 It

It urges *Human-kind* : a Passion grown,
 At last, the central *Parent-Public* calls
 It's utmost Effort forth, awakes each Sense,
 The Comely, Grand and Tender. Without This,
 This awful Pant, shook from sublimer Powers
 Than those of *Self*, this HEAVEN-infus'd Delight,
 This *moral Gravitation*, rushing prone
 To press the *public Good*, MY System soon,
 Traverse, to several *selfish* Centers drawn,
 Will reel to Ruin : while for ever shut
 Stand the bright Portals of desponding *Fame*.

255

260

From *sordid Self* shoot up no shining Deeds,
 None of those ancient Lights, that gladden Earth,
 Give Grace to Being, and arouse the Brave
 To *just Ambition*, VIRTUE's quickening Fire!
 Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling Round,
 Fill'd up with Actions animal and mean,
 A dull Gazette ! Th' impatient Reader scorns
 The poor historic Page ; 'till kindly comes
 Oblivion, and redeems a People's Shame.

265

270

Not so the Times when, Emulation-stung,
 GREECE shone in *Genius*, *Science*, and in *Arts*,

And

And ROME in *Virtues* dreadful to be told!
 To live was Glory *then!* and charm'd Mankind,
 Thro' the deep Periods of devolving Time, 275
Those, raptur'd, copy; *These*, astonish'd, read.

True, a *corrupted State*, with every Vice
 And every Meanness foul, *this Passion* damps.
 Who can, unhock'd, behold the cruel Eye?
 The pale inveigling Smile? The ruffian Front? 280
 The Wretch abandon'd to relentless Self,
 Equally vile if Miser or Profuse?
 Powers not of GOD, assiduous to *corrupt*?
 The fell deputed Tyrant, who devours
 The Poor and Weak, * at Distance from Redress? 285
 Delirious Faction bellowing loud MY Name?
 The false fair-seeming Patriot's hollow Boast?
 A Race resolv'd on Bondage, fierce for Chains,
 MY sacred Rights a Merchandize alone
 Esteeming, and to work their Feeder's Will 290
 By Deeds, a Horror to Mankind, prepar'd,

As

* LORD MOLESWORTH in his Account of *Denmark* says, — It is observed, that in limited Monarchies and Commonwealths, a Neighbourhood to the Seat of the Government is advantageous to the Subjects; whilst the distant Provinces are less thriving, and more liable to Oppression.

As were the *Dregs of Romulus* of old?
Who *These* indeed can undetesting see?—
But who unpitying? To the generous Eye
Distress is *Virtue*; and, tho' Self-betray'd, 295

A People struggling with their Fate must rouse
The Hero's Throb. Nor can a Land, at once,
Be lost to *Virtue* quite. How glorious then!
Fit Luxury for Gods! to save the Good,
Protect the Feeble, dash bold Vice aside, 300
Depress the Wicked, and restore the Frail.

Posterity, besides, the Young are pure,
And Sons may tinge their Father's Cheek with Shame.

Should then the Times arrive (which HEAVEN avert!)
That BRITONS bend unnerv'd, not by the Force 305
Of Arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
But by *Corruption's* Soul-dejecting Arts,
Arts impudent! and gross! by *their own* Gold,
In Part bestow'd, to *bribe* them to give *All*.

With *Party* raging, or immers'd in *Sloth*, 310
Should they BRITANNIA's well-fought Laurels yield
To *slily-conquering Gaul*; even from her Brow
Let *her own Naval Oak* be basely torn,

By

By such as tremble at the stiffening Gale,
 And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd. 315
 Or (darker Prospect! scarce one Gleam behind
 Disclosing) should the broad *corruptive Plague*
 Breathe from the City to the farthest Hut,
 That sits serene within the Forest-Shade;
 The fever'd People fire, inflame their Wants, 320
 And their luxurious Thirst, so gathering Rage,
 That, were a Buyer found, they stand *prepar'd*
 To sell their Birthright for a cooling Draught.
 Should *shameless Pens* for *plain Corruption* plead;
 The hir'd Assassins of the Commonweal! 325
 Deem'd the declaiming Rant of GREECE and ROME,
 Should *Public Virtue* grow the *Public Scoff*,
 'Till *Private*, failing, *staggers* thro' the Land:
 'Till round the City loose *mechanic Want*,
 Dire-prowling nightly, makes the chearful Haunts 330
 Of Men more hideous than *Numidian Wilds*,
 Nor from it's Fury sleeps the Vale in Peace;
 And *Murders, Horrors, Perjuries* abound:
 Nay, 'till to lowest Deeds the Highest stoop;
 The Rich, like starving Wretches, thirst for Gold; 335
 And

And those, on whom the vernal Showers of HEAVEN
 All-bounteous fall, and that *prime Lot* bestow,
 A Power to live to *Nature* and *Themselves*,
 In sick Attendance wear their anxious Days,
 With Fortune, joyless, and, with Honours, mean. 340
 Meantime, perhaps, *Profusion* flows around,
 The *Waste of War*, without the *Works of Peace*;
 No Mark of Millions in the Gulph absorpt
 Of *uncreating Vice*, none but the Rage
 Of *rouz'd Corruption* still demanding more. 345
 That very Portion, which (by faithful Skill
 Employ'd) might make the smiling Public rear
 Her ornamented Head, drill'd thro' the Hands
 Of *mercenary Tools*, serves but to nurse
 A Locust-Band within, and in the Bud 350
 Leaves starv'd each Work of Dignity and Use.

I paint the worst. But should these Times arrive,
 If any *nobler Passion* yet remain,
 Let all MY *Sons* all *Parties* fling aside,
 Despise their *Nonsense*, and together join; 355
 Let *Worth* and *Virtue*, scorning low Despair,
 Exerted full, from every Quarter shine,

Commix'd in heighten'd Blaze. Light flash'd to Light,
 Moral, or Intellectual, more intense
 By giving glows. As on pure Winter's Eve, 360
 Gradual, the Stars effulge; fainter, at first,
 They, straggling, rise; but when the radiant Host,
 In thick Profusion pour'd, shine out immense,
 Each casting vivid Influence on each,
 From Pole to Pole a glittering Deluge plays, 365
 And Worlds above rejoice, and Men below.

But why to BRITONS this superfluous Strain?—
 Good-nature, honest Truth even somewhat blunt,
 Of crooked Baseness an indignant Scorn,
 A Zeal unyielding in their Country's Cause, 370
 And ready Bounty, wont to dwell with them.—
 Nor only wont—Wide o'er the Land diffus'd,
 In many a blest Retirement still they dwell.

To softer Prospect turn we now the View,
 To laurel'd SCIENCE, ARTS, and PUBLIC WORKS, 375
 That lend MY FINISH'D FABRIC comely Pride,
 Grandeur and Grace. Of sullen Genius he!
 Curs'd by the *Muses*! by the *Graces* loath'd!
 Who deems beneath the Public's high Regard

These

LIBERTY.

23

These last enlivening Touches of MY Reign.

380

However puff'd with Power, and gorg'd with Wealth,

A Nation be ; let Trade enormous rise,

Let *East* and *South* their mingled Treasure pour,

'Till, swell'd impetuous, the *corrupting Flood*

Burst o'er the City and devour the Land ;

385

Yet *These* neglected, *These* recording Arts,

Wealth rots, a Nufance ; and, oblivious, funk,

That Nation must *another Carthage* lie.

If not by *Them*, on monumental Brass,

On sculptur'd Marble, or the deathless Page

390

Imprest, Renown had left no Trace behind :

In vain, to future Times, the Sage had thought,

The Legislator plann'd, the Hero found

A beauteous Death, the Patriot toil'd in vain.

Th' Awarders *They* of *Fame's* immortal Wreath,

395

They rouse Ambition, *they* the Mind exalt,

Give great Ideas, lovely Forms infuse,

Delight the general Eye, and, dress'd by *Them*,

The *moral Venus* glows with double Charms.

SCIENCE, MY close Associate, still attends

400

Where-e'er I go. Sometimes, in simple Guise,

D 2

She

She walks the Furrow with the *Consul-Swain*,
 Whispering unletter'd Wisdom to the Heart,
 Direct ; or, sometimes, in the pompous Robe
 Of *Fancy* drest, *She* charms *Athenian Wits*, 405
 And a whole sapient City round *Her* burns.
 Then o'er *her* Brow MINERVA's Terrors nod :
 With XENOPHON, sometimes, in dire Extremes,
She breathes deliberate Soul, and makes * *Retreat*
 Unequal'd Glory : with the *Theban Sage*, 410
 EPAMINONDAS, *First* and *Best* of Men !
 Sometimes *She* bids the deep-embattled Host,
 Above the vulgar Reach, resistless form'd,
 March to sure Conquest,—never gain'd before ! †
 Nor on the treacherous Seas of giddy State 415
 Unskilful *She* : when the triumphant Tide
 Of high-swoln *Empire* wears one boundless Smile,
 And the Gale tempts to new Pursuits of Fame,
 Sometimes, with SCIPIO, *She* collects her Sail,
 And seeks the blissful Shore of rural Ease, 420
 Where

* The famous *Retreat of the Ten Thousand* was chiefly conducted by XENOPHON.

† *Epaminondas*, after having beat the *Lacedemonians* and their Allies, in the Battle of *Leuctra*, made an Incurſion at the head of a powerful Army, into *Laconia*. It was now ſix hundred Years ſince the *Dorians* had poſſeſſed this Country, and in all that time the Face of an Enemy had not been ſeen within their Territories. *Plutarch* in *Ageſilaus*.

LIBERTY.

25

Where, but th' *Aonian Maids*, no *Syrens* sing.
 Or should the deep-brew'd Tempest muttering rise,
 While Rocks and Shoals perfidious lurk around,
 With TULLY *She* her wide-reviving Light
 To *Senates* holds, a *Catiline* confounds, 425
 And saves awhile from *Cesar* sinking ROME.
 Such the kind POWER, whose piercing Eye dissolves
 Each *mental Fetter*, and sets *Reason* free ;
 For ME inspiring an *enlighten'd Zeal*,
 The more tenacious as the more convinc'd 430
 How happy *Freemen*, and how wretched *Slaves*.
 To BRITONS not unknown, to BRITONS full
 The GODDESS spreads her Stores, the secret Soul
 That quickens Trade, the Breath unseen that wafts
 To them the Treasures of a *ballanc'd* World. 435
 But FINER ARTS (save what the MUSE has sung,
 In daring Flight, above all modern Wing)
 Neglected droop the Head ; and PUBLIC WORKS,
 Broke by *Corruption* into *private Gain*,
 Not ornament, disgrace, not serve, destroy. 440

Shall BRITONS, by their own JOINT WISDOM rul'd
 Beneath one ROYAL HEAD, whose vital Power

Connects, enlivens and exerts the WHOLE ;
 IN FINER ARTS, and PUBLIC WORKS, shall *They*
 To *Gallia* yield?—yield to a Land that bends, 445
 Deprest, and broke, beneath the Will of *One*?
 Of *One*——who, should th' unkingly Thirst of Gold,
 Or tyrant Passions, or Ambition, prompt,
 Calls *Locust-Armies* o'er the blasted Land :
 Drains from it's thirsty Bounds the Springs of Wealth, 450
 His own insatiate Reservoir to fill :
 To the lone Desert *Patriot-Merit* frowns,
 Or into Dungeons *Arts*, when *They*, their Chains,
 Indignant, bursting, for their nobler *Works*
 All other *Licence* scorn but TRUTH'S and MINE. 455
 Oh shame to think! shall BRITONS, in the Field
 Unconquer'd still, the better *Laurel* lose?
 Even in *that* * *Monarch's* Reign, who vainly dreamt,
 By giddy Power, betray'd, and flatter'd Pride,
 To grasp *unbounded Sway*; while, swarming round, 460
 His Armies dar'd all *Europe* to the Field ;
 To hostile Hands while Treasure flow'd profuse,
 And, that great Source of Treasure, Subjects' Blood,
 Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every Land ;

From

* *Lewis* XIV.

LIBERTY.

27

From BRITAIN, chief, while MY *superior* Sons,

465

In Vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle Hopes,

And bad his agonizing Heart be low:

Even *then*, as in the golden Calm of Peace,

What PUBLIC WORKS, at home, what ARTS arose!

What various SCIENCE shone! what GENIUS glow'd! 470

'Tis not for ME to paint, diffusive shot

O'er fair Extents of Land, the shining Road;

The Flood-compelling Arch; the long † Canal,

Thro' Mountains piercing, and uniting Seas;

The ‖ Dome resounding sweet with Infant Joy,

475

From Famine sav'd, or cruel-handed Shame,

And ‡ *That* where *Valour* counts his noble Scars;

The Land where *social Pleasure* loves to dwell,

Of the fierce *Demon*, *Gothic Duel*, freed;

The Robber from his farthest Forest chas'd;

480

The turbid City clear'd, and, by Degrees,

Into sure Peace the best Police refin'd,

Magnificence, and Grace, and decent Joy.

Let *Gallic* Bards record, how honour'd ARTS,

And SCIENCE, by despotic Bounty blest'd,

485

At

† The Canal of *Languedoc*.

‖ ‡ The Hospitals for Foundlings and Invalids.

At Distance flourish'd from MY PARENT-EYE.
 Restoring ancient Taste, how BOILEAU rose.
 How the big ROMAN Soul shook, in CORNEILLE,
 The trembling Stage. In elegant RACINE,
 How the more powerful tho' more humble Voice 490
 Of Nature-painting GREECE, resistless, breath'd
 The whole awaken'd Heart. How MOLIERE'S Scene,
 Chastis'd and regular, with well-judg'd Wit,
 Not scatter'd wild, and native Humour, grac'd,
 Was Life itself. To public Honours rais'd, 495
 How Learning in warm * Seminaries spread;
 And, more for Glory than the small Reward,
 How Emulation strove. How their pure Tongue
 Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their Arms.
 From Rome, awhile, how PAINTING, courted long, 500
 With POUSSIN came; *Ancient Design*, that lifts
 A fairer Front, and looks another Soul.
 How the kind † *Art*, that, of unvalu'd Price,
 The fam'd and *only* Picture, easy, gives,
 Refin'd her Touch, and, thro' the shadow'd Piece, 505
 All the live Spirit of the Painter pour'd.

Coyest

* The Academies of *Sciences*, of the *Belles Lettres* and of *Painting*.

† Engraving.

Coyest of *Arts*, how *Sculpture* northward deign'd

A Look, and bad her GIRARDON arise.

How *lavish Grandeur* blaz'd; the barren Waste,

Astonish'd, saw the sudden Palace swell,

510

And Fountains spout amid it's arid Shades.

For Leagues, bright Vistas opening to the View,

How Forests in majestic Gardens smil'd.

How *menial Arts*, by their *gay Sisters* taught,

Wove the deep Flower, the blooming Foliage train'd

515

In joyous Figures o'er the filky Lawn,

The Palace chear'd, illum'd the Story'd Wall,

And with the Pencil vy'd the glowing Loom *.

These Laurels, LOUIS, by the Droppings rais'd

Of thy Profusion, it's Dishonour shade,

520

And, green thro' future Times, shall bind thy Brow;

While the vain Honours of perfidious War

Wither abhor'd, or in Oblivion lost.

With what prevailing Vigour had they shot,

And stole a deeper Root, by the full Tide

525

Of War-funk Millions fed? Superior still,

How had they branch'd luxuriant to the Skies,

In BRITAIN planted, by the potent Juice

E

Of

* The Tapestry of the Gobelins.

Of *Freedom* swell'd? Forc'd is the Bloom of ARTS,
 A false uncertain Spring, when *Bounty* gives, 530
 Weak without ME, a transitory Gleam.
 Fair shine the slippery Days, enticing Skies
 Of Favour smile, and courtly Breezes blow;
 'Till ARTS, betray'd, trust to the flattering Air
 Their tender Blossom:—then malignant rise 535
 The Blights of *Envy*, of those Insect-Clouds,
 That, blasting *Merit*, often cover *Courts*:
 Nay, should, perchance, some kind MOECENAS aid
 The doubtful Beamings of his PRINCE'S Soul,
 His wavering Ardor fix, and unconfi'd 540
 Diffuse his warm Beneficence around;
 Yet Death, at last, and wintry Tyrants come,
 Each Sprig of *Genius* killing at the Root.
 But when with ME IMPERIAL BOUNTY joins,
 Wide o'er the Public blows eternal Spring; 545
 While mingled Autumn every Harvest pours
 Of every Land; whate'er *Invention*, *Art*,
 Creating *Toil* and *Nature* can produce.

Here ceas'd the GODDESS; and HER ardent Wings,
 Dipt in the Colours of the heavenly Bow, 550
 Stood

Stood waving Radiance round, for sudden Flight
Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burst my Prayer.

" Oh forming Light of Life ! Oh better Sun !

" Sun of Mankind ! by whom the cloudy *North*,

" Sublim'd, not envies *Languedocian* Skies, 555

" That, unstain'd Ether all, diffusive smile :

" *When shall we call these ancient Laurels Ours ?*

" *And when* THY WORK *complete ?*" Strait with HER Hand,
Celestial red, SHE touch'd my darken'd Eyes.

As at the Touch of Day the Shades dissolve, 560

So quick, methought, the misty Circle clear'd,

That dims the Dawn of Being here below :

The Future shone disclos'd, and, in long View,

Bright rising Æras instant rush'd to Light.

" THEY come ! GREAT GODDESS ! I the TIMES behold ! 565

" The TIMES our Fathers, in the bloody Field,

" Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less Renown,

" In the warm Struggles of the Senate-Fight.

" The TIMES I see ! whose Glory to supply,

" For toiling Ages, *Commerce* round the World 570

" Has wing'd unnumber'd Sails, and from each Land

" Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with ROME

- " Might vie our *Grandeur*, and with GREECE our *Art*.
 " Lo! PRINCES I behold! contriving still,
 " And still conducting firm some brave Design; 575
 " KINGS! that the narrow joyless Circle scorn,
 " Burst the Blockade of false designing Men,
 " Of treacherous Smiles, of Adulation fell,
 " And of the blinding Clouds around them thrown:
 " Their Court rejoicing Millions; *Worth*, alone, 580
 " And *Virtue* dear to them; their best Delight,
 " In just Proportion, to give general Joy;
 " Their jealous Care THY KINGDOM to maintain;
 " The public Glory Theirs; unsparing Love
 " Their endless Treasure; and their Deeds their Praise. 585
 " With THEE They work. Nought can resist YOUR Force:
 " *Life* feels it quickening in her dark Retreats:
 " Strong spread the Blooms of *Genius*, *Science*, *Art*;
 " His bashful Bounds disclosing *Merit* breaks;
 " And, big with Fruits of *Glory*, *Virtue* blows 590
 " Expansive o'er the Land. Another Race
 " Of GENEROUS YOUTH, of PATRIOT-SIRES, I see!
 " Not those vain Insects fluttering in the Blaze
 " Of Court and Ball and Play; those venal Souls,
 " Cor-

LIBERTY.

33

- " *Corruption's* veteran unrelenting Bands, 595
" That, to their Vices Slaves, can ne'er be free.
" I see the FOUNTAIN's purg'd! whence Life derives
" A clear or turbid Flow; see the young Mind
" Not fed impure by Chance, by Flattery fool'd,
" Or by scholastic Jargon bloated proud, 600
" But fill'd and nourish'd by the Light of Truth.
" Then beam'd thro' Fancy the refining Ray,
" And pouring on the Heart, the Passions feel
" At once informing Light and moving Flame;
" 'Till moral, public, graceful Action crowns 605
" The Whole. Behold! the fair Contention glows,
" In all that Mind or Body can adorn,
" And form to Life. Instead of barren Heads,
" Barbarian Pedants, wrangling Sons of Pride,
" And Truth-perplexing metaphysic Wits, 610
" Men, Patriots, Chiefs and Citizens are form'd.
" Lo! JUSTICE, like the liberal Light of Heaven,
" *Unpurchas'd* shines on All, and from her Beam,
" Appalling Guilt, retire the savage Crew,
" That prowl amid the Darkness they themselves 615
" Have thrown around the Laws. *Oppression* grieves,
" See!

" See! how her *Legal Furies* bite the Lip,

" While YORKS and TALBOTS their deep Snares detect,

" And seize swift Justice thro' the Clouds they raise.

" See! social LABOUR lifts his *guarded* Head, 620

" And Men not yield to Government in vain.

" From the *sure* Land is rooted ruffian Force,

" And, the lewd Nurse of Villains, idle Waste ;

" Lo! raz'd their Haunts, down dash'd their maddening Bowl,

" A Nation's Poison! Beauteous Order reigns! 625

" Manly Submission, unimposing Toil,

" Trade without Guile, Civility that marks

" From the foul Herd of brutal Slaves THY Sons,

" And fearless Peace. Or should affronting War

" To flow but dreadful Vengeance rouse the Just, 630

" Unfailing *Fields* of *Freemen* I behold!

" That know, with their own proper Arm, to guard

" Their own blest Isle against a leaguings World.

" Despairing *Gaul* her boiling Youth restrains,

" Dissolv'd her Dream of *Universal Sway* : 635

" The Winds and Seas are BRITAIN'S wide Domain ;

" And not a Sail, but by Permission, spreads.

" Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing Suns,

" Gay

LIBERTY.

35

- " Gay COLONIES extend ; the calm Retreat
 " Of undeserv'd Distress, the better Home 640
 " Of Those whom *Bigots* chase from foreign Lands.
 " Not built on *Rapine*, *Servitude* and *Woe*,
 " And, in their turn, some petty Tyrant's Prey ;
 " But, bound by *social Freedom*, firm they rise ;
 " Such as, of late, an OGLETHORPE has form'd, 645
 " And, crowding round, the charm'd *Savannah* sees.
 " Horrid with Want and Misery, no more
 " Our Streets the tender Passenger afflict.
 " Nor shivering Age, nor Sickness without Friend,
 " Or Home, or Bed to bear his burning Load, 650
 " Nor agonizing Infant, that ne'er earn'd
 " It's guiltless Pangs, I see ! The Stores, profuse,
 " Which *British Bounty* has to These assign'd,
 " No more the sacrilegious Riot swell
 " Of Cannibal Devourers ! Right apply'd, 655
 " No starving Wretch the Land of *Freedom* stains :
 " If poor, Employment finds ; if old demands,
 " If sick, if maim'd, his miserable Due ;
 " And will, if young, repay the fondest Care.
 " Sweet sets the Sun of stormy Life, and sweet 660
 " The

- " The Morning shines, in *Mercy's* Dews array'd.
 " Lo! how they rise! THESE FAMILIES OF HEAVEN!
 " * *That!* chief, (but why—ye *Bigots!*—why so late?)
 " Where blooms and warbles glad a rising Age:
 " What Smiles of Praise! And, while their Song ascends, 665
 " The listening Seraph lays his Lute aside.
 " Hark! the gay MUSES raise a nobler Strain,
 " With active Nature, warm impassion'd Truth,
 " Engaging Fable, lucid Order, Notes
 " Of various String, and heart-felt Image fill'd. 670
 " Behold! I see the dread delightful *School*
 " Of *temper'd Passions*, and of *polish'd Life*,
 " Restor'd: behold! the well-diffembled Scene
 " Calls from embellish'd Eyes the lovely Tear,
 " Or lights up Mirth in modest Cheeks again. 675
 " Lo! vanish'd *Monster-land*. Lo! driven away
 " Those that *Apollo's* sacred Walks profane:
 " Their wild Creation scatter'd, where a World
 " Unknown to *Nature*, Chaos more confus'd,
 " O'er the brute Scene it's † *Ouran-Outangs* pours; 680
 " Detested

* An Hospital for Foundlings.

† A Creature which, of all Brutes, most resembles Man. — See Dr. *Tyson's* Treatise on this Animal.

- " Detested Forms! that, on the Mind imprest,
 " Corrupt, confound and barbarize an Age.
 " Behold! all *thine again* the SISTER-ARTS,
 " Thy *Graces* They, knit in harmonious Dance.
 " Nurs'd by the Treasure, from a Nation drain'd 685
 " Their Works to purchase, They to Nobler rouse
 " Their untam'd Genius, their unfetter'd Thought;
 " Of pompous Tyrants, and of dreaming Monks,
 " The gaudy Tools, and Prisoners, no more.
 " Lo! Numerous DOMES a BURLINGTON confess: 690
 " For *Kings* and *Senates fit*, the *Palace* see!
 " The *Temple* breathing a religious Awe;
 " Even fram'd with Elegance the *plain Retreat*,
 " The private Dwelling. Certain in his Aim,
 " *Taste*, never idly working, saves Expence. 695
 " See! SYLVAN SCENES, where *Art*, alone, pretends
 " To dress her *Mistress*, and disclose her Charms:
 " Such as a POPE in Miniature has shown;
 " A BATHURST o'er the widening * Forest spreads;
 " And such as form a RICHMOND, CHISWICK, STOWE.
 " August, around, what PUBLIC WORKS I see! 701
 " Lo! stately *Streets*, lo! *Squares* that court the Breeze.

F

" In

* Okely-Woods, near Cirencester.

" In spite of Those to whom pertains the Care,
 " Ingulphing more than founded *Roman Ways*,
 " Lo! ray'd from Cities o'er the brighten'd Land, 705
 " Connecting Sea to Sea, the Solid *Road*.
 " Lo! the Proud *Arch* (no vile Exactor's Stand)
 " With easy Sweep bestrides the chafing Flood.
 " See! long *Canals*, and *deepen'd Rivers* join
 " Each Part with each, and with the circling Main 710
 " The whole enliven'd Isle. Lo! *Ports* expand,
 " Free as the Winds and Waves, their sheltering Arms.
 " Lo! streaming Comfort o'er the troubled Deep,
 " On every pointed Coast the *Light-house* tow'rs;
 " And, by the broad imperious *Mole* repell'd, 715
 " Hark! how the baffled Storm indignant roars."

As thick to View THESE VARIED WONDERS rose,
 Shook all my Soul with Transport, unassur'd,
 The VISION broke; And, on my waking Eye,
 Rush'd the still RUINS of dejected ROME. 720

THE END.

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6

THE
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OF
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IN
DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. THOMSON.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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M DCC XXXVI.



THEATRE-ROYAL
TO THE
QUEEN.

MADAM,

THE notice, Your Majesty has conde-
scended to take of the following Tra-
gedy, emboldens me to lay it, in the
humblest manner, at Your Majesty's
Feet. And to whom can this illustri-
ous Carthaginian so properly fly for protection,
as to a QUEEN, who commands the hearts of a
People, more powerful at sea than Carthage, more
flourishing in commerce than those first Merchants,
more secure against conquest, and, under a Mo-
narchy, more free than a Commonwealth itself?



TO THE
QUEEN.

MADAM,

THE notice, Your MAJESTY has condescended to take of the following *Tragedy*, emboldens me to lay it, in the humblest manner, at Your MAJESTY'S Feet. And to whom can this illustrious *Carthaginian* so properly fly for protection, as to a QUEEN, who commands the hearts of a *People*, more powerful at sea than *Carthage*? more flourishing in *commerce* than those *first Merchants*? more secure against conquest? and, under a *Monarchy*, more free than a *Commonwealth* itself?

DEDICATION

I dare not, nor indeed need I, here attempt a character, where both the great and the amiable Qualities shine forth in full perfection. All words are faint to speak what is universally felt, and acknowledged, by a happy people. Permit me therefore, only to subscribe my self, with the truest zeal and veneration,

MADAM,

Your MAJESTY'S

Most humble,

Most dutiful,

And most devoted

Servant,

JAMES THOMSON

PREFACE.

It is not my intention, in this preface, to defend any faults that may be found in the following piece. I am afraid there are too many: But those who are best able to discover, will be most ready to pardon them. They alone know how difficult an undertaking the writing of a tragedy is: and this is a first attempt.

I beg leave only to mention the reason that determined me to make choice of this subject. What pleased me particularly, tho' perhaps it will not be least liable to objection with ordinary readers, was the great simplicity of the story. It is one, regular, and uniform, not charged with a multiplicity of incidents, and yet affording several revolutions of fortune; by which the passions may be excited, varied, and driven to their full tumult of emotion.

This unity of design was always sought after, and admired by the antients: and the most eminent among the moderns, who understood their writings, have chosen to imitate them in this, from an intire conviction that the reason of it must hold good in all ages. And here allow me to translate a passage from the celebrated Monsieur Racine, which contains all that I have to say on this head.

“ We must not fancy that this rule has no other foundation but
“ the caprice of those who made it. Nothing can touch us in tra-
“ gedy but what is probable. And what probability is there, that,
“ in one Day, should happen a multitude of things, which could
“ scarce happen in several Weeks? There are some who think that
“ this simplicity is a mark of barrenness of invention. But they
“ do not consider, that, on the contrary, invention consists in ma-
“ king something out of nothing: and that this buddle of inci-
“ dents

P R O L O G U E

P R E F A C E.

"dents has always been the refuge of poets, who did not find in their genius either richness or force enough to engage their spectators, for five acts together, by a simple action, supported by the violence of passions, the beauty of sentiments, and the nobleness of expression."---I would not be understood to mean that all these things are to be found in my performance: I only shew the reader what I aimed at, and how I would have pleased him, had it been in my power.

As to the character of Sophonisba; in drawing it, I have confined myself to the truth of history. It were an affront to the age, to suppose such a character out of nature; especially in a country which has produced so many great examples of public spirit and heroic virtues, even in the softer sex: and I had destroyed her character intirely, had I not marked it with that strong love to her country, disdain of servitude, and inborn aversion to the Romans, by which all historians have distinguished her. Nor ought her marrying Masinissa, while her former husband was still alive, to be reckoned a blemish in her character. For, by the laws both of Rome and Carthage, the captivity of the husband dissolved the marriage of course; as among us impotence, or adultery: not to mention the reasons of a moral and public nature, which I have put into her own mouth in the scene betwixt her and Syphax.

This is all I have to say of the play itself. But I cannot conclude without owning my obligations to those concern'd in the representation. They have indeed done me more than justice. Whatever was designed as amiable and engaging in Masinissa, shines out in Mr. Wilks's action. Mrs. Oldfield in the character of Sophonisba, has excelled what, even in the fondness of an author, I could either wish or imagine. The grace, dignity, and happy variety of her action, have been universally applauded, and are truly admirable.

PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. WILLIAMS.

WHEN learning, after the long Gothic night,
Fair, o'er the western world, renew'd his light,
With arts arising Sophonisba rose:

The tragic muse, returning, wept her woes.

With her th' Italian scene first learnt to glow:

And the first tears for her were taught to flow.

Her charms the Gallic muses next inspir'd:

Corneille himself saw, wonder'd, and was fir'd.

What foreign theatres with pride have shown,

Britain, by juster title, makes her own.

When freedom is the cause, 'tis hers to fight;

And hers, when freedom is the theme, to write.

For this, a British Author bids again

The heroine rise, to grace the British scene.

Here, as in life, she breathes her genuine flame:

She asks what bosom has not felt the same?

Asks of the British Youth—Is silence there?

She dares to ask it of the British Fair.

To-night, our home-spun author would be true,

At once, to nature, history, and you.

Well-pleas'd to give our neighbours due applause,

He owns their learning, but disdains their laws.

Not to his patient touch, or happy flame,

'Tis to his British heart he trusts for fame.

If France excel him in one free-born thought,

The man, as well as poet, is in fault.

Nature! informer of the poet's art,

Whose force alone can raise or melt the heart,

Thou art his guide; each passion, every line,

Whate'er he draws to please, must all be thine;

Be thou his judge: in every candid breast,

Thy silent whisper is the sacred test.

The

The Persons represented.

MASINISSA, King of <i>Massyia</i> ,	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
SYPHAX, King of <i>Masylyia</i> ,	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
NARVA, Friend to <i>Masinissa</i> ,	Mr. <i>Roberts</i> .
SCIPIO, the <i>Roman</i> General,	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
LÆLIUS, his Lieutenant,	By Mr. <i>Bridgewater</i> .
SOPHONISBA,	Mrs. <i>Oldfield</i> .
PHOENISSA, her Friend,	Mrs. <i>Roberts</i> .

Messenger, Slave, Guards, and Attendants.

S C E N E

The Palace of *CIRTHA*.

SOPHONISBA:

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA.

SOPHONISBA.

 HIS hour, *Phœnissa*, this important hour,
Or fixes me a queen, or from a throne
Throws *Sophonisba* into *Roman* chains.
Detested thought! For now his utmost force
Collected, desperate, distress'd, and fore
From battles lost; with all the rage of war,
Ill-fated *Syphax* makes his last effort.

But say, thou partner of my hopes and fears,
Phœnissa, say; while, from the lofty tower,
Our straining eyes the field of battle sought,
Ah, thought you not that our *Numidian* troops
Gave up the broken field, and scattering fled,
Wild o'er the hills, from the rapacious sons
Of still triumphant *Rome*?

B

Phœn.

Phæn. The dream of care!
 And think not, madam, *Syphax* can resign,
 But with his ebbing life, in this last field,
 A crown, a kingdom, and a queen he loves
 Beyond ambition's brightest wish; for whom,
 Nor mov'd by threats, nor bound by plighted faith,
 He scorn'd the *Roman* friendship (that fair name
 For slavery) and from th' engagements broke
 Of *Scipio*, fam'd for every winning art,
 The towering genius of recover'd *Rome*.

Soph. Oh name him not! These *Romans* stir my blood
 To too much rage. I cannot bear the fortune
 Of that proud people.—Said you not, *Phænissa*,
 That *Syphax* lov'd me; which would fire his battle,
 And urge him on to death or conquest? True,
 He loves me with the madness of desire;
 His every passion is a slave to love;
 Nor heeds he danger where I bid him go,
 Nor leagues, nor interest. Hence these endless wars,
 These ravag'd countries, these successful fights,
 Sustain'd for *Carthage*; whose defence alone
 Engag'd my loveless marriage-vows with his.
 But know you not, that in the *Roman* camp
 I have a lover too; a gallant, brave,
 And disappointed lover, full of wrath,
 Returning to a kingdom whence the sword
 Of *Syphax* drove him?

Phæn. *Masinissa*?

Soph. He:

Young *Masinissa*, the *Massylian* king,
 The first addresser of my youth; for whom
 My bosom felt a fond beginning wish,
 Extinguish'd soon; when once to *Scipio's* side
 Won o'er, and dazled by th' enchanting glare

Of that fair seeming heroe, he became
 A gay admiring slave, yet knew it not.
 E'er since, my heart has held him in contempt;
 And thrown out each idea of his worth,
 That there began to grow: nay had it been
 As all-pow'ring, and soft, as her's who sits
 In secret shades, or by the falling stream,
 And wastes her being in unutter'd pangs,
 I would have broke, or cur'd it of its fondness.

Phæn. Heroic *Sophonisba*!

Soph. No, *Phænissa*;

It is not for the daughter of great *Asdrubal*,
 Descended from a long illustrious line
 Of *Carthaginian* heroes, who have oft
 Fill'd *Italy* with terror and dismay,
 And shook the walls of *Rome*, to pine in love,
 Like a deluded maid; to give her life,
 And heart high-beating in her country's cause,
 Meant not for common aims and household cares,
 To give them up to vain presuming man:
 Much less to one who stoops the neck to *Rome*,
 An enemy to *Carthage*, *Masiniſſa*.

Phæn. Think not I mean to check that glorious flame,
 That just ambition which exalts your soul,
 Fires on your cheek, and lightens in your eye.
 Yet would he had been yours! this rising prince;
 For, trust me, fame is fond of *Masiniſſa*.
 His various fortune, his resplendent deeds,
 His courage, conduct, deep-experienc'd youth,
 And vast unbroken spirit in distress,
 Still rising stronger from the last defeat,
 Are all the talk and terror too of *Afric*.

Who has not heard the story of his woes?
 How hard he came to his paternal reign;

Whence soon by *Syphax*'s unrelenting hate,
 And jealous *Carthage* driven, he with a few
 Fled to the mountains. Then, I think, it was,
 Hem'd in a circle of impending rocks;
 That all his followers fell, save fifty horse:
 Who, thence escap'd thro' secret paths abrupt,
 Gain'd the *Clupean* plain. There overtook,
 And urg'd by fierce surrounding foes, he burst
 With four alone, fore wounded thro' their ranks,
 And all amidst a mighty torrent plung'd.
 Seiz'd by the whirling gulph, two sunk; and two,
 With him obliquely hurried down the stream,
 Wrought to the farther shore. Th' astonish'd troops
 Stood check'd, and shivering on the gloomy brink,
 And deem'd him lost in the devouring flood.
 Mean time the dauntless, undespairing youth
 Lay in a cave conceal'd; curing his wounds
 With mountain herbs, and on his horses fed:
 Nor here, even at the lowest ebb of life,
 Stoop'd his aspiring mind. What need I say,
 How once again restor'd, and once again
 Expell'd among the *Garamantian* hills
 He since has wander'd, till the *Roman* arm
 Reviv'd his cause? And who shall reign alone,
Syphax or he, this day decides.

Soph. Enough.

Thou need'st not blazon thus his fame, *Phænissa*.
 Were he as glorious as the pride of woman
 Could wish, in all her wantonness of thought;
 The joy of human-kind; wise, valiant, good;
 With every praise, with every laurel crown'd;
 The warrior's wonder, and the virgin's sigh;
 Yet this would cloud him o'er, this blemish all;
 His mean submission to the *Roman* yoke;

That,

That, false to *Carthage*, *Afric*, and himself,
With proffer'd hand and knee, he hither led
These ravagers of earth.—But while we talk,
The work of fate goes on; even now perhaps
My dying country bleeds in every vein,
And the warm victor thunders at our gate.

SCENE II.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA, and to them a MESSENGER from the
Battle.

Soph. Ha! whence art thou? Speak, 'tho thy bleeding wounds
Might well excuse thy tongue.

Mes. Madam, escap'd,
With much ado from yon' wide death——

Soph. No more.
At once thy meaning flashes o'er my soul.
Oh all my vanish'd hopes! repairless chance
Of undiscerning war! —And is all lost?
An universal havock?

Mes. Madam, all.
For scarce a *Masæsylian*, save myself,
But is or seiz'd, or bites the bloody plain.
The King——

Soph. Ah! what of him?

Mes. His fiery steed,
By *Masinissa*, the *Massylian* prince,
Pierc'd, threw him headlong to his clustering foes;
And now he comes in chains.

Soph. 'Tis wond'rous fit,
Absolute gods! All *Afric* is in chains!
The weeping world in chains!—Oh is there not
A time, a righteous time, reserv'd in fate,
When these oppressors of mankind shall feel

The

The miseries they give; and blindly fight
For their own fetters too?—The conquering troops
How points their motion?

Mef. At my heels they came,
Loud-shouting, dreadful, in a cloud of dust,
By *Masinissa* headed.

Soph. Hark! arriv'd.
The murmuring croud rolls, frightened to the palace.

Thou bleed'st to death poor faithful wretch, away,
And dress thy wounds, if Life be worth thy care;
Tho' *Rome*, methinks, will lose a slave in thee.
Would *Sophonisba* were as near the verge
Of boundless, and immortal liberty!

S C E N E III.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA.

[After a Pause.]

Soph. And wherefore not? When Liberty is lost,
Let slaves and cowards live; but in the brave
It were a treachery to themselves, enough
To merit chains. And is it fit for me,
Who in my veins, from *Asdrubal* deriv'd,
Hold *Carthaginian* enmity to *Rome*;
On whom I've lavish'd all my burning soul,
In everlasting hate; for whose destruction
I sold my joyless youth to *Syphax*' arms,
And turn'd him fierce upon them; fit for such
A native, restless, unrelenting foe,
To sit down softly-pensive, and await
Th' approaching victor's rage; reserv'd in chains
To grace his triumph, and become the scorn
Of every *Roman* dame---Gods! how my soul
Disdains the thought! and this shall set it free.

[Offers to stab herself.]

Phæn. Hold, *Sophonisba*, hold! my friend! my queen!
For whom alone I live! hold your rash point,
Nor thro' your guardian bosom stab your country.
That is our last resort, and always sure.
The gracious gods are liberal of death;
To that last blessing lend a thousand ways.
Think not I'd have you live to drag a chain,
And walk the triumph of insulting *Rome*.
No, by these tears of loyalty and love!
E'er I beheld so vile a sight, this hand
Should urge the faithful ponyard to your heart,
And glory in the deed. But, while hope lives,
Let not the generous die. 'Tis late before
The brave despair.

Soph. Thou copy of my soul!
And now my friend indeed! Shew me but hope,
One glimpse of hope, and I'll renew my toils,
Call patience, labour, fortitude again,
The vex'd unjoyous day, and sleepless night;
Nor shrink at danger, any shape of death,
Shew me the smallest hope! Alas, *Phænissa*,
Too kindly confident! Hope lives not here,
Fled with her sister liberty beyond
The *Garamantian* hills, to some steep wild,
Some undiscover'd country, where the foot
Of *Roman* cannot come.

Phæn. Yes, there she liv'd
With *Masiniſſa*, wounded, and forlorn,
Amidst the serpents hiss, and tygers yell----

Soph. Why nam'st thou him?

Phæn. Madam, in this forgive
My forward zeal; from him proceeds our hope.
He lov'd you once; nor is your form impair'd,

Warm'd,

Warm'd, and unfolded into stronger charms :
 Ask his protection from the *Roman* power,
 You must prevail ; for *Sophonisba* sure
 From *Masinissa* cannot ask in vain.

Soph. Now by the prompting genius of my country !
 I thank thee for the thought. True, there is pain
 Ev'n in descending thus to beg protection
 From that degenerate youth. But oh for thee,
 My sinking Country ! and again to gaul
 This hated *Rome*, what would I not endure ?
 It shall be done, *Phœnissa* ; tho' disgust
 Choak'd up my struggling meaning, shall be done. [kneels.

But here I vow, propitious *Juno*, hear !
 Could every pomp and every pleasure join'd,
 Love, empire, glory, a whole kneeling world,
 Unnerve my smallest purpose, and remit
 That most inveterate enmity I bear
 The *Roman* state ; may *Carthage* smother in ruins !
Rome rise the mistress of mankind ! and I,
 There an abandon'd slave, drag out a length
 Of life, in loathsome baseness, and contempt !
 This way the trumpet sounds ; let us retire.

S C E N E IV.

MASINISSA, SYPHAX in Chains, NARVA, Guards, &c.

Syph. Is there no dungeon in this city ? dark,
 As is my troubled soul ? that thus I'm brought
 To my own palace, to those rooms of state,
 Wont in another manner to receive me,
 With other signs of royalty than these.

[looking on his chains.

Mas.

Maf. I will not wound thee, not insult thee, *Syphax*,
With a recital of thy tyrant crimes.
A captive here I see thee, fallen below
My most revengeful wish; and all the rage,
The noble fury that inspir'd this morn;
Is sunk to soft compassion. In the field,
The flaming front of war, there is the scene
Of brave revenge; and I have fought thee there,
Keen as the hunted lyon seeks his foe.
But when a broken enemy, disarm'd,
And helpless lies; a fallen sword, an eye
With pity flowing, and an arm as weak
As infant softness, then becomes the brave.

Now sleeps the sword; the passions of the field
Subside to peace; and my relenting soul
Melts at thy fate.

Syph. This, this, is all I dread,
All I detest, this insolence refin'd,
This barbarous pity, this affected goodness.
Pitied by thee!--Is there a form of death,
Of torture, and of infamy like that?
It kills my very soul!--Ye partial gods!
I feel your worst; why should I fear you more?

Hear me, vain youth! take notice--- I abhor
Thy mercy, loath it--- Poison to my thoughts!
Wouldst thou be merciful? One way alone
Thou canst oblige me---Use me like a slave;
As I would thee, (delicious thought!) wert thou
Here crouching in my power.

Maf. Outragious man!
If that is mercy, I'll be cruel still.
Nor canst thou drive me, by thy bitterest rage,
To an unmanly deed; not all thy wrongs,
Nor this worse triumph in them.

C

Syph.

Syph. Ha! ha! wrongs?

I cannot wrong thee. When we lanch the spear
Into the monster's heart, or crush the serpent;
Destroy what in antipathy we hold,
The common foe; can that be call'd a wrong?
Injurious that? Absurd! it cannot be.

Maf. I'm loth to hurt thee more.—The tyrant works
Too fierce already in thy rankled breast.
But since thou seem'st to rank me with thy self,
With great destroyers, with perfidious kings;
I must reply to thy licentious tongue,
Bid thee remember, whose accursed sword
Began this work of death; who broke the ties,
The holy ties, attested by the gods,
Which bind the nations in the bond of peace;
Who meanly took advantage of my youth,
Unskill'd in arms, unsettled on my throne,
And drove me to the desert, there to dwell
With kinder monsters; who my cities sack'd,
My country pillag'd, and my subjects murder'd;
Who still pursu'd me with inveterate hate,
When generous force prov'd vain, with ruffian arts,
The villain's dagger, base assassination.
And for no reason all. Brute violence
Alone thy plea.—What the least provocation,
Say, canst thou but pretend?

Syph. I needed none.

Nature has in my being sown the seeds
Of enmity to thine.—Nay, mark me this;
Couldst thou restore me to my former state,
Strike off these chains, give me the sword again,
The sceptre, and the wide-obedient war:
Yet must I still, implacable to thee,
Seek eagerly thy death, or die myself.

Life

SOPHONISBA.

11

Life cannot hold us both !---Unequal gods !
 Who love to disappoint mankind, and take
 All vengeance to your selves ; why to the point
 Of my long-flatter'd wishes did ye lift me,
 Then sink me thus so low ? Just as I drew
 The glorious stroke that was to make me happy,
 Why did you blast my strong extended arm ?
 Strike the dry sword unsated to the ground ?
 But that to mock us is your cruel sport ?
 What else is human life ?

Maf. Thus always join'd
 With an inhuman heart, and brutal manners,
 Is irreligion to the ruling gods ;
 Whose schemes our peevish ignorance arraigns,
 Our thoughtless pride.--Thy lost condition, *Syphax*,
 Is nothing to the tumult of thy breast.
 There lies the sting of evil, there the drop
 That poisons nature.--Ye mysterious powers !
 Whose ways are ever-gracious, ever just,
 As ye think wisest, best, dispose of me ;
 But, whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,
 Or on your mountains walk ; give me the calm
 The steady, smiling soul ; where wisdom sheds
 Eternal sunshine, and eternal joy.
 Then, if misfortune comes, she brings along
 The bravest virtues. And so many great
 Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
 (The pride of adverse fate !) as are enough
 To consecrate distress, and make even death
 Ambition.

Syph. Torture ! Racks ! The common trick
 Of insolent success, unsuffering pride,
 This prate of patience, and I know not what.
 'Tis all a lye, impracticable rant ;

C 2

And

And only tends to make me scorn thee more.

But why this talk? In mercy send me hence;
Yet---e'er I go---Oh save me from distraction!
I know, hot youth, thou burnest for my queen;
But by the majesty of ruin'd kings,
And that commanding glory which surrounds her,
I charge thee touch her not!

Mas. No, *Syphax*, no.

Thou need'st not charge me. That were mean indeed,
A triumph that to thee. But could I stoop
Again to love her; Thou, what right hast thou,
A captive to her bed? Nor life, nor queen,
Nor ought a captive has. All laws in this,
Roman and *Carthaginian* all agree.

Syph. Here, here, begins the bitterness of death!
Here my chains grind me first!

Mas. Poor *Sophonisba*!

She too becomes the prize of conquering *Rome*;
What most her heart abhors. Alas, how hard
Will slavery fit on her exalted soul!
How piteous hard! But, if I know her well,
She never will endure it, she will die.
For not a *Roman* burns with nobler ardor,
A higher sense of liberty than she;
And tho' she marry'd thee, her only stain,
False to my Youth, and faithless to my vows;
Yet I must own it, from a worthy cause,
From publick spirit did her fault proceed.

Syph. Blue plagues, and poison on thy meddling tongue!
Talk not of her; for every word of her
Is a keen dagger, griding thro' my heart.

Oh, for a lonely dungeon! where I rather
Would talk with my own groans, and great revenge,

Than

Than in the mansions of the blest with thee.
Hell! Whither must I go?

Mas. Unhappy man!
And is thy breast determin'd against peace,
On comfort shut?

Syph. On all, but death, from thee.

Mas. *Narva*, be *Syphax* thy peculiar care;
And use him well with tenderness and honour.
This evening *Lælius*, and to-morrow *Scipio*,
To *Cirtba* come. Then let the *Romans* take
Their prisoner.

Syph. There shines a gleam of hope
Across the gloom—From thee deliver'd!—Ease
Breathes in that thought—Lead on—My heart grows lighter!

S C E N E V.

MASINISSA alone.

What dreadful havoc in the human breast
The passions make, when unconfin'd, and mad,
They burst unguided by the mental eye,
The light of reason; which in various ways
Points them to good, or turns them back from ill.

O save me from the tumult of the soul!
From the wild beasts within!—For circling sands,
When the swift whirlwind whelms them o'er the lands;
The roaring deeps that to the clouds arise,
While thwarting thick the mingled lightning flies;
The monster-brood to which this land gives birth
The blazing city, and the gaping earth;
All deaths, all tortures, in one pang combin'd,
Are gentle to the tempest of the mind.

The End of the First Act.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

MASINISSA, NARVA.

Mas. — 'T IS true, my friend,
Thou good old man, by whom my youth was
form'd,

The firm companion of my various life,
I own, 'tis true, that *Sophonisba's* image
Lives in my bosom still; and at each glance
I take in secret of the bright idea,
A strange disorder seizes on my soul,
Which burns with stronger glory. Need I say,
How once she had my vows? Till *Scipio* came,
Resistless man! like a descending God,
And snatch'd me from the *Carthaginian* side
To nobler *Rome*; beneath whose laurel'd brow,
And ample eye, the nations grow polite,
Humane and happy. Then thou may'st remember,
Such is this woman's high impetuous spirit,
That all-controuling love she bears her country,
Her *Carthage*; that at this she sacrific'd
To *Syphax*, unbelov'd, her blooming years,
And won him off from *Rome*.

Nar. My generous prince!
Applauding *Afric* of thy choice approves.
Fame claps her wings, and virtue smiles on thee!
Of peace thou softner, and thou soul of war!
But oh beware of that fair foe to glory,
Woman! and most of *Carthaginian* woman!

Who has not heard of fatal *Punic* guile?
Of their sly conquests? their insidious leagues?
Their *Asdrubals*? their *Hannibals*? with all
Their wily heroes? And, if such their men,
What must their women be?

Mas. You make me smile.

I thank thy honest zeal. But never dread
The firmness of my heart, my strong attachments,
Severe to *Rome*, to *Scipio*, and to *Glory*.
Indeed, I cannot, would not quite forget
The grace of *Sophonisba*; how she look'd,
And talk'd, and mov'd, a *Pallas*, or a *Juno*!
Accomplish'd even in trifles, when she stoop'd
Ambition's flight, and with a soften'd eye
Gave her quick spirit into gayer life.
Then every word was liveliness, and wit;
We heard the Muses' song; and the dance swam
Thro' all the maze of harmony. I flatter not,
Believe me, *Narva*; yet my panting soul,
To *Scipio* taken in the fair pursuit
Of fame, and for my people's happiness,
Resign'd this *Sophonisba*; and tho' now
Constrain'd by soft necessity to see her,
And she a captive in my power, will still
Resign her.

Nar. Let me not doubt thy fortitude,
My *Masiniſſa*, thy exalted purpose
Not to be lost in love; but ah! we know not,
Oft, till experience fights it to the soul,
The boundless witchcraft of ensnaring woman,
And our own slippery hearts. From *Scipio* learn
The temperance of heroes. I'll recount
Th' instructive story, what these eyes beheld;
Perhaps you've heard it; but 'tis pleasing still,
Tho' told a thousand times.

Mas.

Maf. I burn to hear it.
 Lost by my late misfortunes in the desert,
 I liv'd a stranger to the voice of fame,
 To *Scipio's* last exploits. Exalt me now,
 Great actions raise the mind. But when a friend,
 A *Scipio* does them; then with more than wonder,
 Even with a sort of vanity we listen.

Nar. When to his glorious, first essay in war,
 New *Carthage* fell; there all the flower of *Spain*
 Were kept in hostage; a full field presenting
 For *Scipio's* generosity to shine.

And then it was, that when the hero heard
 How I to thee belong'd, he with large gifts,
 And friendly words dismiss'd me.

Maf. I remember.
 And in his favour that impress'd me first.
 But to thy story.

Nar. What with admiration
 Struck every heart, was this---A noble virgin,
 Conspicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
 Was mark'd the general's prize. She wept, and blush'd,
 Young, fresh, and blooming like the morn. An eye,
 As when the blue sky trembles thro' a cloud
 Of purest white. A secret charm combin'd
 Her features, and infus'd enchantment thro' them.
 Her shape was harmony---But eloquence
 Beneath her beauty fails; which seem'd, on purpose,
 Pour'd out by lavish nature, that mankind
 Might see this action in its highest lustre.
 Soft, as she pass'd along, with downcast eyes,
 Where gentle sorrow swell'd, and now and then
 Dropt o'er her modest cheek a trickling tear;
 The *Roman* legions languish'd; and hard war
 Felt more than pity. Even *Scipio's* self,
 As on his high tribunal rais'd he sat, Turn'd

Turn'd from the piercing sight, and chiding ask'd
His officers, if by this gift they meant
To cloud his glory in its very dawn.

Maf. Oh Gods! my fluttering heart! On, stop not, *Narva*.

Nar. She question'd of her birth, in trembling accents,
With tears and blushes broken, told her tale.
But when he found her royally descended,
Of her old captive parents the sole joy;
And that a hapless *Celtiberian* prince,
Her lover and belov'd, forgot his chains,
His lost dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender soul; sudden the heart
Of this young, conquering, loving, godlike *Roman*
Felt all the great divinity of virtue.
His wishing youth stood check'd, his tempting power,
By infinite humanity---

Maf. Well, well;
And then!

Nar. Disdaining guilty doubt, at once
He for her parents and her lover call'd.
The various scene imagine: how his troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant;
While stretch'd below the trembling suppliants lay,
Rack'd by a thousand mingling passions, fear,
Hope, jealousy, disdain, submission, grief,
Anxiety, and love in every shape.
To these as different sentiments succeeded,
As mixt emotions, when the man divine
Thus the dread silence to the lover broke.

" We both are young, both charm'd. The Right of War
" Has put thy beauteous mistress in my power;
" With whom I could, in the most sacred ties,
" Live out a happy life: but know that *Romans*
" Their hearts as well as enemies can conquer.

D

" Then

" Then take her to thy soul; and with her take
 " Thy liberty and kingdom. In return
 " I ask but this. When you behold these eyes,
 " These charms, with transport; be a friend to *Rome*.

Maf. There spoke the soul of *Scipio*—But the Lovers?

Nar. Joy and extatic wonder held them mute;
 While the loud camp, and all the clustring croud,
 That hung around, rang with repeated shouts.
 Fame took th' alarm, and thro' resounding *Spain*
 Blew fast the fair report; which, more than arms,
 Admiring nations to the *Romans* gain'd.

Maf. My friend in glory! thy awaken'd prince
 Springs at thy faithful tale. It fires my soul,
 And nerves each thought anew; apt oft perhaps,
 Too much, too much to slacken into love.
 But now the soft oppression flies; and all
 My mounting powers expand to deeds like thine,
 Thou pattern and inspirer of my fame,
Scipio, thou first of men, and best of friends!

What man of soul would live, my *Narva*, breathe
 This idle-puffing element; and run,
 Day after day, the still-returning round
 Of life's mean offices, and sickly joys;
 But in compassion to mankind? to be
 A guardian God below? to dissipate
 An ardent being in heroic aims?
 Do something vastly great like what you told?
 Something to raise him o'er the groveling herd,
 And make him shine for ever?—Oh, my friend!
 Bleed every vein about me; every nerve
 With anguish tremble; every sinew ake;
 Be toil familiar to my limbs; ambition
 Mix all my thoughts in an incessant whirl;
 The third time may I lose my kingdom; and again

Wander

Wander the false inhospitable Syrts ;
 Yet oh, ye liberal Gods ! in rich award,
 And amplest recompence—I ask no more—
 Share me the wreath of fame from *Scipio's* brow !
 But see, she comes ! mark her majestic port.

SCENE II.

MASINISSA, SOPHONISBA, NARVA, PHOENISSA.

Soph. Behold, victorious prince ! the scene revers'd
 And *Sophonisba* kneeling here ; a captive,
 O'er whom the Gods, thy Fortune, and thy Virtue,
 Have given unquestion'd power of life and death.
 If such a one may raise her suppliant voice,
 Once music to thy ear ; if she may touch
 Thy knee, thy purple, and thy victor-hand ;
 Oh listen, *Masinissa* ! Let thy soul
 Intensely listen ! While I fervent pray,
 And strong adjure thee, by that regal state,
 In which with equal pomp we lately shone !
 By the *Numidian* name, our common boast !
 And by those household gods ! who may, I wish,
 With better omens take thee to this palace,
 Than *Syphax* hence they sent. As is thy pleasure,
 In all beside determine of my fate.
 This, this alone I beg. Never, oh never !
 Into the cruel, proud, and hated power
 Of *Romans* let me fall. Since angry heaven
 Will have it so, that I must be a slave,
 And that a galling chain must bind these hands,
 It were some little softning in my doom,
 To call a kindred son of the same clime,
 A native of *Numidia*, my lord.
 But if thou canst not save me from the *Romans*,

If this sad favour be beyond thy power;
 At least to give me death is what thou canst!
 Here strike—My naked bosom courts thy sword;
 And my last breath shall bless thee, *Masinissa*!

Mas. Rise, *Sophonisba*, rise. To see thee thus
 Is a revenge I scorn; and all the man
 Within me, though much injur'd by thy pride,
 And spirit too tempestuous for thy sex,
 Yet blushes to behold thus at my feet,
 Thus prostrate low, her, for whom kings have kneel'd,
 The fairest, but the falsest of her sex.

Soph. Spare thy reproach.---'Tis cruel thus to lose
 In rankling discord, and ungenerous strife,
 The few remaining moments that divide me
 From the last evil, bondage---*Roman* bondage!
 Yes, shut thy heart against me; shut thy heart
 Against compassion, every human thought,
 Even recollected love: yet know, rash Youth!
 That when thou seest me swell their lofty triumph,
 Thou seest thy self in me. This is my day;
 To-morrow may be thine. But here, assur'd,
 Here will I lie on this vile earth, forlorn,
 Of hope abandon'd, since despis'd by thee;
 These locks all loose and sordid in the dust;
 This sullied bosom growing to the ground,
 Scorch'd up with anguish, and of every shape
 Of misery full: till comes the soldier fierce
 From recent blood; and, in thy very eye,
 Lays raging his rude sanguinary grasp
 On these weak limbs; and clinches them in chains.
 Then if no friendly steel, no nectar'd draught
 Of deadly poison, can enlarge my soul;
 It will indignant burst from a slave's body;
 And, join'd to mighty *Dido*, scorn ye all.

Mas.

Mas. Oh *Sophonisba*! 'tis not safe to hear thee;
And I mistook my heart, to trust it thus.
Hence let me fly.

Soph. You shall not, *Masinissa*!
Here will I hold you, tremble here for ever;
Here unremitting grow, till you consent.
And canst thou think, oh! canst thou think to leave n
Expos'd, defenceless, wretched, here alone?
A prey to *Romans* flush'd with blood and conquest?
The subject of their scorn or baser love?
Sure *Masinissa* cannot; and, tho'chang'd,
Tho' cold as that averted look he wears;
Sure love can ne'er in generous breasts be lost
To that degree, as not from shame and outrage
To save what once they lov'd.

Mas. Enchantment! Madness!
What would'st thou, *Sophonisba*?---Oh my heart!
My treacherous heart!

Soph. What would I, *Masinissa*?
My mean request sits blushing on my cheek.
To be thy slave, young Prince, is what I beg;
Here *Sophonisba* kneels to be thy slave;
Yet kneels in vain. But thou'rt a slave thyself,
And canst not from the *Romans* save one woman;
Her, who was once the triumph of thy soul;
E'er they seduc'd it by their lying glory.
Immortal gods! and am I fallen so low?
Scorn'd by a lover? by a slave to *Rome*?
Nought can be worth this baseness, life, nor empire!
I loath me for it.---On this kinder earth,
Then leave me, leave me, to despair and death!

Mas. What means this conflict with almighty nature?
With the whole warring heart?---Rise, quickly rise,
In all the conquering majesty of charms,

O *Sophonisba*, rise! while here I swear,
 By the tremendous powers that rule mankind
 By heaven and earth, and hell! by love, and glory!
 The *Romans* shall not hurt you---*Romans* cannot;
 For *Rome* is generous as the gods themselves,
 And honours, not insults, a generous foe.
 Yet since you dread them, take this sacred pledge,
 This hand of surety, by which kings are bound;
 By which I hold you mine, and vow to treat you,
 With all the reverence due to ruin'd state,
 With all the softness of remember'd love,
 All that can sooth thy fate, and make thee happy.

Soph. I thank thee, *Masiniissa*! now the same;
 The same warm youth, exalted, full of soul;
 With whom in happier days I wont to pass
 The fighting hour: while, dawning fair in love,
 All song and sweetness, life set joyous out;
 E'er the black tempest of ambition rose,
 And drove us different ways.---Thus dress'd in war,
 In nodding plumes, o'ercast with sullen thought,
 With purpos'd vengeance dark, I knew thee not;
 But now breaks out the beauteous sun anew,
 The gay *Numidian* shines who warm'd me once,
 Whose love was glory---Vain ideas, hence!
 ---Long since my heart, to nobler passions known,
 Has your acquaintance scorn'd.

Mas. Oh! while you talk,
 Enchanting fair-one! my deluded thought
 Runs back to days of love; when fancy still
 Found worlds of beauty, ever rising new
 To the transported eye; when flattering hope
 Form'd endless prospects of increasing bliss;
 And still the credulous heart believ'd them all,
 Even more than love could promise---But the scene

Is

Is full of danger for a tainted eye ;
 I must not, dare not, will not look that way.
 O hide it, wisdom, glory, from my view !
 Or in sweet ruin I shall sink again.

Disaster clouds thy cheek ; thy colour goes.
 Retire, and from the troubles of the day
 Repose thy weary soul ; worn out with care,
 And rough unhappy thought.

Soph. May *Masiniſſa*
 Ne'er want the goodness he has shewn to me.

S C E N E III.

MASINISSA, NARVA.

Mas. The danger's o'er, I've heard the *Syren's* song,
 Yet still to glory hold my steady course.
 I mark'd thy kind concern, thy friendly fears,
 And own them just ; for she has beauty, *Narva*,
 So full, so perfect, with so great a soul
 Inform'd, so pointed high with spirit,
 As strikes like lightning from the hand of *Jove*,
 And raises love to glory.

Nar. Ah, my Prince !
 Too true, it is too true ; her fatal charms
 Are powerful, and to *Masiniſſa's* heart
 But know the way too well. And art thou sure,
 That the soft poison which within thy veins
 Lay unextinguish'd, is not rouz'd anew ?
 Is not this moment working thro' thy soul ?
 Dost thou not love ? Confess.

Mas. What said my friend,
 Of poison ? love ? of loving *Sophonisba* ?
 Yes, I admire her, wonder at her beauty ;
 And he who does not, is as dull as earth,

The

The cold unanimated form of man,
 E'er lighted up with the celestial fire.
 Where'er she goes still admiration gazes,
 And listens while she talks. Ev'n thou thyself
 Who saw'st her with the malice of a friend,
 Even thou thyself admir'st her.--Dost thou not?
 Say, speak sincerely.

Nar. She has charms indeed;
 But has she charms like virtue? Tho' majestic;
 Does she command us, is her force like glory?

Maf. All glory's in her eye! Perfection thence
 Looks from his throne; and on her ample brow
 Sits majesty. Her features glow with life,
 Warm with heroic soul. Her mien!--she walks,
 As when a towering goddess treads this earth.
 But when her language flows; when such a one
 Descends to sooth, to sigh, to weep, to grasp
 The tottering knee; oh! *Narva, Narva*, oh!
 Expression here is dumb.

Nar. Alas! my Lord,
 Is this the talk of sober admiration?
 Are these the sallies of a heart at ease?
 Of *Scipio's* friend? And was it the calm sense
 Of fair perfection, that, the while she kneel'd
 For what you rashly promis'd, seiz'd your soul;
 Stole out in secret transports from your eye;
 That writh'd you groaning round, and shook your frame?

Maf. I tell thee once again, too cautious man,
 That when a woman begs, a matchless woman,
 A woman once lov'd, a fallen queen,
 A *Sophonisba*! when she twines her charms
 Around our soul, and all her power of looks,
 Of tears, of sighs, of softness, plays upon us;
 He's more or less than man who can resist her.

For

For me, my stedfast soul approves, nay more,
Exults in the protection it has promis'd.
And nought, tho' plighted honour did not bind me,
Shall shake the happy purpose of my heart;
Nought, by th'avenging Gods! who heard my vow,
And hear me now again.

Nar. And was it then
For this you conquer'd?

Maf. Yes, and triumph in it.
This was my fondest wish; the very point,
The plume of glory, the delicious prize
Of bleeding years. And I had been a brute,
A greater monster than *Numidia* breeds,
A horror to myself; if on the ground,
Cast vilely from me, I th' illustrious fair-one
Had left to bondage, bitterness, and death.
Nor is there ought in war worth what I feel;
In pomp and hollow state, like this sweet sense
Of infelt bliss; which the reflection gives me,
Of saving thus such excellence and beauty
From her supreme abhorrence.

Nar. Masinissa,
My friend! my royal lord! alas! you slide,
You sink from virtue. On the giddy brink
Of fate you stand.--One step, and all is lost!

Maf. No more, no more! if this is being lost.
If this, mistaken! is forsaking virtue,
And rushing down the precipice of fate;
Then down I go, far far beyond the din
Of scrupulous dull precaution.--Leave me, *Narva.*
I want to be alone, to find some shade,
Some solitary gloom; there to shake off
This weight of life, this tumult of mankind,
This sick ambition on it self recoiling;

E

And

And there to listen to the gentle voice,
 The sigh of peace, something, I know not what,
 That whispers transport to my heart.---Farewel.

S C E N E IV.

NARVA *alone.*

Struck, and he knows it not.---So when the field,
 Elate in heart, the warrior scorns to yield;
 The streaming blood can scarce convince his eyes;
 Nor will he feel the wound by which he dies.

The End of the Second Act.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

MASINISSA *alone.*

I N vain I wander thro' the shade for peace;
 'Tis with the calm alone, the pure of heart,
 That there the goddess talks.---But in my breast
 Some busy thought, some secret eating-pang,
 Throbs inexpressible; and rolls from---What?
 From charm to charm, on *Sophonisba* still
 Earnest, intent, devoted all to her.
 Oh it must out!--'Tis love, almighty love!
 Returning on me with a stronger tide.
 I'll doubt no more, but give it up to love.
 Come to my breast, thou rosy smiling-god!

Come

SOPHONISBA.

27
82

Come unconfin'd! bring all thy joys along,
All thy soft cares, and mix them copious here.
But why invoke I thee? Thy power is weak,
To *Sophonisba's* eye, thy quiver poor,
To the resistless lightning of her form;
And dull thy bare insinuating arts,
To the sweet mazes of her flowing tongue.
Quick, let me fly to her; and there forget
This tedious absence, war, ambition, noise,
Even friendship's self, the vanity of fame,
And all but love, for love is more than all!

S C E N E II.

MASINISSA, NARVA.

Mas. Welcome again, my friend,---Come nearer, *Narva*;
Lend me thine arm, and I will tell thee all,
Unfold my secret heart, whose very pulse
With *Sophonisba* beats.---Nay hear me out---
Swift, as I mus'd, the conflagration spread;
At once too strong, too general, to be quench'd.
I love, and I approve it, doat upon her,
Even think these minutes lost I talk with thee.
Heavens! what emotions have possess'd my soul!
Snatch'd by a moment into years of passion.

Nar. Ah *Masinissa*!---

Mas. Argue not against me.
Talk down the circling winds that lift the desert;
And, touch'd by Heaven, when all the forests blaze,
Talk down the flame, but not my stronger love.
I have for love a thousand thousand reasons,
Dear to the heart, and potent o'er the soul.
My ready thoughts all rising, restless all,

Are

Are a perpetual spring of tenderness;
Oh! *Sophonisba!* *Sophonisba!* oh!

Nar. Is this deceitful day then come to nought?
This day that set thee on a double throne?
That gave thee *Sypbar* chain'd thy deadly foe?
With perfect conquest crown'd thee, perfect glory?
Is it so soon eclips'd? and does yon' sun,
Yon' setting sun, who this fair morning saw thee
Ride through the ranks of long extended war,
As radiant as himself; with every glance
Wheeling the pointed files; and, when the storm
Began, beheld thee tread the rising surge
Of battle high, and drive it on the foe;
Does he now, blushing, see thee sunk so weak?
Caught in a smile? the captive of a look?
I cannot name it without tears.

Maf. Away!
I'm sick of war, of the destroying trade,
Smooth'd o'er, and gilded with the name of glory.
Thou need'st not spread the martial field to me;
My happier eyes are turn'd another way,
Behold it not; or, if they do, behold it
Shrunk up, far off, a visionary scene;
As to the waking man appears the dream.

Nar. Or rather as realities appear,
The virtue, pomp, and dignities of life,
In sick disorder'd dreams.

Maf. Think not I scorn
The task of heroes, when oppression rages,
And lawless violence confounds the world.
Who would not bleed with transport for his country,
Tear every dear relation from his heart,
And greatly die to make a people happy;
Ought not to taste of happiness himself,

And

And is low-soul'd indeed—But sure, my friend,
 There is a time for love, or life were vile!
 A sickly circle of revolving days,
 Led on by hope, with senseless hurry fill'd,
 And clos'd by disappointment. Round and round,
 Still hope for ever wheels the daily cheat;
 Impudent hope! unjoyous madness all!
 Till love comes stealing in, with his kind hours,
 His healing lips, his cordial sweets, his cares.
 Infusing joy, his joys ineffable!
 That make the poor account of life compleat,
 And justify the Gods.

Nar. Mistaken prince,
 I blame not love. But—

Mas. Slander not my passion.
 I've suffer'd thee too far.—Take heed, old man—
 Love will not bear an accusation, *Narva.*

Nar. I'll speak the truth, when truth and friendship call,
 Nor fear thy frown unkind.—Thou hast no right
 To *Sophonisba*; she belongs to *Rome*.

Mas. Ha! she belongs to *Rome*.—'Tis true—My thoughts
 Where have you wander'd, not to think of this?
 Think e'er I promis'd? e'er I lov'd?—Confusion!
 I know not what I say—I should have lov'd,
 Tho' *Jove* in muttering thunder had forbid it.
 But *Rome* will not refuse so small a boon,
 Whose gifts are kingdoms; *Rome* must grant it sure,
 One captive to my wish, one poor request,
 So small to them, but oh so dear to me!
 Here let my heart confide.

Nar. Delusive love!
 Thro' what wild projects is the frantick mind
 Beguil'd by thee?—And think'st thou that the *Romans*,
 The senators of *Rome*, these gods on earth,

Wife,

Wife, steady to the right, severely just,
 All incorrupt, and like eternal fate,
 Not to be mov'd, will listen to the sigh
 Of idle love? They, when their country calls,
 Who know no pain, no tenderness, no joy,
 But bid their children bleed before their eyes;
 That they'll regard the light fantastick pangs
 Of a fond heart? and with thy kingdom give thee
 Their most inveterate foe; from their firm side,
 Like *Syphax*, to delude thee? and the point
 Of their own bounty on themselves to turn?
 Thou canst not hope it sure.—Impossible!

Maf. What shall I do?—Be now the friend exerted.
 For love and honour press me; love and honour,
 All that is dear and excellent in life,
 All that or sooths the man or lifts the hero,
 Bind my soul deep.

Nar. Rash was your vow, my lord.
 I know not what to counsel.—When you vow'd,
 You vow'd what was not in your power to grant;
 And therefore 'tis not binding.

Maf. Never! Never!
 Oh never will I falsify that vow!
 E'er then destruction seize me! Yes, ye *Romans*,
 If it be so, there, take your kingdoms back,
 Your royal gewgaws, all for *Sophonisba*!

Hold,---Let me think a while---It shall be so!
 By all th' inspiring Gods that prompt my thought!
 This very night shall solemnize our vows;
 And the next joyous fun, that visits *Africa*,
 See *Sophonisba* seated on my throne.---
 Then if they spare her not,---not spare my queen---
 Perdition on their stubborn pride call'd virtue!
 Be theirs the world, but *Sophonisba* mine!

Nar.

Nar. And is it possible, ye Gods, that rule us!
Can *Masinissa* in his pride of youth,
In his meridian glory shining wide,
The light of *Afric*, and the friend of *Scipio*;
He take a woman to the nuptial bed,
Who scorn'd him for a tyrant, old, and peevish,
His rancorous foe? and gave her untouch'd bloom,
Her spring of charms to *Syphax*?

Mas. Horrid friendship!
This, this, has thrown a serpent to my heart;
While it o'erflow'd with tenderness, with joy,
With all the sweetness of exulting love.
Now nought but gall is there, and burning poison!
Yes, it was so!—Curse on her vain ambition!
What had her meddling sex to do with states?
The Business of men! For him! for *Syphax*!
Forsook for him! my love for his gross passion!
The thought is hell!—Oh I had treasur'd up
A world of indignation, years of scorn;
But her sad suppliant witchcraft footh'd it down.
Where is she now? That it may burst upon her;
Bear her unbounded from me, down the torrent,
Far, far away! And tho' my plighted faith
Shall save her from the *Romans*, yet to tell her,
That I will never, never see her more!
Ha! there she comes,---Pernicious fair-one!—Leave me.

SCENE III.

SOPHONISBA, MASINISSA.

Soph. Forgive this quick return.—The rage, confusion,
And mingled passions of this luckless day,
Made me forget another warm request
I had to beg of generous *Masinissa*;

For

For oh to whom, save to the generous, can
 The miserable fly?—But much disturb'd
 You look, and scowl upon me a denial.
 Repentance frowns on your contracted brow.
 Already, weary of my sinking fate,
 You seem to droop; and for unhappy *Syphax*
 I shall implore in vain.

Mas. For *Syphax*? vengeance!
 And canst thou mention him? Oh grant me breath!

Soph. I know, young prince, how deep he has provok'd thee;
 How keen he fought thy youth; thro' what a fire
 Of great distress, from which you come the brighter.

On dull indifferent objects, or perhaps
 Dislik'd a little, 'tis but common bounty
 To shower relief; but when our bitterest foe
 Lies sunk, disarm'd, and desolate, then! then!
 To feel the mercies of a pitying God,
 To raise him from the dust, and that best way
 To triumph o'er him, is heroic goodness.
 Oh let unhappy *Syphax* touch thy heart,
 Victorious *Masinissa*!

Mas. Monstrous this!
 Still dost thou blast me with that cursed name!
 The very name thy conscious guilt should shun.

Oh had he heap'd all ills upon my head,
 While it was young, and for the storm unfit;
 Had he but driven me from my native throne,
 From regal pomp and luxury, to dwell
 Among the forest beasts; to bear the beam
 Of red *Numidian* suns, and the rank dew
 Of cold unshelter'd nights; to mix with wolves,
 To hunt with hungry tygers for my prey,
 And thirst with *Dipsas* on the burning sand;
 I could have thank'd him for his angry lesson;

The

The fair occasion that his rage afforded
 Of learning patience, fortitude, and hope,
 Still rising stronger on incumbent fate,
 And all that try'd humanity can dictate.
 But there is one curs'd bitterness behind,
 One injury, the man can never pardon;
 That scorches up the tear in pity's eye,
 And even sweet mercy's self converts to gall.
 I cannot—will not name it—Heart of anguish!
 Down! down!

Soph. Ah! whence this sudden storm? this madness,
 That hurries all thy soul?

Mas. And dost thou ask?
 Ask thy own faithless heart; snatch'd from my Vows,
 From the warm wishes of my springing youth,
 And given to that old hated monster, *Syphax*.
 Perfidious *Sophonisba*!

Soph. Nay, no more.
 With too much truth I can return thy charge.
 Why didst thou drive me to that cruel choice?
 Why leave me, with my country, to destruction?
 Why break thy love? thy faith? and join the *Romans*?

Mas. By heavens! the *Romans* were my better genius,
 Sav'd me from fate, and form'd my youth to glory;
 But for the *Romans* I had been a savage,
 A wretch like *Syphax*, a forgotten thing,
 The tool of *Carthage*.

Soph. Meddle not with *Carthage*,
 Impatient youth, for that I will not bear
 Tho' here I were a thousand fold thy slave.
 Not one base word of *Carthage*—on thy soul!

Mas. How vain thy phrenzy! Go, command thy slaves,
 Thy fools, thy *Syphaxes*; but I will speak,
 Speak loud of *Carthage*, call it false, ungenerous,

---Yet shall I check me, since it is thy country?
While the *Romans* are the light, the glory---

Soph. Romans!

Perdition on the *Romans*! ---and almost
On thee too---*Romans* are the scourge
Of the red world, destroyers of mankind,
The ruffians, ravagers of earth; and all
Beneath the smooth dissimulating mask
Of justice, and compassion; as if slave
Was but another name for civiliz'd.

All vengeance on the *Romans*!---While fair *Carthage*
Unblemish'd rises on the base of commerce;
And asks of heaven nought but the general winds,
And common tides, to carry plenty, joy,
Civility, and grandeur, round the world.

Mas. No more compare them! for the gods themselves
Declare for *Rome*.

Soph. It was not always so.

The gods declar'd for *Hannibal*; when *Italy*
Blaz'd all around him, all her streams ran blood,
All her incarnate vales were vile with death;
And when at *Trebia*, *Thrasymene*, and *Cannæ*,
The *Carthaginian* sword with *Roman* blood
Was drunk---Oh that he then, on that dread day,
While lifeless consternation blacken'd *Rome*,
Had raz'd th' accursed city to the ground,
And sav'd the world!---When will it come again,
A day so glorious, and so big with vengeance,
On those my soul abhors?

Mas. Avert it heaven!

The *Romans* not enslave, but save the world
From *Carthaginian* rage.

Soph. I'll bear no more!

Nor tenderness, nor life, nor liberty,

Nothing

Nothing shall make me bear it,---Perish *Rome*;
And all her menial friends!--Yes, rather, rather,
Detested as ye are, ye *Romans*, take me,
Oh pitying take me to your nobler chains!
And save me from this abject youth, your slave!
---How canst thou kill me thus?---

Maf. I meant it not,
I only meant to tell thee, haughty fair-one!
How this alone might bind me to the *Romans*:
That, in a frail and sliding hour, they snatch'd me
From the perdition of thy love; which fell,
Like baleful lightning, where I most could wish,
And prov'd destruction to my mortal foe.
Oh pleasing! fortunate!

Soph. I thank them too.
By heavens! for once, I love them; since they turn'd
My better thoughts from thee, thou--But I will not
Give thee the name, thy mean servility
From my just scorn deserves.

Maf. Oh freely call me,
By every name thy fury can inspire;
Enrich me with contempt---I love no more---
It will not hurt me, *Sophonisba*.---Love,
Long since I gave it to the passing winds,
And would not be a lover for the world.
A lover is the very fool of nature;
Made sick by his own wantonness of thought,
His fever'd fancy; while, to your own charms
Imputing all, you swell with boundless pride.
Shame on the wretch! who should be driven from men,
To live with *Asian* slaves, in one soft herd,
All wretched, all ridiculous together.

For me, this moment, here I mean to bid
Farewel, a glad farewel to love and thee.

Soph. With all my soul, farewell!—Yet, e'er you go;
Know that my spirit burns as high as thine;
As high to glory, and as low to love.

Thy promises are void; and I absolve thee,
Here in the presence of the listning gods—
Take thy repented vows---To proud *Cornelia*
I'd rather be a slave, to *Scipio's* mother;
Than queen of all *Numidia*, by the favour
Of him, who dares insult the helpless thus. [*Pausing.*]

Still dost thou stay? behold me then again,
Hopeless, and wild, a lost abandon'd slave.
And now thy brutal purpose must be gain'd.
Away, thou cruel, and ungenerous, go!

Mas. No, not for worlds would I resume my vow!
Dishonour blast me then! all kind of ills
Fill up my cup of bitterness, and shame!
When I resign thee to triumphant *Rome*.

Oh lean not thus dejected to the ground?
The sight is misery.---What roots me here?

Alas! I have urg'd my foolish heart too far; [*Aside.*]
And love depress'd recoils with greater force.
Oh *Sophonisba*!

Soph. By thy pride she dies.
Inhuman Prince!

Mas. Thine is the conquest, nature!
By heaven and earth! I cannot hold it more.
Wretch that I was! to crush th' unhappy thus;
The fairest too, the dearest of her sex!
For whom my soul could die!---Turn, quickly turn,
O *Sophonisba*! my lov'd! my glory!
Turn and forgive the violence of love,
Of love that knows no bounds!

Soph. And can it be?
Can that soft passion prove so fierce of heart,

As on the tears of misery, the sighs
Of death, to feast? to torture what it loves?

Mas. Yes it can be, thou goddess of my soul!
Whose each emotion is but varied love,
All over love, its powers, its passions, all:
Its anger, indignation, fury, love;
Its pride, disdain, even detestation, love;
And when it, wild, resolves to love no more,
Then is the triumph of excessive love.

Didst thou not mark me? mark the dubious rage,
That tore my heart with anguish while I talk'd?
Thou didst; and must forgive so kind a fault,
What would thy trembling lips?

Soph. That I must die.
For such another storm, so much contempt
Thrown out on *Carthage*, so much praise on *Rome*,
Were worse than death. Why should I longer tire
My weary fate? The most relentless *Roman*.
What could he more?

Mas. Oh *Sophonisba*, hear!
See me thy suppliant now. Talk not of death.
I have no life but thee.---Alas! Alas!
Hadst thou a little tenderness for me,
The smallest part of what I feel, thou wouldst---
What wouldst thou not forgive? But how indeed
How can I hope it? Yet I from this moment,
Will so devote my being to thy pleasure,
So live alone to gain thee; that thou must,
If there is human nature in thy breast,
Feel some relenting warmth.

Soph. Well, well, 'tis past.
To be inexorable suits not slaves.

Mas. Spare, spare that word; it stabs me to the soul;
My crown, my life, and liberty are thine.

Oh

Oh give my passion way! My heart is full,
 Oppress'd by love; and I could number tears,
 With all the dews that sprinkle o'er the morn;
 While thus with thee conversing, thus with thee
 Even happy to distress.--Enough, enough,
 Have we been cheated by the trick of state;
 For *Rome* and *Carthage* suffer'd much too long;
 And led, by gaudy fancies, wander'd far,
 Far from our bliss. But now since met again,
 Since here I hold thee, circle all perfection,
 The prize of life! since fate too presses hard,
 Since *Rome* and slavery drive thee to the brink;
 Let this immediate night exchange our vows,
 Secure my bliss, our future fortunes blend,
 Set thee, the queen of beauty, on my throne,
 And make it doubly mine.--A wretched gift
 To what my love could give!

Soph. What! marry thee?
 This night?

Mas. Thou dear-one! yes, this very night,
 Let injur'd *Hymen* have his rights restor'd,
 And bind our broken vows.--Think, serious, think!
 On what I plead.--A thousand reasons urge.--
 Captivity dissolves thy former marriage;
 And if 'tis with the meanest vulgar so,
 Can *Sophonisba* to a slave, to *Syphax*,
 The most exalted of her Sex be bound?
 Besides, it is the best, perhaps sole way,
 To save thee from the *Romans*; and must sure
 Bar their pretensions: or if ruin comes,
 To perish with thee is to perish happy.

Soph. Yet must I still insist.--

Mas. It shall be so.

I know thy purpose; it would plead for *Syphax*.

He

He shall have all, thou dearest! shall have all,
Crowns, trifles, kingdoms all again, but thee,
But thee, thou more than all!

Soph. Bear witness heaven!
This is alone for *Carthage*.

[*Aside.*

Gain'd by goodness,
I may be thine. Expect no love, no sighing.
Perhaps, hereafter, I may learn again
To hold thee dear. If on these terms thou canst,
Here take me, take me, to thy wishes.

[*To him.*

Mas. Yes,
Yes, *Sophonisba*! as a wretch takes life
From off the bleeding rack.---All wild with joy,
Thus hold thee, press thee to my bounding heart;
And bless the bounteous Gods---Can heaven give more?
Oh happy! happy! happy!--Come, my fair,
This ready minute sees thy will perform'd;
From *Syphax* knocks his chains; and I my self
Even in his favour, will request the *Romans*:

Oh, thou hast smil'd my passions into peace!
So, while conflicting winds embroil'd the Seas,
In perfect bloom, warm with immortal blood,
Young *Venus* rear'd her o'er the raging flood;
She smil'd around, like thine her beauties glow'd;
When smooth, in gentle swells, the surges flow'd:
Sunk, by degrees, into a liquid plain;
And one bright calm sat trembling on the main.

The End of the Third Act.



A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA.

PHOENISSA.

HAIL queen of *Masæsyliæ* once again!
 And fair *Massyliæ* join'd! This rising day
 Saw *Sophonisba*, from the height of life,
 Thrown to the very brink of slavery:
 State, honours, armies vanquish'd; nothing left
 But her own great unconquerable mind.
 And yet e'er evening comes, to larger power
 Restor'd, I see my royal friend; and kneel
 In grateful homage to the Gods, and her.

Ye Powers, what awful changes often mark
 The fortunes of the great!

Soph. Phœnissa, true;
 'Tis awful all, the wonderous work of fate.
 But ah! this sudden marriage damps my soul;
 I like it not, that wild precipitance
 Of youth, that ardor, that impetuous stream
 In which his love return'd. At first my friend,
 He vainly rag'd with disappointed love;
 And as the hasty storm subsided, then
 To softness varied, to returning fondness,
 To sighs, to tears, to supplicating vows;
 But all his vows were idle, till at last
 He shook my heart by *Rome*.---To be his queen,

Could

Could only save me from their horrid power.
And there is madness in that thought, enough
In that strong thought alone to make me run
From nature.

Phœn. Was it not auspicious, madam?
Just as we hop'd? just as our wishes plan'd?
Nor let your spirits sink. Your serious hours,
When you behold the *Roman* ravage check'd,
From their enchantment *Mafniffa* freed,
And *Carthage* mistress of the world again,
This marriage will approve: then will it rise
In all its glory, virtuous, wise and great,
While happy nations, then deliver'd, join
Their loud acclaim. And, had the white occasion
Neglected flown, where now had been your hopes?
Your liberty? your country? where your all?
Think well of this, think that, think every way,
And *Sophonisba* cannot but exult
In what is done.

Soph. So may my hopes succeed!
As love alone to *Carthage*, to the public,
Led me a marriage-victim to the temple,
And justifies my vows.--Ha! *Syphax* here!
What would his rage with me?--*Phœnissa*, stay.
But this one trial more---Heroic truth,
Support me now!

SCENE II.

SYPHAX, SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA.

Syph. You seem to fly me, madam,
To shun my gratulations.--Here I come,
To join the general joy; and I, sure I,
Who have to dotage, have to ruin lov'd you,

G

Must

Must take a tender part in your success,
In your recover'd state.

Soph. 'Tis very well.
I thank you, Sir.

Syph. And gentle *Masiniissa*,
Say, will he prove a very coming fool?
All pliant, all devoted to your will?
A glorious wretch like *Syphax*?--Ha! not mov'd!
Speak, thou perfidious! canst thou bear it thus?
With such a steady countenance? canst thou
Here see the man thou hast so grossly wrong'd,
And yet not sink in shame? And yet not shake
In every guilty nerve.

Soph. What have I done,
That I should tremble? that I should not dare
To bear thy presence? Was my heart to blame,
I'd tremble for my self, and not for thee,
Proud man! Nor would I live to be ashamed.
My soul it self would die, could the least shame
On her unspotted fame be justly cast:
For of all evils, to the generous, shame
Is the last deadly pang.--But you behold
My late engagement with a jealous, false,
And selfish eye.

Syph. Avenging *Juno*, hear!
And canst thou think to justify thy self?
I blush to hear thee, traitress!

Soph. O my soul!
Canst thou hear this, this base opprobrious language,
And yet be tamely calm?--Well, well, for once
It shall be so--in pity to thy madness--
Impatient spirit down! Yes, *Syphax*,--yes,
Yes I will greatly justify my self;
Even by the consort of the thundering *Jove*,

Who

Who binds the holy marriage-vow, be judg'd.
 And every public heart, not meanly lost
 In little low pursuits, to wretched self
 Not all devoted, will absolve me too.
 But in the tempest of the soul, when rage,
 Loud indignation, unattending pride,
 And jealousy confound it, how can then
 The nobler passions, how can they be heard?
 Yet let me tell thee--

Sypb. Thou canst tell me nought.
 Away! away! nought but illusion, falsehood--

Soph. My heart will burst, in honour to my self,
 If here I speak not; tho' thy rage, I know,
 Can never be convinc'd, yet shall it be
 Confounded.--And must I renounce my freedom?
 Forgo the power of doing general good?
 Must yield my self the slave, the barbarous triumph
 Of insolent, enrag'd, inveterate *Rome*?
 And all for nothing but to grace thy fall?
 Nay by my self to perish for thy pleasure?

For thee, the *Romans* may be mild to thee;
 But I, a *Carthaginian*, I, whose blood
 Holds unrelenting enmity to theirs;
 Who have myself much hurt them, and who live
 Alone to work them woe; what, what can I
 Hope from their vengeance, but the very dregs
 Of the worst fate, the bitterness of bondage?
 Yet thou, kind man, wouldst in thy generous love,
 Wouldst have me suffer that; be bound to thee,
 For that dire end alone, beyond the stretch
 Of nature, and of law.

Sypb. Confusion! Law!
 I know the laws permit thee, the gross laws
 That rule the vulgar. I'm a captive, true;

And therefore may'st thou plead a shameful right
 To leave me to my chains--But say, thou base-one!
 Ungrateful! say, for whom am I a captive?
 For whom this many years with war, and death,
 Defeats, and desolation have I liv'd?
 For whom has battle after battle bled?
 For whom my crown, my kingdom, and my all,
 Been vilely cast away? For whom this day,
 This very day, have I been stain'd with slaughter?
 With yon last reeking field?--For one, ye gods!
 Who leaves me for the victor, for the wretch
 I hold in utter endless detestation.
 Fire! fury! hell!--Oh I am richly paid!--
 But thus it is to love a woman---Woman!
 The source of all disaster, all perdition!
 Man in himself is social, would be happy,
 Too happy; but the gods to keep him down,
 Curs'd him with woman! fond, enchanting, smooth,
 And harmless-seeming woman; while at heart
 All poison, serpents, tygers, furies, all
 That is destructive, in one form combin'd,
 And gilded o'er with beauty!

Soph. Hapless man!

I pity thee; this madness only stirs
 My bosom to compassion, not to rage.
 Think as you list of our unhappy sex,
 Too much subjected to your tyrant force;
 Yet know that all, we were not all, at least,
 Form'd for your trifles, for your wanton hours.
 Our passions too can sometimes soar above
 The household task assign'd us, can expand
 Beyond the narrow sphere of families,
 And take in states into the panting heart,
 As well as yours, ye partial to yourselves!

And

And this is my support, my joy, my glory,
The conscience that my heart abhors all baseness,
And of all baseness most ingratitude.

This sure affronted honour may declare,
With an unblushing cheek.

Syph. False, false as Hell!
False as your sex! when it pretends to virtue.
You talk of honour, conscience, patriotism.
A female patriot!---Vanity!---Absurd!
Even doating dull credulity would laugh
To scorn your talk. Was ever Woman yet
Had any better purpose in her eye,
Than how to please her pride or wanton will?
In various shapes, and various manners, all,
All the same plagues, or open, or conceal'd,
The bane of life!

Soph. Must I then, must I, *Syphax*,
Give thee a bitter proof of what I say?
I would not seem to heighten thy distress,
Not in the least insult thee; thou art fallen,
So fate severe has will'd it, fallen by me.
I therefore have been patient; from another,
Such language, such indignity, had fir'd
My soul to madness. But since driven so far,
I must remind thy blind injurious rage
Of our unhappy Marriage.--

Syph. Horror!--Oh!
Blot it, eternal night!

Soph. Allow me, *Syphax*!
Hear me but once! If what I here declare
Shines not with reason, and the clearest truth;
May I be base, despis'd, and dumb for ever!

I pray thee think, when unpropitious *Hymen*
Our hands united, how I stood engag'd.

I need not mention what full well thou know'st.
 But pray recall, was I not flatter'd? young?
 With blooming life elate, with the warm years
 Of vanity? sunk in a passion too,
 Which few resign? Yet then I married thee,
 Because to *Carthage* deem'd a stronger friend;
 For that alone. On these conditions, say,
 Didst thou not take me, court me to thy throne?
 Have I deceiv'd thee since? Have I dissembled?
 To gain one purpose, e'er pretended what
 I never felt? Thou canst not say I have.
 And if that principle, which then inspir'd
 My marrying thee, was right, it cannot now
 Be wrong. Nay since my native city wants
 Assistance more, and sinking calls for aid,
 Must be more right—

Syph. This reasoning is insult!

Soph. I'm sorry that thou dost oblige me to it.
 Then in a word take my full-open'd soul.

All love, but that of *Carthage*, I despise,
 I formerly to *Masinissa* thee
 Preferr'd not, nor to thee now *Masinissa*,
 But *Carthage* to you both. And if preferring
 Thousands to one, a whole collected people,
 All nature's tenderness, whate'er is sacred,
 The liberty, the welfare of a state,
 To one man's frantic happiness, be shame;
 Here, *Syphax*, I invoke it on my head!

This set aside; I, careless of my self,
 And, scorning prosperous state, had still been thine,
 In all the depth of misery proudly thine!
 But since the public good, the law supreme,
 Forbids it; I will leave thee with a kindgom,
 The same I found thee, or not reign my self.

Alas!

Alas ! I see thee hurt---Why cam'st thou here,
Thus to inflame thee more?

Syph. Why forcerest ? why ?
Thou complication of all deadly mischief !
Thou lying, soothing, specious, charming fury !
I'll tell thee why---To breathe my great revenge ;
To throw this load of burning madness from me ;
To stab thee !

Soph. Ha !

Syph. ---And, springing from thy heart,
To quench me with thy blood ! [*Phænissa interposes.*

Soph. Off, give me way !
Phænissa ; tempt not thou his brutal rage.
Me, me, he dares not murder : if he dares,
Here let his fury strike ; for I dare die.
What holds thy trembling point ?

Phæn. Guards !

Soph. Seize the king.
But look you treat him well, with all the state
His dignity demands,

Syph. Goodness from thee
Is the worst death,---The *Roman* trumpets!--Ha !
Now I bethink me, *Rome* will do me justice.
Yes, I shall see thee walk the slave of *Rome* ;
Forget my wrongs, and glut me with the fight.
Be that my best revenge.

Soph. Inhuman ! that,
If there is death in *Afric*, shall not be.

SCENE III.

LÆLIUS, SYPHAX.

Læl. *Syphax* ! alas, how fallen ! how chang'd ! from what
I here beheld thee once in pomp, and splendor ;

At that illustrious interview, when *Rome*
 And *Carthage* met beneath this very roof,
 Their two great generals, *Asdrubal* and *Scipio*,
 To court thy friendship. Of the same repast
 Both gracefully partook, and both reclin'd
 On the same couch: for personal distaste
 And hatred seldom burn between the brave.
 Then the superiour virtues of the *Roman*
 Gain'd all thy heart. Even *Asdrubal* himself,
 With admiration struck and just despair,
 Own'd him as dreadful at the soical feast
 As in the battle. This thou may'st remember;
 And how thy faith was given before the Gods,
 And sworn and seal'd to *Scipio*; yet how false
 Thou since hast prov'd, I need not now recount:
 But let thy sufferings for thy guilt atone,
 The captive for the king. A *Roman* tongue
 Scorns to pursue the triumph of the sword,
 With mean upbraidings.

Syph. *Laelius*, 'tis too true.
 Curse on the cause!

Lael. But where is *Masniſſa*?
 The brave young victor, the *Numidian Roman*!
 Where is he? that my joy, my glad applause,
 From envy pure, may hail his happy state.
 Why that contemptuous smile?

Syph. Too credulous *Roman*,
 I smile to think how that this *Masniſſa*,
 This *Rome*-devoted hero, must still more
 Attract thy praises by a late exploit.
 In every thing successful.

Lael. What is this?
 These public shouts? A strange unusual joy
 O'er all the captive city blazes wide.

What

What wanton riot reigns to-night in *Cirtba*?

Within these conquer'd walls?

Sypb. This, *Laelius*, is
A night of triumph o'er my conqueror,
O'er *Masinissa*.

Lael. *Masinissa*! How?

Sypb. Why he to-night is married to my queen.

Lael. Impossible!--

Sypb. Yes, she, the fury! she,
Who put the nuptial torch into my hand,
That set my throne, my palace, and my kingdom,
All in a blaze--she now has seiz'd on him.
Will turn him soon from *Rome*--I know her power,
Her lips distil unconquerable poison,
O glorious thought!--will sink this hated youth,
Will crush him deep, beneath the mighty ruins
Of falling *Carthage*.

Lael. Can it be? Amazement!

Sypb. Nay learn it from himself.--He comes--Away!
Ye furies snatch me from his fight! For hell,
Its tortures all are gentle to the presence
Of a triumphant rival?

Lael. What is man?

SCENE IV.

MASINISSA, LÆLIUS,

Mas. Thou more than partner of this glorious day!
Which has from *Carthage* torn her chief support,
And tottering left her, I rejoice to see thee--
To *Cirtba* welcome, *Laelius*.--Thy brave legions
Now taste the sweet repose by valour purchas'd;
This city pours refreshment on their toils.
I order'd *Narva*---

H

Lael.

Lael. Thanks to *Masiniſſa*.
 All that is well. I here observ'd the king,
 But looſely guarded. True, indeed, from him
 There is not much to fear. The dangerous ſpirit,
 Still not unworthy fear, our matchleſs prize,
 Is his imperious queen, is *Sophonisba*.
 The pride, the rage of *Carthage* live in her.
 How? where is ſhe?

Maf. She, *Laelius*? In my care.
 Think not of her. I'll answer for her conduct.

Lael. Yes, if in chains. Till then, believe me, prince,
 It were as hopeful answering for the winds,
 That their broad pinions will not rouse the deſart;
 Or that the darted lightning will be harmleſs;
 As promiſe peace from her.---But why ſo dark;
 You ſhift your place, your countenance grows warm.
 It is not uſual this in *Masiniſſa*.
 Pray what offence can aſking for the queen,
 The *Roman* captive give?

Maf. *Laelius*, no more.
 You know my marriage.---*Syphax* has been buſy---
 It is unkind to dally with my paſſion.

Lael. Ah, *Masiniſſa*! was it then for this,
 This hurry hither from the recent battle?
 Is the firſt inſtance of the *Roman* bounty
 Thus, thus abuſ'd? They give thee back thy kingdom;
 And in return are of their captive robb'd;
 Of all they valued, *Sophonisba*.---

Maf. Robb'd!
 How, *Laelius*? Robb'd!

Lael. Yes, *Masiniſſa*, robb'd.
 What is it elſe? But I, this very night,
 Will here aſſert the majeſty of *Rome*;
 And, mark me, tear her from the nuptial bed.

Maf.

Maf. Oh Gods! oh patience! As soon, fiery *Roman*!
 As soon thy rage might from her azure sphere
 Tear yonder moon.---The man who seizes her,
 Shall set his foot first on my bleeding heart.
 Of that be sure.---And is it thus ye treat
 Your firm allies? Thus kings in friendship with you?
 Of human passions strip them?---Slaves indeed!
 If thus deny'd the common privilege
 Of nature, what the weakest creatures claim,
 A right to what they love.

Lael. Out! out!--For shame!
 This passion makes thee blind. Here is a war,
 Which desolates the nations, has almost
 Laid waste the world. How many widows, orphans,
 And love-lorn virgins pine for it in *Rome*!
 Even her great senate droops; her nobles fail;
 Her *Circus* shrinks; her every *lustre* thins;
 Nature herself, by frequent prodigies,
 Seems at this havock of her works to sicken:
 And our *Ausonian* plains are now become
 A horror to the sight: At each sad step,
 Remembrance weeps. Yet her, the greatest prize
 It hitherto has yielded; her, whose charms
 Are only turn'd to whet its cruel point;
 Thou to thy wedded breast hast taken her:
 Hast purchas'd thee her beauties by a sea
 Of thy protector's blood; and on a throne
 Set her, this day recover'd by their arms.
 Canst thou thy self, thou, think of it with patience?

Nor to a *Roman* mention King.—A *Roman*
 Would scorn to be a king.---The *Roman* people
 Took liberty from out the very dust,
 And for great ages urg'd it to the skies,
 The dread of kings!

Maf. Be not so haughty, *Lælius*.
 It scarce becomes the gentle *Scipio*'s friend;
 Suits not thy wonted ease, the tender manners
 I still have mark'd in thee. I honour *Rome*;
 But honour too my self, my vows, my queen:
 Nor will, nor can, I tamely hear thee threaten
 To seize her like a slave.

Læl. I will be calm.
 This thy rash deed, this unexpected shock,
 Such a peculiar injury to me,
 Thy friend and fellow-foldier, has perhaps
 Snatch'd me too far. For hast thou not dishonour'd,
 By this last action, a successful war,
 Our common charge, entrusted us by *Scipio*.

Maf. Ay, there it is.—Has not thy vain ambition,
 (Oh where is friendship!) plan'd her for thy triumph?
 To think on't, death! to think it is dishonour.
 At such a sight, the warrior's eye might wet
 His burning cheek; and all the *Roman* matrons
 Who line the laurel'd way, asham'd, and sad,
 Turn from a captive brighter than themselves.
 But *Scipio* will be milder.

Læl. I disdain
 This thy surmise, and give it up to *Scipio*.
 Those passions are not comely.—Here to-morrow
 Comes the proconsul. Mean time, *Masiniſſa*,
 Ah harden not thy self in flattering hope!
Scipio is mild, but steady.—Ha! the queen.
 I think she hates a *Roman*—and will leave thee.

SCENE

SCENE V.

SOPHONISBA, MASINISBA.

Soph. Was not that *Roman Lælius*, as I enter'd,
Who parted gloomy hence?

Mas. Madam, the same.

Soph. Unhappy *Afric*! since these haughty *Romans*
Have in this lordly manner trod thy courts.

I read his fresh reproaches in thy face;
The lesson'd pupil in thy fallen look,
In that forc'd smile which sickens on thy cheek.

Mas. Oh say not so, thou rapture of my soul!
For while I see thee, meditate thy charms,
I smile as cordial as the sun in *May*;
Deep from the heart, in every sense of joy
I fondly smile.

Soph. Nay, tell me, *Masinissa*;
How feels their tyranny, when 'tis brought home?
When, lawless grown, it touches what is dear?
Pomp for a while may dazle thoughtless man,
False glory blind him; but there is a time,
When ev'n the slave in heart will spurn his chains,
Nor know submission more.--What said his pride?

Mas. His disappointment for a moment only
Burst in vain passion, and---

Soph. You stood abash'd;
You bore his threats, and tamely-silent heard him,
Heard the fierce *Roman* mark me for his triumph.
Oh bitter!

Mas. Banish that unkind suspicion.
The thought enflam'd my soul. 'I vow'd my life,
My last *Massylian* to the sword, e'er he

Shou'd

Shou'd touch thy freedom with the least dishonour.

But that from *Scipio*---

Soph. Scipio!

Mas. That from him—

Soph. I tell thee, *Masinissa*, if from him
I gain my freedom, from my self conceal it.
I shall disdain such freedom.

Mas. Sophonisba!

Thou all my heart holds precious! doubt no more,
Nor *Rome*, nor *Scipio*, nor a world combin'd
Shall tear thee from me; till outstretch'd I lie,
A nameless wretch!

Soph. If thy protection fails,
Of this at least be sure, be very sure,
To give me timely death.

Mas. Cease thus to talk,
Of death of *Romans*, of unkind ambition.
My softer thoughts those rugged themes refuse,
Can turn alone to love.—All, all, but thee,
All nature is a passing dream to me.
Fix'd in my view, thou dost for ever shine,
Thy form forth-beaming from the soul divine.
A spirit thine, which mortals might adore;
Despising love, and thence creating more.
Thou the high passions, I the tender prove,
Thy heart was form'd for glory, mine for love.

The End of the Fourth Act.



A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

MASINISSA, NARVA.

MASINISSA.

HAIL to the joyous day! With purple clouds,
 The whole horizon glows. The breezy *Spring*
 Stands loosely-floating on the mountain-top,
 And deals her sweets around. The sun too seems,
 As conscious of my joy, with brighter eye
 To look abroad the world; and all things smile
 Like *Sophonisba*. Love and friendship sure
 Have mark'd this day from out their choicest stores;
 For beauty rais'd by dignity and virtue,
 With all the graces, all the loves embellish'd;
 Oh *Sophonisba*'s mine! and *Scipio* comes!

Nar. My lord, the trumpets speak his near approach.

Mas. I want his secret audience—leave us, *Narva*.

SCENE II.

SCIPIO, MASINISSA.

Mas. *Scipio* more welcome than my tongue can speak!
 Oh greatly, dearly welcome!

Scip. *Masinissa*!

My heart beats back thy joy.—A happy friend,
 With laurel green, with conquest crown'd, and glory;
 Rais'd by his prudence, fortitude, and valour,

O'er

O'er all his foes ; and on his native throne,
Amidst his rescu'd shouting subjects, set :
Stay, can the gods in lavish bounty give
A sight more pleasing ?

Mas. My great friend ! and patron !
It was thy timely, thy restoring arm,
That brought me from the fearful desert-life ;
To live again in state, and purple splendor.
And now I wield the sceptre of my fathers,
See my dear people from the tyrant's scourge
From *Syphax* freed ; I hear their glad applauses ;
And, to compleat my happiness, have gain'd
A friend worth all. O gratitude, esteem,
And love like mine, with what divine delight
Ye fill the heart !

Scip. Heroic youth ! thy virtue
Has earn'd whate'er thy fortune can bestow.
It was thy patience, *Masiniſſa*, patience,
A champion clad in steel, that in the waste
Attended still thy step, and sav'd my friend
For better days. What cannot patience do ?
A great design is seldom snatch'd at once ;
'Tis patience heaves it on. From savage nature,
'Tis patience that has built up human life,
The nurse of arts ! and *Rome* exalts her head
An everlasting monument of patience.

Mas. If I have that, or any virtue, *Scipio*,
'Tis copy'd all from thee.

Scip. No *Masiniſſa*,
'Tis all unborrow'd, the spontaneous growth
Of nature in thy breast.--Friendship for once
Must, tho' thou blushest, wear a liberal tongue ;
Must tell thee, noble youth, that long experience,
In councils, battles, many a hard event,

Has

Has found thee still so constant, so sincere,
 So wise, so brave, so generous, so humane,
 So well attemper'd, and so fitly turn'd
 For what is either great or good in life,
 As casts distinguish'd honour on thy country;
 And cannot but endear thee to the *Romans*.
 For me, I think my labours all repaid,
 My wars in *Afric*. *Masinissa's* friendship
 Smiles at my soul. Be that my dearest triumph,
 To have assisted thy forlorn estate,
 And lent a happy hand in raising thee
 To thy paternal throne, usurp'd by *Syphax*,
 The greatest service could be done my country,
 Distracted *Afric*, and Mankind in general,
 Was aiding sure thy cause. To put the power,
 The public power, into the good man's hand,
 Is giving plenty, life, and joy to millions.

But has my friend, since late we parted armies;
 Since he with *Lælius* acted such a brave,
 Auspicious part against the common foe;
 Has he been blameless quite? has he consider'd,
 How pleasure often on the youthful heart,
 Beneath the rosy soft disguise of love;
 (All sweetness, smiles, and seeming innocence)
 Steals unperceiv'd, and lays the victor low?
 I would not, cannot, put thee to the pain---
 ---It pains me deeper---of the least reproach.---
 Let thy too faithful memory supply
 The rest.

[*Pausing.*

Thy silence, that dejected look,
 That honest colour flushing o'er thy cheek,
 Impart thy better soul.

Mas. Oh my good lord!
 Oh *Scipio*! Love has seiz'd me, tyrant love

I

In thralls

Inthralls my soul. I am undone by love!

Scip. And art thou then to ruin reconciled?
 Tam'd to destruction? Wilt thou be undone?
 Resign the towering thought? the vast design,
 With future glories big? the warrior's wreath?
 The glittering files? the trumpets' brightly clang?
 The praise of senates? an applauding world?
 The patriot's statue, and the heroes' triumph?
 All for a sigh? all for a soft embrace?
 For a gay transient fancy, *Masiniſſa*?
 For shame, my friend! for honour's sake, for glory!
 Sit not with folded arms, despairing, weak,
 And careless all, till certain ruin comes:
 Like a sick virgin fighting to the gale,
 Unconquerable love!

Mas. How chang'd indeed!
 The time has been, when, fir'd from *Scipio's* tongue,
 My soul had mounted in a flame with his---
 Where is ambition flown? Hopeless attempt!
 Can love like mine be quell'd? Can I forget
 What still possesses, charms my thoughts for ever?
 Throw scornful from me what I hold most dear?
 Not feel the force of excellence? To joy
 Be dead? and undelighted with delight?
 Soft, let me think a moment---no!--no!--no!--
 I am unequal to thy virtue, *Scipio*!

Scip. Fie, *Masiniſſa*, fie! By heavens! I blush
 At thy dejection, this degenerate language.
 What! perish for a woman! Ruin all,
 All the fair deeds which an admiring world
 Hopes from thy rising day; only to sooth
 A stubborn fancy, a luxurious will?

How must it, think you, sound in future story?
 Young *Masiniſſa* was a virtuous prince,

And

And *Afric* smil'd beneath his early ray;
 But that a *Carthaginian* captive came,
 By whom untimely in the common fate
 Of love he fell. The wife will scorn the page.
 And all thy praise be some fond maid exclaiming,
 Where are those lovers now?---O rather, rather,
 Had I ne'er seen the vital light of heaven,
 Than like the vulgar live, and like them die!
 Ambition sickens at the very thought.---
 To puff, and bustle here from day to day,
 Lost in the passions of inglorious life,
 Joys which the careless brutes possess above us.
 And when some years, each duller than another,
 Are thus elaps'd, in nauseous pangs to die;
 And pass away, like those forgotten things,
 That soon become as they had never been.

Mas. And am I dead to this?

Scip. The gods, young man,
 Who train up heroes in misfortune's school,
 Have shook thee with adversity, with each
 Illustrious evil, that can raise, expand,
 And fortify the mind. Thy rooted worth
 Has stood these wintry blasts, grown stronger by them.
 Shall then in prosperous times, while all is mild,
 All vernal, fair; and glory blows around thee;
 Shall then the dead *Serene* of pleasure come,
 And lay thy faded honours in the dust?

Mas. O gentle *Scipio*! spare me, spare my weakness.

Scip. Remember *Hannibal*---A signal proof,
 A fresh example of destructive pleasure.
 He was the dread of nations, once of *Rome*!
 When from *Bellona's* bosom nurs'd in camps,
 And hard with toil, he down the rugged *Alps*
 Rush'd in a torrent over *Italy*;

Unconquer'd, till the loose delights of *Capua*
 Sunk his victorious arm, his genius broke,
 Perfum'd, and made a lover of the hero.
 And now he droops in *Bruttium*, fear'd no more,
 Sinks on our borders like a scatter'd storm.
 Remember him; and yet resume thy spirit,
 E'er it is quite dissolv'd.

Mas. Shall *Scipio* stoop,
 Thus to regard, to teach me wisdom thus;
 And yet a stupid anguish at my heart
 Repel whate'er he says?—But why, my lord,
 Why should we kill the best of passions, love?
 It aids the hero, bids ambition rise,
 Turns us to please, inspires immortal deeds,
 Even softens brutes, and makes the good more good.

Scip. There is a holy tenderness indeed,
 A nameless sympathy, a fountain-love;
 Branch'd infinite from parents to their children,
 From child to child, from kindred on to kindred,
 In various streams, from citizen to citizen,
 From friend to friend, from man to man in general;
 That binds, supports, and sweetens human life.
 But is thy passion such?—Lift, *Masiniſſa*,
 While I the hardest office of a friend
 Discharge; and, with a necessary hand,
 A hand, tho' harsh at present, really tender,
 I paint this passion. And if then thou still
 Art bent to sooth it, I must fighting leave thee,
 To what the gods think fit.

Mas. O never, *Scipio*!
 O never leave me to my self! Speak on.
 I dread, and yet desire thy friendly hand.

Scip. I hope that *Masiniſſa* need not now
 Be told, how much his happiness is mine;

With that a warm benevolence I'd spring
 To raise, confirm it, to prevent his wishes.
 O luxury to think! — But while he rages,
 Burns in a fever, shall I let him quaff
 Delicious poison for a cooling draught,
 In foolish pity to his thirst? shall I
 Let a swift flame consume him as he sleeps,
 Because his dreams are gay? shall I indulge
 A frenzy flash'd from an infectious eye?
 A sudden impulse unprov'd by reason?
 Nay by thy cool deliberate thought condemn'd?
 Resolv'd against? — A passion for a woman,
 Who has abus'd thee basely? left thy youth,
 Thy love as sweet, as tender as the spring,
 The blooming hero for the hoary tyrant?
 And now who makes thy sheltering arms alone
 Her last retreat, to save her from the vengeance,
 Which even her very perfidy to thee
 Has brought upon her head? — Nor is this all. —
 A woman who will ply her deepest arts,
 (Ah too prevailing, as appears already)
 Will never rest, till *Syphax*' fate is thine;
 Till friendship weeping flies; we join no more
 In glorious deeds, and thou fall off from *Rome*?
 I too could add, that there is something mean,
 Inhuman in thy passion. Does not *Syphax*,
 While thou rejoicest, die? The generous heart
 Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.

If this, my friend, all this consider'd deep,
 Alarm thee not, not rouse thy resolution,
 And call the hero from his wanton slumber,
 Then *Masiniſſa*'s lost.

Mas. Oh, I am pierc'd!
 In every thought am pierc'd! 'Tis all too true. —

I wish I could refuse it.---Whither, whither,
 Thro' what enchanted wilds have I been wandering?
 They seem'd *Elysium*, the delightful plains,
 The happy groves of heroes and of lovers:
 But the divinity that breathes in thee
 Has broke the charm, and I am in a desert;
 Far from the land of peace. It was but lately
 That a pure joyous calm o'erspread my soul,
 And reason tun'd my passions into bliss;
 When love came hurrying in, and with rash hand,
 Mix'd them delirious, till they now ferment
 To misery.---There is no reasoning down
 This deep, deep anguish! this continual pang!
 A thousand things! when'er raptur'd thought
 Runs back a little.---But I will not think.---
 And yet I must---Oh Gods! that I could lose
 What a fond few hours memory has grav'd
 On adamant.

Scip. But one strong effort more,
 And the fair field is thine---A conquest far
 Excelling that o'er *Syphax*. What remains,
 Since now thy madness to thy self appears,
 But an immediate manly resolution,
 To shake off this effeminate disease;
 These soft ideas, which seduce thy soul,
 Make it all idle, un aspiring, weak,
 A scene of dreams; to puff them to the winds,
 And be my former friend, thy self again?

I joy to find thee touch'd by generous motives;
 And that I need not bid thee recollect,
 Whose awful property thou hast usurp'd;
 Need not assure thee, that the *Roman* people,
 The senators of *Rome*, will never suffer
 A dangerous woman, their devoted foe,

A woman, whose irrefragable spirit
Has in great part sustain'd this bloody war,
Whose charms corrupted *Syphax* from their side,
And fir'd embattled nations into rage;
Will never suffer her, when gain'd so dear,
To ruin thee too, taint thy faithful breast,
And kindle future war. No, fate it self
Is not more steady to the right than they.

And, where the public good but seems concern'd,
No motive their impenetrable hearts,
Nor fear nor tenderness, can touch: such is
The spirit, that has rais'd *Imperial Rome*.

Maf. Ah killing truth!---But I have promis'd, *Scipio*!
Have sworn to save her from the *Roman* power.
My plighted faith is pass'd, my hand is given.
And, by the conscious gods! who mark'd my vows,
The whole united world shall never have her.
For I will die a thousand thousand deaths,
With all *Massylia* in one field expire;
E'er to the lowest wretch, much more to her
I love, to *Sophonisba*, to my queen,
I violate my word.

Scip. My heart approves
Thy resolution, thy determin'd honour.
For ever sacred be thy word, and oath.
Virtue by virtue will alone be clear'd,
And scorns the crooked methods of dishonour.
But, thus divided, how to keep thy faith
At once to *Rome* and *Sophonisba*; how
To save her from our chains, and yet thyself
From greater bondage; this thy secret thought
Can best inform thee.

Maf. Agony! Distraction!
These wilful tears!-- O look not on me, *Scipio*!

For

For I'm a child again.

Scip. Thy tears are no reproach.

Tears oft look graceful on the manly cheek.

The Cruel cannot weep. Even Friendship's eye

Gives thee the drop it would refuse itself.

I know 'tis hard, wounds every bleeding nerve

About thy heart, thus to tear off thy passion.

But for that very reason, *Masiniſſa*,

'Tis hop'd from thee. The harder, thence results

The greater glory.---Why should we pretend

To conquer, rule mankind, be first in power,

In great assemblies, honour, place, and pleasure,

While slaves at heart? while by fantastick turns

Our frantic passions rage? The very thought

Should turn our pomp to shame, our sweet to bitter;

And, when the shouts of millions meet our ears,

Whisper reproach.---O ye celestial powers!

What is it, in a torrent of success,

To bear down nations, and o'erflow the world?

All your peculiar favour. Real glory

Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves;

And without that, the conqueror is nought

Save the first slave.---Then rouse thee, *Masiniſſa*!

Nor in one weaknels all thy virtues lose;

And oh beware of long, of vain repentance!

Mas. Well! well! no more.---It is but dying too!

SCENE III.

Scipio, alone.

I wish I have not urg'd the truth to rigour!

There is a time when virtue grows severe,

Too much for nature, and even almost cruel.

SCENE

SOPHONISBA.

65

SCENE IV.

SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

Scip. Poor *Masinissa*, *Lælius*, is undone ;
Betwixt his passion and his reason tost
In miserable conflict.

Læl. Entering, *Scipio*,
He shot athwart me, nor vouchsaf'd one look.
Hung on his clouded brow I mark'd despair,
And his eye glaring with some dire resolve.
Fast o'er his cheek too ran the hasty tear.
It were great pity that he should be lost !

Scip. By heavens ! to lose him were a shock, as if
I lost thee, *Lælius*, lost my dearest brother,
Bound up in friendship from our infant years.
A thousand lovely qualities endear him,
Only too warm of heart.

Læl. What shall be done ?

Scip. Here let it rest, till time abates his passion.
Nature is nature, *Lælius*, let the Wise
Say what they please. But now perhaps he dies.—
Haste ! haste ! and give him hope---I have not time
To tell thee what.—Thy prudence will direct—
Whatever is consistent with my honour,
My duty to the publick, and my friendship
To him himself, say, promise, shall be done.
I hope returning reason will prevent
Our farther care.

Læl. I fly with joy.

Scip. His life
Not only save, but *Sophonisba*'s too :
For both I fear are in this passion mixt.

Læl. It shall be done.

K

SCENE

SCENE V.

Scipio alone. This transient taste of joy,

If friendship pierces thus,

When love pours in his added violence,

What are the pangs which *Masiniſſa* feels!

SCENE VI.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA.

Soph. Yes, *Masiniſſa* loves me—Heavens! how fond!

But yet I know not what hangs on my spirit,

A dismal boding; for this fatal *Scipio*,

I dread his virtues, this prevailing *Roman*,

Even now perhaps deludes the generous king,

Fires his ambition with mistaken glory,

Demands me from him; for full well he knows,

That, while I live I must intend their ruin.

Phœn. Madam, these fears---

Soph. And yet it cannot be.

Can *Scipio*, whom even hostile fame proclaims

Of perfect honour, and of polish'd manners,

Smooth, artful, winning, moderate, and wise,

Make such a wild demand? Or, if he could,

Can *Masiniſſa* grant it? give his queen,

Whom love and honour bind him to protect,

Yield her a captive to triumphant *Rome*?

'Tis baseness to suspect it; 'tis inhuman.

What then remains?--Suppose they should resolve

By right of war to seize me for their prize.

Ay, there it kills?--What can his single arm,

Against the *Roman* power? that very power

By which he stands restor'd? Distracting thought!

Still

Still o'er my head the rod of bondage hangs.
Shame on my weakness!—This poor catching hope,
This transient taste of joy, will only more
Imbitter death.

Phœn. A moment will decide.
Madam, till then—

Soph. Would I had dy'd before!
And am I dreaming here? Here from the *Romans*,
Beseeching I may live to swell their triumph?
When my free spirit should e'er now have join'd
That great assembly, those devoted shades,
Who scorn'd to live till liberty was lost,
But e'er their country fell, abhorr'd the light.
Whence this pale slave? he trembles with his message.

SCENE VII.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA; and to them a SLAVE, with a letter
and poison from MASINISSA.

Slave, (kneeling.) This, Madam, from the King, and this.

Soph. Ha!—Stay. [*Reads the Letter.*]
Rejoice, *Phœnissa*! Give me joy, my friend!
For here is liberty! My fears are air!
The hand of *Rome* can never touch me more!
Hail! perfect freedom, hail!

Phœn. How? what? my queen!
Ah what is this? [*Pointing to the poison.*]

Soph. The first of blessings, death.

Phœn. Alas! alas! can I rejoice in that?

Soph. Shift not thy colour at the sound of death;
For death appears not in a dreary light,
Seems not a blank to me; a losing all
Those fond sensations, those enchanting dreams,

Which cheat a toiling world from day to day,
 And form the whole of happiness they know,
 It is to me perfection, glory, triumph.
 Nay fondly would I chuse it, tho' persuaded
 It were a long dark night without a morning,
 To bondage far prefer it! since it is
 Deliverance from a world where *Romans* rule,
 Where violence prevails---And timely too---
 Before my country falls; before I feel
 As many stripes, as many chains, and deaths,
 As there are lives in *Carthage*.---Glorious charter!
 By which I hold immortal life and freedom,
 Come, let me read thee once again.---And then,
 To thy great purpose. [*Reads the letter aloud.*]

MASINISSA to his QUEEN.

*The Gods know with what pleasure I would have kept my
 faith to SOPHONISBA in another manner. But since this fatal
 bowl can alone deliver thee from the Romans: call to mind thy
 father, thy country, that thou hast been the wife of two kings;
 and act up to the dictates of thy own heart. I will not long
 survive thee.*

Oh, 'tis wonderful well!
 Ye Gods of death! who rule the *Stygian* gloom,
 Ye who have greatly dy'd! I come! I come!
 I die contented, since I die a queen;
 By *Rome* untouch'd, unfill'd by their power;
 So much their terror that I must not live.

And thou, go tell the king, if this is all
 The nuptial present he can send his bride,
 I thank him for it---But that death had worn
 An easier face before I trusted him.
 His poison, tell him too, he might have spar'd,

These times may want it for himself; and I
 Live not of such a cordial unprovided.
 Add, hither had he come, I could have taught
 Him how to die.--I linger not, remember,
 I stand not shivering on the brink of life;
 And, but these votive drops, which grateful thus
 [Taking from them the Poison.
 To Jove the high Deliverer I shed,
 Assure him that I drank it, drank it all,
 With an unalter'd smile--Away. [Drinks.

SCENE VIII.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA.

Soph. My friend!

In tears, my friend! Dishonour not my death
 With womanish complaints. Weep not for me,
 Weep for thy self, *Phœnissa*, for thy country,
 But not for me. There is a certain hour,
 Which one would wish all undisturb'd and bright,
 No care, no sorrow, no dejected passions,
 And that is when we die; when hence we go,
 Ne'er to be seen again; then let us spread
 A bold exalted wing, and the last voice
 We hear be that of wonder and applause.

Phœn. Who with the patriot wishes not to die!

Soph. And is the sacred moment then so near?
 The moment, when yon' sun, those heavens, this earth,
 Hateful to me, polluted by the *Romans*,
 And all the busy slavish race of men,
 Shall sink at once; and strait another state,
 New scenes, new joys, new faculties, new wonders,
 Rise on a sudden round: but this the gods
 In clouds and horror wrap, or none would live!

How liberal is death!—Methinks, I seem
 To touch the happy shore.—Behind me frowns
 A stormy sea, with tossing mortals thick;—
 While unconfin'd and green, before me lies
 The land of bliss, and everlasting freedom;
 Where walk the mighty dead; all of one mind,
 One blooming smile, one language, and one country.
 Oh to be there!--my breast begins to burn;
 My tainted heart grows sick.—Ah me! *Phœnissa*,
 How many virgins, infants, tender wretches,
 Must feel these pangs, e'er *Carthage* is no more!
 Soft--- lead me to my couch—My shivering Limbs,
 Do this last office, and then rest for ever.
 I pray thee weep not, pierce me not with groans.
 The king too here.—Nay then my death is full!

S C E N E IX.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA, MASINISSA, LELIUS, NARVA.

Mas. Has *Sophonisba* drank this cursed bowl?
 Oh horror! horror! what a sight is here!
Soph. Had I not drank it, *Masinissa*, then,
 I had deserv'd it.
Mas. Exquisite distress!
 Oh bitter, bitter fate! And this last hope
 Compleats my woe.
Soph. When will these ears be deaf
 To misery's complaint? These eyes be blind
 To mischief wrought by *Rome*?
Mas. Too soon! too soon!--
 Ah why so hasty? But a little while,
 Hadst thou delay'd this horrid draught; I then
 Had been as happy as I now am wretched!
Soph. What means this talk of hope? of coward waiting?
Mas.

SOPHONISBA.

77

Mas. What have I done? Oh heavens! I cannot think
Without distraction, hell, and burning anguish,
On my rash deed!—But, while I talk, she dies!
And how? what? where am I then?—Say, canst thou
Forgive me, *Sophonisba*?

Soph. Yes, and more,
More than forgive thee, thank thee, *Masinissa*.
Hadst thou been weak and dally'd with my freedom,
Till by proud *Rome* enslav'd; that injury
I never had forgiven.

Mas. I came with life!
Laelius and I from *Scipio* hasted hither;
But death was here before us—this vile poison!

Soph. With life!—There was some merit in the poison;
But this destroys it all.—And couldst thou think
Me mean enough to take it?—Oh! *Phœnissa*,
This mortal toil is almost at an end.—
Receive my parting soul.

Phœn. Alas my queen?

Mas. Dies! dies! and scorns me!—Mercy! *Sophonisba*!
Grant one forgiving look, while yet thou canst;
Or death itself, the grave cannot relieve me:
But with the furies join'd, my frantic ghost
Will howl for ever. Quivering! and pale!
Have I done this?

Soph. Come nearer, *Masinissa*.—
Out stubborn nature!

Mas. Misery! these pangs
To me transfer'd were ease.—A moment only!
An agonizing moment! while I have
An age of things to say.

Soph. We, but for *Rome*,
Might have been happy.—Rouse thee now, my soul!

The

The cold deliverer comes.--Be mild to *Syphax*--
 In my surviving friend behold me still--
 Farewell!--'Tis done--O never, never, *Carthage*,
 Shall I behold thee more! [Dies.

Maf. Dead! dead! oh dead!
 Is there no death for me?

[Snatches *Laelius's* sword, to stab himself.

Lael. Hold, *Masinissa*!

Maf. And wouldst thou make a coward of me, *Laelius*?
 Have me survive that murder'd excellence?

Did she not stir? Ha! Who has shock'd my brain
 It whirls, it blazes.--Was it thou, old man?

Nar. Alas! alas!--good *Masinissa*, softly!
 Let me conduct thee to thy couch.

Maf. The grave
 Were welcome.--But ye cannot make me live!
 Oppress'd with life!--Off!--croud not thus around me!
 For I will hear, see, think no more!--Thou sun,
 Keep up thy hated beams! And all I want
 Of thee, kind earth, is an immediate grave!

Ay, there she lies!--Why to that pallid sweetness
 Cannot I, Nature! lay my lips, and die?

[Throws himself beside her.

Lael. See there the ruins of the noble mind,
 When from calm reason passion tears the sway.
 What pity she should perish!--Cruel war,
 'Tis not the least misfortune in thy train,
 That oft by thee the brave destroy the brave.
 She had a *Roman* soul; for every one
 Who loves, like her, his country, is a *Roman*.

Whether

Whether on *Africa's* sandy plains he glows,
 Or lives untam'd among *Riparian* flows:
 If parent-liberty the breast inflame,
 The gloomy *Libyan* then deserves that name:
 And, warm with freedom, under frozen skies,
 In farthest *Britain* Romans yet may rise.

The End of the Fifth Act.





EPILLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

NOW, I'm afraid, the modest taste in vogue
Demands a strong, high-season'd epilogue.
Else might some silly soul take pity's part,
And odious virtue sink into the heart.

Our squeamish author scruples this proceeding;
He says it hurts sound morals, and good breeding;
Nor Sophonisba would he here produce,
A glaring model, of no private use.
Ladies, he bid me say, behold your Cato.
What tho' no Stoic she, nor read in Plato?
Yet sure she offer'd, for her country's sake,
A sacrifice, which Cato could not make—
—Already, now, these wicked men are sneering,
Some wrestling what one says, and others leering.
I vow they have not strength for—public spirit.
That, ladies, must be your superior merit.

Mercy forbid! we should lay down our lives;
Like these old, Punic, barbarous, heathen wives.
Spare christian blood.—But sure the devil's in her,
Who for her country would not lose a pinner.
—Lard! how could such a creature shew her face?
How?—Just as you do there—thro' Brussels Lace.
The Roman fair, the public in distress,
Gave up the dearest ornaments of dress.

How

EPILOGUE.

*How much more cheaply might you get applause?
One yard of Ribbon, and two ells of Gause,
And Gause each deep-read critic must adore;
Your Roman ladies dress'd in Gause all o'er.
Should you, fair patriots, come to dress so thin;
How clear might all your—sentiments be seen?
To foreign looms no longer owe your charms;
Nor make their trade more fatal than their arms.
Each British dame, who courts her country's praise,
By quitting these outlandish modes, might raise
(Not from yon' powder'd band, so thin, and spruce)
Ten able-bodied men, for—public use.*

*But now a serious word about the play.—
Auspicious smile on this his first essay,
Ye generous Britons! your own sons inspire;
Let your applauses fan their native fire.
Then other Shakespears yet may rouse the stage,
And other Otways melt another age.*

A NUPTIAL SONG, intended to have been inserted in the Fourth Act.

COME, gentle *Venus!* and assuage
A warring world, a bleeding age.
For nature lives beneath thy ray,
The wintry tempests haste away,
A lucid calm invests the sea,
Thy native deep is full of thee;
And flowering earth, where'er you fly,
Is all o'er spring, all sun the sky.
A genial spirit warms the breeze,
Unseen, among the blooming trees,
The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
The desert growls a soften'd note,
Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,
And love and harmony go round.
But chief, into the human heart
You strike the dear delicious dart;

How

You

SONG.

You teach us pleasing pangs to know,
To languish in luxurious woe,
To feel the generous passions rise,
Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs;
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect year with love.

Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!
To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh come, red-smiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final doom.
For long the furious god of war
Has crush'd us with his iron car,
Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,
Has curs'd them with his cruel stains,
Has clos'd our youths in endless sleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
Oh take him to thy twining arms;
And, while thy bosom heaves on his
While deep he prints the humid kiss,
Ah then! his stormy heart controul,
And sigh thy self into his soul.

Thy son too, *Cupid*, we implore,
To leave the green *Idalian* shore;
Be he, sweet god! our only foe;
Long let him draw the twanging bow,
Transfix us with his golden darts,
Pour all his quiver on our hearts,
With gentler anguish make us sigh,
And teach us sweeter deaths to die.



